

SEPTEMBER 1992

The Atlantic

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

PROBLEM ADOPTIONS

BY
KATHARINE
DAVIS
FISHMAN

#BXBD66*****3-DIGIT 757
#KSSB011J99 1#690976 4B
615200X073
JAMES KISSEE
JAMES KISSEE
AMBASSADOR COLL
PO BOX 111
SANDY TX 75755-0117

0 02058 395525 \$2.95 09

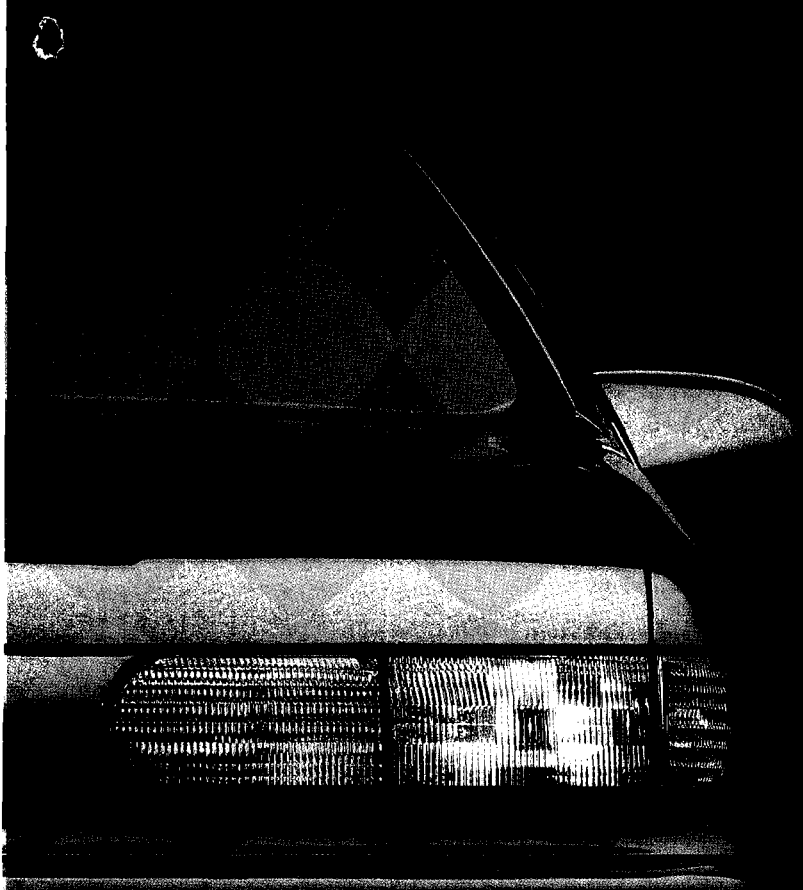
UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Buckle up—together we can save lives.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEQUEL THAT IMPROVES ON THE ORIGINAL.



NEW TAURUS

You've been waiting for it. The evolution of the revolutionary Ford Taurus. Be prepared to cast aside the limits of traditional sedan expectations.

THE REINTRODUCTION.

And here it is. The 1992 Ford Taurus. An innovative wonder that gives refinement and subtlety their due. The new Taurus has a completely redesigned exterior that gives you a distinct new edge of sophistication. The interior is quieter, more comfortable. And the instrument panel flows smoothly from door to door, with controls put in places that will pleasantly surprise you.

THE SAFETY STORY.

But this Taurus is not just a testament to smoothing rough edges. It's taking the best of new ideas and putting them to use. Anti-lock brakes are available. And Taurus offers *dual air bags* (standard driver and optional right-front passenger air bag supplemental restraint system to be used with your safety belts) — a Ford Motor Company exclusive in this class.

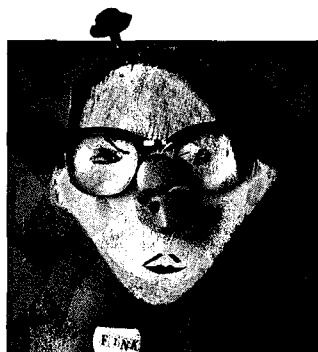


THE SATISFYING CONCLUSION.

The 1992 Ford Taurus. An excellent reminder that the best sequels are the ones that know why the original was a success.

HAVE YOU
DRIVEN
A FORD
LATELY?





Page 124



Page 100



Page 86

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 16** NOTES: WAS AMERICA A MISTAKE?
The quincentennial of Christopher Columbus's landfall in the New World should be marked, some say, not with celebration but with penitence—penitence for racism, slavery, genocide, and ecological devastation. A distinguished historian observes that our own era is not the first to have had doubts about what Columbus wrought. And he argues that the revisionism once again goes too far.
by ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

- 30** WASHINGTON: SEMPER ANXIUS
They are "the few, the proud," but at a time of tight budgets and declining military spending the Marines are also beleaguered. The question that critics at the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill now ask: Has the Marine Corps lost its rationale?
by MICHAEL WRIGHT

POETRY AND FICTION

- 56** GULF MEMO
by STEPHEN SANDY
- 70** MAKE ME WORK
by RALPH LOMBREGLIA

37 PROBLEM ADOPTIONS

Each year about sixty thousand children are adopted in the United States by unrelated people. Popular images to the contrary, a large number of these adoptions do not involve infants, and many involve children with "special needs"—that is, minority children, children who are older, or children who have mental, physical, or emotional handicaps or who should not be separated from siblings. "In a significant and growing number of cases," the author writes, adoption "brings turmoil and grief." An honest approach to the issues, she believes, can lead to substantial improvements in child-welfare, mental-health, and education policy.

by KATHARINE DAVIS FISHMAN

86 DISSENT IN NAZI GERMANY

In an article based on German archives and dozens of interviews, the author tells of three instances in which protest in Nazi Germany led to major concessions by officials of the Third Reich—including, in one case, the release of Jews who otherwise would have been killed. The episodes raise disturbing questions—and remind us, the author writes, "of the inescapable responsibility of peoples for the conduct of their governments."

by NATHAN STOLTZFUS



BOOKS

- 109** LOLITA RECONSIDERED
by MARTIN AMIS
- 120** BRIEF REVIEWS
by PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

ARTS AND LEISURE

- 100** TRAVEL:
OKEFENOKEE ROMP
The Okefenokee offers some of the most unusual country you can see in America, autumn is an

ideal time to explore it by canoe, and the price of the trip is right.

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

103 MUSIC: BORSCHT-BELT TROMBONE

"I think I would have recognized that sound anywhere, and the absurdity of the setting only intensified my delight." An encounter with Roswell Rudd.

by FRANCIS DAVIS

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 4** 745 BOYLSTON STREET/
CONTRIBUTORS
- 8** LETTERS
TO THE EDITOR
- 14** THE SEPTEMBER
ALMANAC
- 95** FIRST ENCOUNTERS
Algernon Swinburne
and Victor Hugo
by EDWARD SOREL AND
NANCY CALDWELL SOREL
- 123** THE PUZZLER
by EMILY COX
AND HENRY RATHVON
- 124** WORD HISTORIES
by CRAIG M. CARVER

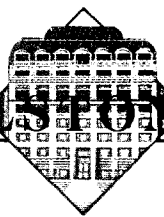
Cover illustration *by*
Rafal Olbinski

AS LONG AS GREAT BATTLES CAN BE
FOUGHT ON LITTLE BATTLEFIELDS ...

There will always be a
CHIVAS REGAL.



745 BOYD STREET



ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR., the renowned historian whose article on the controversies surrounding Columbus and the European discovery of America appears in this issue, was conceived in History—his mother, Elizabeth (Bancroft) Schlesinger, being a descendant of George Bancroft, the luminous nineteenth-century historian, and his father, Arthur Meier Schlesinger, a leading American historian of the early twentieth century.

As a founder of Americans for Democratic Action in the late 1940s, and perhaps *the* voice of pragmatic Democratic liberalism ever since, Schlesinger has long been making and not just writing history. He was a special assistant to President John F. Kennedy from 1961 until Kennedy's death in 1963. Balancing William F. Buckley Jr.'s advocacy of George Bush, Schlesinger argued in favor of Michael Dukakis in these pages four years ago—his twentieth contribution to *The Atlantic*—and when we spoke to him recently, we were not surprised to find him enthusiastic about Governor Bill Clinton.

With the contest between Clinton and President Bush in mind, it is eerily instructive to reread Schlesinger's 1960 campaign book *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?* In that year, as in this, many ideologically committed people

professed to see little difference between the two major-party candidates. As Schlesinger summed up that view: "They are both . . . men devoid of deep passions or strong convictions, sharp, ambitious, opportunistic, with no commitments except to personal advancement." Schlesinger dispelled this

impression of his future boss, saying, "The essential fact about Kennedy is that he cares about the reality of issues—that he is an intelligent man and that his intelligence is devoted to trying to find out what the best answer to any given problem is."

Clinton's supporters might well argue that this language about John Kennedy fits Bill Clinton, and that this about Richard Nixon seems eerily reminiscent of the incumbent:

"He remains a strangely hollow man. He lacks a solid sense of his own identity. . . ." "One feels about Nixon that he is disembodied, not only in

relation to any inward substance of conviction, but also in relation to the past experience of his own country." "He is so completely perceived as a chameleon that the electorate never applies to him the tests of consistency it applies to most other politicians." "His only passion is the passion to win."

—THE EDITORS



CONTRIBUTORS

MARTIN AMIS ("Lolita Reconsidered") is the author of many books, including *Money* (1985), *London Fields* (1990), and *Time's Arrow* (1991).

ROY BLOUNT JR. ("Okefenokee Romp") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. He is the author of numerous books, including *Now, Where Are We?* (1989), *First Hubby* (1990), and *Camels Are Easy, Comedy's Hard* (1991).

FRANCIS DAVIS ("Borscht-Belt Trombone"), a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*, writes frequently on music. He is the author of *Outcats: Jazz Composers, Instrumentalists, and Singers* (1990). Davis is at work on a biography of John Coltrane.

KATHARINE DAVIS FISHMAN ("Problem Adoptions") is a journalist whose articles have appeared in numerous magazines, including *New York* and *Town & Country*. She is the author of *The Computer Establishment* (1981) and is at work on a book about child psychotherapy.

RALPH LOMBREGLIA ("Make Me Work") is a former Wallace Stegner Fellow at

Stanford University. His stories have appeared in *The New Yorker* and *The Paris Review* as well as in *The Atlantic*. Lombreglia's collection of short stories, *Men Under Water*, was published in 1990. He is at work on a second collection of stories and a novel.

RAFAL OLBINSKI (cover art) is a freelance illustrator and painter. He is also an instructor at the School of Visual Arts in New York. His work has won numerous awards, including gold medals from the Society of Illustrators and the Art Directors Club of New York.

STEPHEN SANDY ("Gulf Memo") teaches literature at Bennington College. He is the author of *Man in the Open Air* (1988). Sandy's latest collection of poems, *Thanksgiving Over the Water*, will be published next month.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. ("Was America a Mistake?") received the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1946 and the Pulitzer Prize for biography in 1966. Schlesinger's numerous books include the first three volumes of *The Age of Roosevelt* (1957–1960), *A Thousand Days* (1965), *The Imperial Presidency* (1973), and *The Cycles of*

American History (1986). He is currently at work on a fourth volume of *The Age of Roosevelt*.

EDWARD SOREL and **NANCY CALDWELL SOREL** (First Encounters) live in Manhattan. Edward Sorel won the Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for editorial cartoons in 1987 and received a Society of Illustrators Hamilton King Award in 1990. He is the illustrator of many books, including *Word People* (1970), written by his wife. Nancy Caldwell Sorel's second book, *Ever Since Eve*, was published in 1984. She is at work on a book about women war correspondents in the Second World War.

NATHAN STOLTZFUS ("Dissent in Nazi Germany") is completing a doctoral dissertation in history at Harvard University. He is at work on a book about the Rosenstrasse protest of 1943.

MICHAEL WRIGHT ("Washington: Semper Anxius") is the executive editor of *National Journal* and a contributing editor of *Condé Nast Traveler*. His articles have appeared in a number of publications, including *The New York Times Magazine* and *U.S. News & World Report*.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA PRESENTS

The World Premiere Telecast Of

The Ghosts of Versailles

Don't miss this historic telecast of the important new opera by John Corigliano and William M. Hoffman, specially commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera.

The ghost of Beaumarchais creates an opera-within-an-opera to woo the forlorn ghost of Queen Marie Antoinette and change the course of history. Join Figaro, Susanna and Count Almaviva as they attempt to rescue the queen from her tragic end.

Teresa Stratas
Marilyn Horne
Graham Clark
Gino Quilico
Håkan Hagegård
James Levine
conductor

Monday, September 14 at 8 pm
Eastern Time on PBS.

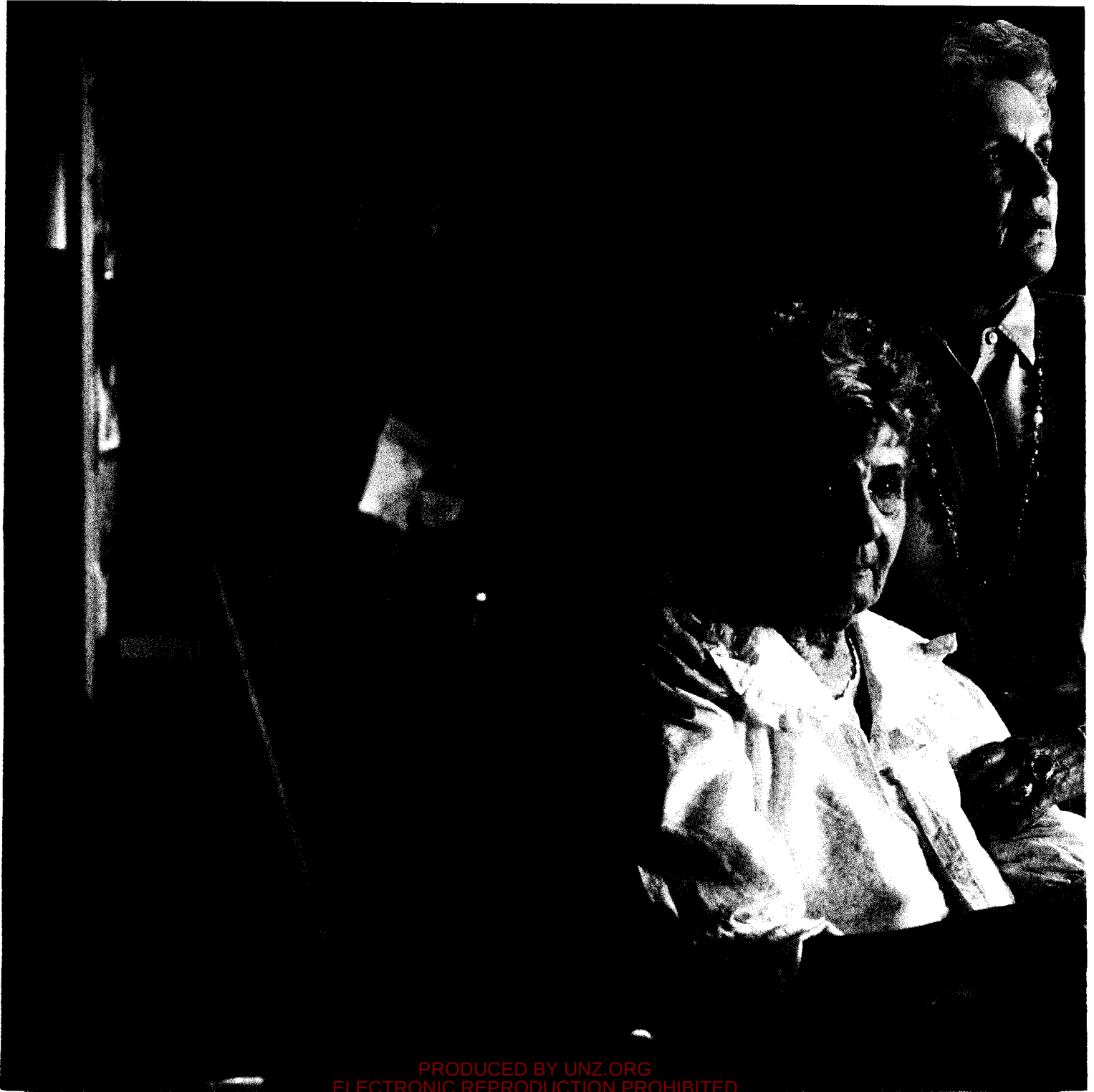
Check local listings for channel.
Stereo simulcast in many areas.



Brought to you by Texaco.

With additional funding from Knight Foundation,
The National Endowment for the Arts
and the members of the Metropolitan Opera Guild.

Can we arrest robs people o



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the disease that steals their minds?



Over 4 million people suffer from it, and nearly half of all nursing home patients are its victims.

It's Alzheimer's, the disease that steals a person's mind, dignity and independence, and exacts costs of over \$88 billion a year for institutional and home care.

Leading the way in the search for relief from this mysterious disease is the pharmaceutical industry, which is making the nation's largest investment in drug research.

Since 1988 alone, the industry has been conducting research on over 40 medicines for Alzheimer's, and currently has 13 in test. While these efforts hold hope for breakthroughs, the process is long and difficult, with only a few of the thousands of compounds developed ever achieving success.

This exhaustive, high risk research increases the industry's cost of doing business, and in turn the price of drugs. But it also leads to the kind of discoveries that can break the grip of an enormously costly disease like Alzheimer's.

To learn more about pharmaceutical research, and the critical role it plays in health care, call or write for our free booklet, "Good Medicine."

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association,
1100 15th St, NW, Box A, Wash., DC 20005. 1-800-538-2692.

PHARMACEUTICALS
Good Medicine For Containing Health Costs.

The Atlantic

Editor
WILLIAM WHITWORTH
Washington Editor
JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Managing Editor
CELLEN MURPHY

Art Director
JUDY GARLAN

National Correspondents
KATIE LEISHMAN, NICHOLAS LEMANN

Associate Editors
PETER DAVISON (poetry),
SUE PARILLA, MARTHA SPAULDING

Staff Writer
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors
ELINOR APPEL, AVRIL CORNEL,
STEVEN CRAMER, ERIC HAAS, AMY MEEKER,
LUCIE PRINZ, KATHRYN SYLVESTER

Art Staff
ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES, Associate Art Director
ELIZABETH URRICO, Assistant Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant

Assistants to the Editors
LESLIE CAULDWELL, ANN LEOPOLD,
KAREN SONTAG (archivist), LOWELL WEISS

Editorial Promotion Manager
SARAH FINNIE ROCKWELL

Contributing Editors
ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
TRACY KIDDER, MICHAEL LENEHAN,
CHARLES MANN, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, THOMAS POWERS,
WILLIAM SCHNEIDER



Chairman
MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN
Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
FRED DRASNER

President and Publisher
IRA ELLENTIAL

Circulation & Consumer Marketing
CINDY J. STILL, Associate Publisher
PETER WATT, Circulation Manager
LINDA McDONNELL, Circulation Promotion Manager
ADAM COHEN, Circulation Assistant
MICHAEL P. PRESTO, Director, Retail Marketing

Advertising
JAYNE YOUNG, Associate Publisher
DONNA PALMER, Vice President, West Coast
MARA HART FILO, Vice President, Detroit
FRANCES V. BROUDY, Advertising Director
MEREDITH WELCH, Marketing Director
ALISON FRASER, Marketing Manager
EDWIN COOPER, Marketing Consultant

Regional Managers:
MATTHEW BARBA, KATIE BERRY,
MARIE ISABELLE, CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA,
LINDA NIEPOKOJ SHAUGHNESSY

Operations
KIMBERLY SMITH JENSEN, General Manager
JAN MORRIS, Production Director
MICHAEL JONES, Manufacturing Operations Manager
MICHAEL J. DRNACH, Business Manager
KAREN WESOLOWSKI, Special Projects Manager
RAYMOND FORD, DEBORAH HOFFENBERG,
DAN O'KANE, LIAM O'MALLEY, MIYOUNG PARK,
JOHN ROBERTS, CRAIG SNYDER,
CANDICE WHITE
JOSEPH O'CONNELL, Production Director Emeritus

Editorial/Business Office
745 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116, (617) 536-9500
New York Advertising Office
599 Lexington Ave., N.Y., NY 10022, (212) 326-5350

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

I'm surprised that Garry Wills ("The Words That Remade America," June *Atlantic*) failed to mention another theory regarding the genesis of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Lincoln was in the early stages of smallpox. Because he did not feel well, he constructed the terse speech only when he was en route to Gettysburg. If he had been feeling better, he might have written a more lengthy, and probably less meaningful, speech.

R. J. DOYLE
University of Louisville
Louisville, Ky.

Garry Wills chooses not to dwell on the aural vigor of Lincoln's sentences. Yet when sound joins sense as it does in Lincoln's speeches, the tonal harmony enhances his eloquence.

Consider, for example, the Second Inaugural line "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away." This sentence scans as poetry. It's a rhetorician's jewel. Alliteration takes place in the words "fondly" and "fervently." The words "pray," "may," and "away" provide internal and end rhyme. There's assonance in the long-*e* sounds at the end of the words "fondly," "fervently," "mighty," and "speedily."

Lincoln's fondness for the long *a* appears in the Gettysburg Address words "nation," "dedicated," "created," "engaged," "create," "gave," "consecrate," "brave," "say," and "vain."

The same attention to the music of words can be found in the farewell remarks at Springfield and in his letter to Mrs. Bixby. Spoken in a time of grave crisis, the ceremonial speeches are scriptural in tone and sublime expressions of the national mood. All are crafted with sound and rhythm as important euphonic elements of Lincoln's unique literary style.

GILBERT B. RUTTER
Youngwood, Pa.

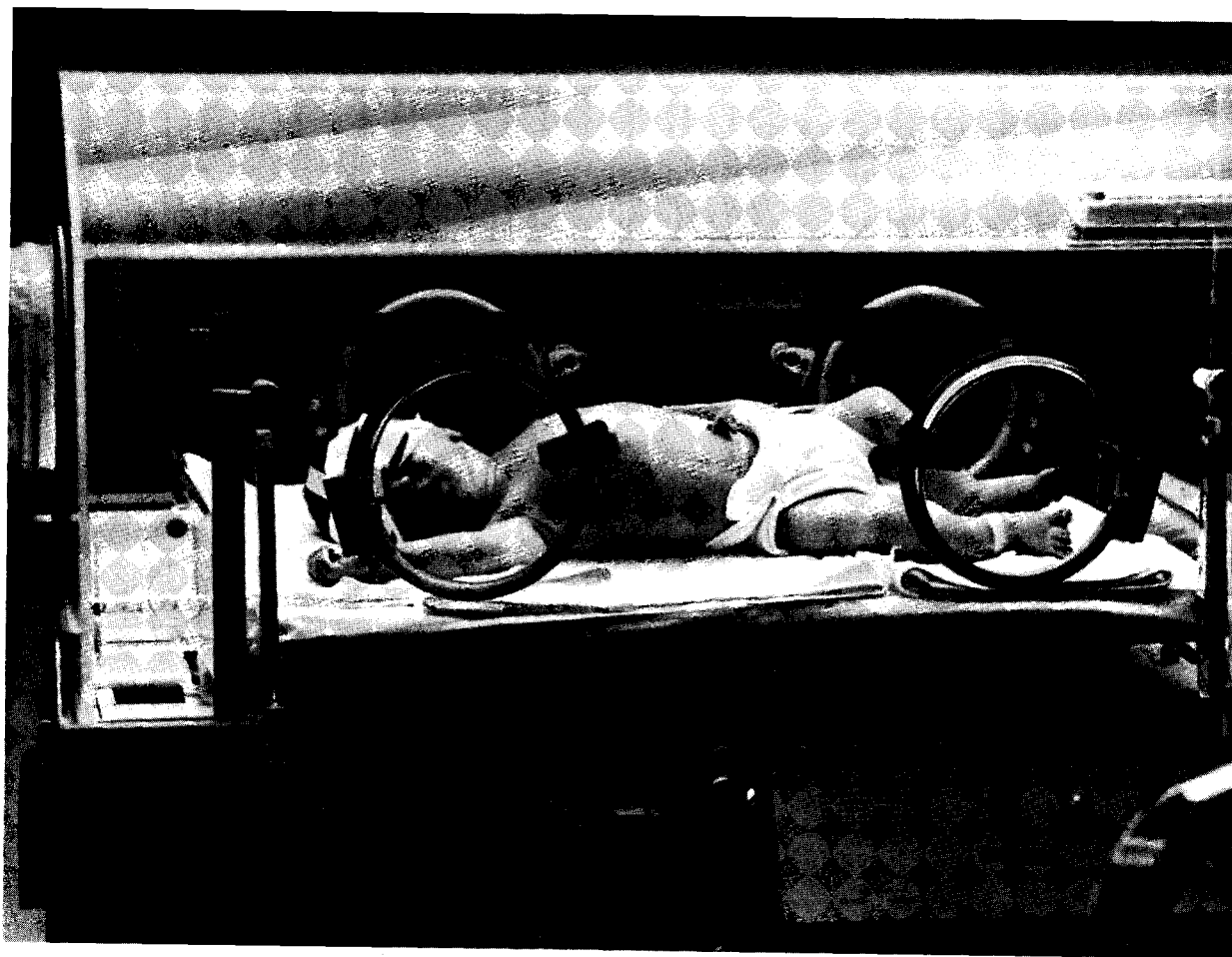
THE END OF SCHOOL

George Leonard ("The End of School," May *Atlantic*) makes a number of valid points when he calls for a new and creative approach to education in the United States. However, when he commends a school that "has sought to eliminate the textbook as a prime educational tool" and asserts that interactive multimedia come "closer to the workings of human consciousness than does . . . a textbook," a note of caution is in order. True, poorly written, unimaginative textbooks can be anathema to young students, and the new multimedia tools Leonard describes sound valuable and stimulating; however, his article neglects the one aspect of a traditional education which needs to be promoted, not further de-emphasized, and this is reading.

For all their magical visual and aural possibilities, multimedia tools cannot provide the links to a culture's linguistic heritage that reading can. Students learn to write by reading the great examples of writing that their language has to offer; students who do not read, or confine themselves to reading works of poor quality, remain limited in their ability to use language to communicate at all levels.

ELIZABETH A. COLE
Washington, D.C.

I agree with much of George Leonard's criticism of traditional classroom structure, but I don't think we need a pedagogic revolution to improve our schools significantly. Let's first try paying teachers more. Right now, low salaries and low prestige repel talented college graduates from teaching careers. The mediocre education majors who wind up teaching early grades often have little enthusiasm for the substance of the curriculum, and, worse, they don't know it. I felt the "boredom, cynicism, and despair" Leonard mentions until college, not because the school system was too rigid but be-



For around \$70,000, her life could be saved.

For around \$700, she'd never have been in danger.

Her parents' health care plan didn't cover the few hundred dollars they needed for pre-natal care.

Ironically, the treatment she needed as a result of her low birthweight was covered in full.

In fact, many medical plans don't pay for the checkups, tests, and other measures

that would help participants stay healthy. They only provide benefits once a participant has become sick.

And in financial and emotional terms, the pound of cure is often far more costly than the ounce of prevention.

That's why, at The Prudential, we strongly support the wider use of managed care programs that put an increased emphasis on preventive medicine.

Such programs help participants maintain their good health and allow doctors to discover illnesses in early, more easily treatable stages. So as a result, they also help control the spiraling cost of health care overall.

But ultimately, managed care programs can save something much more important than money: they can save

people from unnecessary suffering.

To find out more, write: New Approaches to Health Care, The Prudential, 751 Broad Street, 16th Fl., Newark, N.J. 07102-3777.

ThePrudential 

© 1992 The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

Now schools without French teachers can still have lessons in French.



Students at three high schools in northwestern suburbs of Chicago now can take classes their schools might not have been able to afford otherwise — thanks to a system provided by Ameritech.

Called Distance Learning, the system is a new application for video conferencing, a service originally intended for business use. By video, a teacher can combine students from three schools to form a class and teach them simultaneously even though the schools are twenty miles apart. It's only one of many educational efforts Ameritech has under way. Our Buddy System, for example, is linking students and home computers with their schools and a whole world of information. We're also providing grants to students doing graduate work in telecommunications

and supporting teachers writing curricula using our Ameritech PagesPlus® directories as learning tools.

At Ameritech, we're developing innovative products and services of all kinds to help make sure today's students aren't just ready to face the future, but to shape it.

For more information on our contributions to the quality of life in communities we serve, call 1-800/242-8580.

THE COMMUNICATIONS COMPANIES OF AMERITECH ARE:

Illinois Bell • Indiana Bell • Michigan Bell • Ohio Bell • Wisconsin Bell
Ameritech Audiotex Services • Ameritech Credit • Ameritech Development
Ameritech Information Systems • Ameritech International
Ameritech Mobile Communications • Ameritech Publishing
Ameritech Services • The Tigon Corporation.

AMERITECH

Connecting You With Tomorrow

© 1992 Ameritech Corporation

cause the teachers didn't know what they were talking about. Reforms in the learning environment won't work without competent teachers to implement them.

MICHAEL HOCHSTER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE BORDER

I am appalled at William Langewiesche's one-sided assessment of El Paso ("The Border," May *Atlantic*). To formulate conclusions from the limited experiences of a single morning spent with one person flouts the rules of good and thorough journalism. To extrapolate only the negative aspects of the city—while ignoring the positive ones—is sheer folly. Possibly Langewiesche arrived in El Paso with preconceived notions about border cities—a pre-emptive strike against our city.

Such obvious bias leaves a disturbing image in the minds of *The Atlantic's* vast readership, sophisticated people who may accept the writer's opinion about our segment of the border as not a place to vacation. In order to erase his misconceptions, Langewiesche might review a tourist survey done by an unbiased third party, the University of Texas at El Paso.

His description of El Paso, Juárez, and the border in general demeans every forward-thinking person along this 1,550-mile boundary, and although Langewiesche admits that he is not an expert on Mexico, he is so caught up in stereotypical images—shanties, filth, poverty—that he overlooks the dynamics of recent economic and industrial growth. Apparently he was so fascinat-

ed with the seamy side of life that he didn't have time to drive through Juárez's affluent neighborhoods.

The writer completes his flawed rationale with a stunning contradiction. He first insinuates that the 400 million border crossings every year are made almost exclusively by smugglers and dope traffickers, and then states that the future belongs to free trade. Readers are left with a paradox, an ambiguous destiny in which illegal trade in smuggled goods and free trade go hand in hand.

ican border. Although the city where I live—Laredo, Texas—was scarcely mentioned, the conditions, corruptions, sadnesses, and dreadful premonitions that Langewiesche chronicles are painfully present to me each day. His words caught the spiritual ironies of the place, which has puzzled and appalled me for four years. Laredo, like other border cities, is steeped in the "sad boosterism" Langewiesche describes so aptly. As a city ranked third or fourth from the bottom on anybody's livability list, it feels an urgent need to maintain appearances.

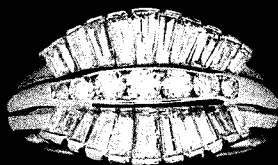
Laredo is corrupt at its political core; its recent city election was a carnival of charges and countercharges and, on one occasion, a female fistfight. For its size it has the least-used public library anywhere in the nation. The teachers certified by Laredo State University rank at the absolute bottom of the state's standardized test scores. Laredo is the only city of its size with a substantial percentage of its streets unpaved. And it languished under Mayor Martin and the *padrone* system right up until the mid-1970s.

My heart catches in sadness and

outrage every time I see one of the LAREDO PROUD bumper stickers that are ubiquitous on the banged-up cars. These are dispensed to the credulous (and remarkably complacent) poor in place of better schools, better teachers, and convincing political representation. To the people who shop at the Mall del Norte (on Saturdays every other vehicle bears Mexican license plates) the appearance of prosperity—or even normalcy—is as important as the cheap imitation Louis Vuitton handbags the women need to clutch.

Staggering poverty in Laredo's colo-

Let me fly you to the moon without
leaving the ground.



For birthdays. For special days. Forever. A diamond is forever.

Suggested price: \$2,995. Enlarged for detail.
Call 800-624-9252 for a store nearby.

De Beers

MASTER  JEWELERS.

Believe it—some people live here by choice, people who love the inimitable energy of a border town, the rich history and culture, the easy access into Mexico, and the international flavor.

If Langewiesche came back for a second look, I think he'd find that meaculpas are in order.

WILLIAM S. TILNEY
Mayor
El Paso, Texas

I have just put down Part Two (June *Atlantic*) of William Langewiesche's magnificent article about the U.S.-Mex-

nias ironically exists alongside the great, concentrated wealth of a few ruling families who sit atop an almost feudal hierarchy. Laredo has the highest concentration per capita of Mercedes and Jaguars anywhere in the country. Laredo National Bank—which, I’m told, has never sold a note—is the richest privately owned bank in Texas. And every year the Martha Washington Society puts on an obscene three-day Washington’s Birthday celebration, the entire purpose of which must surely be to bolster the tentative American citizenship that the entire city needs to proclaim.

Such inequities cannot be wished away. But what’s across the border, in Nuevo Laredo, makes Laredo seem merely comic. It is appalling: a *colonia* of three hundred thousand politically invisible people who have come north in the past five years to work in the *maquilas*. No sewers. No running water. No electricity. And all of it a quarter mile from the U.S. border. It is frightening, and I’m amazed that none of the major networks have picked up on it. Brownsville, which Langewiesche mentions at length, has recently come up with the highest rate of encephalitis in the world—four times the national average. If the higher reaches of the American political system don’t deal with—or even recognize—these inequities soon, today’s suffering will turn into an unspeakable calamity.

WILLIAM H. WISNER
Laredo, Texas

William Langewiesche replies:

William Tilney’s response to my observations on the border needs no interpretation. He wants to boost his city, which is one of the poorest in the United States as measured by per capita income. He feels wounded by a frank appraisal, for which I am sorry.

However, to set the record straight: I resided on the West Texas border for three years, and spent an additional year researching and writing the article. During the weeks I spent in El Paso and Juárez, I visited the affluent neighborhoods of both cities, and I agree with Mayor Tilney that life can be pleasant there.

Mayor Tilney is also correct in his belief that only a small percentage of the roughly 400 million annual border crossings are made by smugglers. And he is astute in his recognition of the

central paradox that faces drug interdiction: it must take place in a free society. As free trade causes the legitimate traffic between Mexico and the United States to increase, the drug traffic will become even harder to detect.

WAL-MART

James Morgan’s “Adventures in the Food Chain” (June *Atlantic*) is a cogent article, but Morgan is incorrect on a number of points. To begin with, Sam Walton’s “legacy” is not as glowing as he suggests. Wal-Mart has callously plundered one sleepy rural town after another by cutting prices to the bone with the sole purpose of annihilating the competition. Once competition is eradicated, Wal-Mart “owns” the town. Today there are thousands of towns in which the stores are boarded up, their Main Streets history. The fabric, the civic pride, the community spirit, in these towns have been swept away. Wal-Mart is the embodiment of the excessive greed of the eighties and the horrendous devastation that has been its by-product. Wal-Mart’s stores look like jails, and lack any semblance of charm or character.

Morgan states that Wal-Mart’s cost of doing business is 15.2 percent, whereas at Sears the figure is roughly 30 percent. A retailer can operate at 15.2 percent provided that the company monopolizes the market area and circumvents established rules for doing business. Nearly 70 percent of Wal-Mart employees are part-timers—which means they are denied benefits such as health insurance, pensions, life insurance, holiday pay, vacation pay, and sick leave. On average, an employee’s benefits amount to about 40 percent of his income. Wal-Mart, along with many other retailers, has found a way to save that 40 percent on its cost of doing business. Politicians wonder why so many Americans are without health insurance. Wal-Mart can tell them why. Wal-Mart considers full time (with benefits) to be twenty-eight hours a week. How many Americans can live on twenty-eight hours a week at Wal-Mart’s rate of pay? This is another manipulation of the system. Wal-Mart always has an abundance of help at the ready for peak selling seasons—an extra twelve hours per employee—without ever having to pay

a dime in overtime wages. Wal-Mart has broken every principle of fair business practice that you can name—and it has done so with abandon. A truly informed American public would refuse to shop in its stores.

LAWRENCE W. DRIES
Rockland, Maine

James Morgan’s description of Wal-Mart’s growing dominance over local retail markets and regional chain stores as just another instance of the natural selection of the free market demands more analysis than it was given.

Perhaps the most important issue is the one that Morgan frames roughly in terms of “fairness” or morality. The battle between Kroger and Wal-Mart in Batesville and other towns is not one in which either consumers or retailers lose but, rather, one in which ultimately *both* retailers and consumers, and their communities, will emerge as losers.

When a Wal-Mart enters a region, many local retailers typically lose a sizable amount of business or go out of business altogether. Thus the values brought to the consumer at Wal-Mart should be balanced against the loss of jobs and revenue at these other locations. Wal-Mart does create jobs in the region, but the great majority of them are nonmanagerial positions that pay minimum wage and are always slightly less than full-time, so that Wal-Mart can avoid having to pay for employee benefits.

Other, noneconomic, concerns, such as the loss of older downtown districts and of diversity within the social and cultural life of a region, make clear that more than the flow of dollars and general market trends should be considered when a municipality is deciding whether or not to invite Wal-Mart to set up shop.

MICHAEL J. MCGANDY
Bronx, N.Y.

DARWINISM

Regarding the reply from Phillip E. Johnson that appeared in the May Letters to the Editor:

I am no “distinguished evolutionary biologist,” but none is required to take on the pugnacious Mr. Johnson. In the last place, he has offered no actual argument that I can detect for his asser-

tion that abandoning natural selection as an explanation for extinctions would necessitate dumping it as an agent of speciation. But in the first place, he has offered no reason to question the role of natural selection in the extinction of species, and little evidence, either, that he understands much of Darwinian theory.

Darwin surely never suggested, as Johnson maintains, either that organisms were in biological competition with their own descendants or that evolution was a mere matter of any "single line" managing to "crowd out or kill off countless unfit competitors." He did note that within any generation numerous minor variations were exhibited. He reasoned that those individuals best able to exploit the environment in which they found themselves would be the ones most likely to live long enough to generate offspring (similar to themselves), thereby increasing the future population's frequency of those variations associated with "fitness." Over a sufficient number of generations the accumulation of such modifications within the population would be significant enough to effectively mark the emergence of a "species" definitely distinct from the ancestral one. Moreover, the degree of random diversity among the offspring of a prolific species was likely to entail the fortuitous emergence of variations that would enable subsets of the population to exploit innovative environmental niches. The accumulation of different sets of adaptations by segregated segments of the population would eventually result in the divergence of multiple new species from the ancestral line.

Thus the sense in which extinction and natural selection "go hand in hand" according to Darwinism is simply that in which later generations differ from earlier ones. When all the descendants of a population have achieved sufficient differentiation from that population to constitute new "species," or when none have managed

to sustain viability at all, then the ancestral species has become extinct. The environmental factors that determine viability must include, but certainly need not be limited to, predation and direct competition. That is, a population is evolutionarily pressured not only when some other population threatens to kill it off or crowd it out but also when any nonbiological force threatens to kill it off, or to kill off its

dants from populating new or newly vacant niches.

L. J. MARSH
Minneapolis, Minn.

Phillip E. Johnson replies:

The book I reviewed, by David Raup, argued that species became extinct owing to bad luck in mass catastrophes, rather than because of genetic inferiority. Darwin had attributed extinctions to the gradual effects of biological competition, and he insisted that parent species systematically perished in competition with their improved descendants. He had to assume this in order to explain why parent species are not found in the living world. (For supporting quotations, see my review essay, "The Extinction of Darwinism," in the February *Atlantic*.)

Readers will best understand the inadequacy of L. J. Marsh's response if they keep in mind that natural selection has to accomplish an immense, long-term creative project. It has to produce myriads of complex organs and diverse body plans, and to use tiny random variations in a cumulative process. In order for complexity to be built that way, survival must be systematically nonrandom throughout the creative process, so that even the tiniest steps toward some new capability, such as flight, are consistently encouraged.

Rare catastrophes can be fit into a Darwinian framework if we assume that natural selection was at other times killing off the less fit and preserving the most fit. Suppose, however, that extinctions nearly always occurred in catastrophes, and

that the victims were as proficient as the survivors at flying, seeing, reproducing, or whatever. That is what David Raup is suggesting. But if ancient species that were relatively unproficient at flying or seeing did not as a consequence dwindle and eventually die out, then what sense does it make to say that "natural selection" produced improved capabilities in their successors?

Pressing awkward questions like this is not being "pugnacious"; it is being scientific.

SPEND YOUR BIRTHDAY WITH THE ONES YOU LOVE.

To send Godiva, call 1-800-643-1579.

GODIVA
Chocolatier

food source, or to ravage its geographical domain.

Environmental catastrophes thus might very well renegotiate the terms of the struggle for existence and force a dramatic reordering in the effectiveness of selective pressures. Catastrophes that do that might very well result in the lopping off of branches of the phylogenetic tree. But, leaping logic, there is no reason to suppose that they would do anything at all to prevent the natural selection of survivors' descen-

THE (SEPTEMBER ALMANAC

Q & A

Does the President carry a wallet?
According to a White House staff member, President George Bush does carry a wallet, containing cash and credit cards; he is said to pay personally for meals and beverages on many occasions, especially while on the road. (The staff member did not know whether his wallet also contains a driver's license, from whatever state.) In at least one instance he has needed a wallet for identification as well: last year a student at the Barcroft Elementary School, in Arlington, Virginia, where the President was visiting, insisted that Mr. Bush was an impostor, until he produced his American Express card. Presidential preferences in these matters vary. Ronald Reagan did not carry a wallet, only a money clip and loose change. Perhaps surprisingly, in view of his spending policies for the nation, he eschewed credit in his personal transactions.



EXPIRING PATENTS

No. 3,906,646. Transformable footwear. "A shoe which is transformable by substituting one of the elements thereof, said shoe comprising three independent elements including a one piece bottom . . . , an inner shoe assembly . . . , and an outer dressing selected from a series of dressings created for variety."

HEALTH & SAFETY

September 7, Labor Day, one of the most lethal holidays in terms of traffic accidents. A 16-year study by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration shows that traffic fatalities are typically 35 percent higher on Labor Day than on an ordinary September Monday; the average number of fatalities during the week-



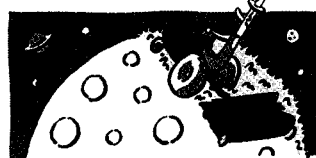
end's three days is 616. Labor Day is in a league with Memorial Day (which averages a 32 percent increase over its non-holiday counterparts), July 4 (37 percent), the day before Thanksgiving (42 percent), and the two days preceding Christmas (40 and 41 percent). New Year's Day, with a 64 percent increase, shows the largest change of any holiday. On the whole, September is one of the most dangerous months to be on the road: it ranks third in terms of fatal crashes (behind July and August), and has 43 percent more fatal collisions than February, the safest month.

ENVIRONMENT

September 19, thousands of volunteers will today be combing the nation's beaches and riverbanks for trash. Since 1986 the Center for Marine Conservation, a group in Washington, D.C., which receives support from various corporations and government agencies, has organized an annual beach-cleanup day. Last year more than 145,000 volunteers in 34 U.S. states and territories and 12 other countries walked more than 4,700 miles of ocean beach and inland waterfront, gathering some 3.7 million pounds of refuse, along with a detailed—and depressing—body of data. Plastic objects—cups, bags, bottles, straws, six-pack rings—made up almost 60 percent of the items picked up in 1991. An international treaty, in effect since 1989, prohibiting the dumping of plastic from ships at sea has



produced no discernible decrease in rubbish of obvious shipboard origin, although it is unclear whether this reflects treaty violations or simply the volume of debris extant from years past. By far the most common items overall were cigarette butts, the filter tips of which are a nonbiodegradable synthetic. Among the more unusual finds: a fire hydrant (in California), a bowling pin (Alabama), a manhole cover (Connecticut), a plough (Michigan), and a message in a bottle (Alaska).



THE SKIES

September 11, Full Moon, also known this month as the Black Calves, Cool, Fruit, and—because this year it is the Full Moon nearest the Autumnal Equinox—Harvest Moon. Close to the time of the Equinox the Sun's and Moon's orbits are such that for a few days around the time the Moon is full, it rises at roughly the same hour every evening (rather than the usual 50 minutes later each night), giving farmers more light by which to bring in their crops. 20, early risers can see a close conjunction of Mars and the waning Moon, at about 4:00 A.M. 22, the Autumnal Equinox; fall begins.

GOVERNMENT

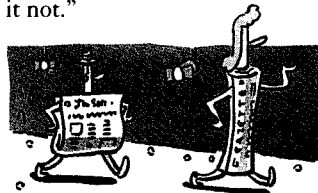
The White House Office of Management and Budget rules this month on a proposal to merge Baltimore and Washington, D.C., into one metropolitan area. If the new configuration is approved, as seems likely (OMB has never rejected a merger that meets its specifications, which have to do with population density and commuting patterns), it will supplant the San Francisco Bay area as the nation's fourth largest metropolitan area, after



New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago. Cities newly designated metropolitan areas may enjoy increases in federal transportation funds (and may have to lower highway speed limits in return). However, because Baltimore and Washington have been metropolitan areas individually since 1950, their merging will be of little practical consequence. Perhaps the largest issue at stake: what to call the new area. OMB practice dictates that the metropolitan area with the larger central city—in this case, Baltimore—normally comes first in a new name, but it allows for consideration of public opinion, which could argue for the capital's receiving top billing.

125 YEARS AGO

F. Sheldon, writing in the September, 1867, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "There is a proud pleasure in knowing that we gentlemen of the press furnish the great American people with their ideas and their phrases ready made, just as Brooks Brothers and Oak Hall provide them with their clothes. All very much alike, it is true,—'our spring style,'—and often ill-fitting and graceless; but we seem to fill a national want. Our names may be unknown outside of our offices, but the great planets are perceptibly influenced in their courses by little asteroids invisible to the naked eye, and many a celebrity who appears daily in large type is moved by the strings we pull, and knows it not."



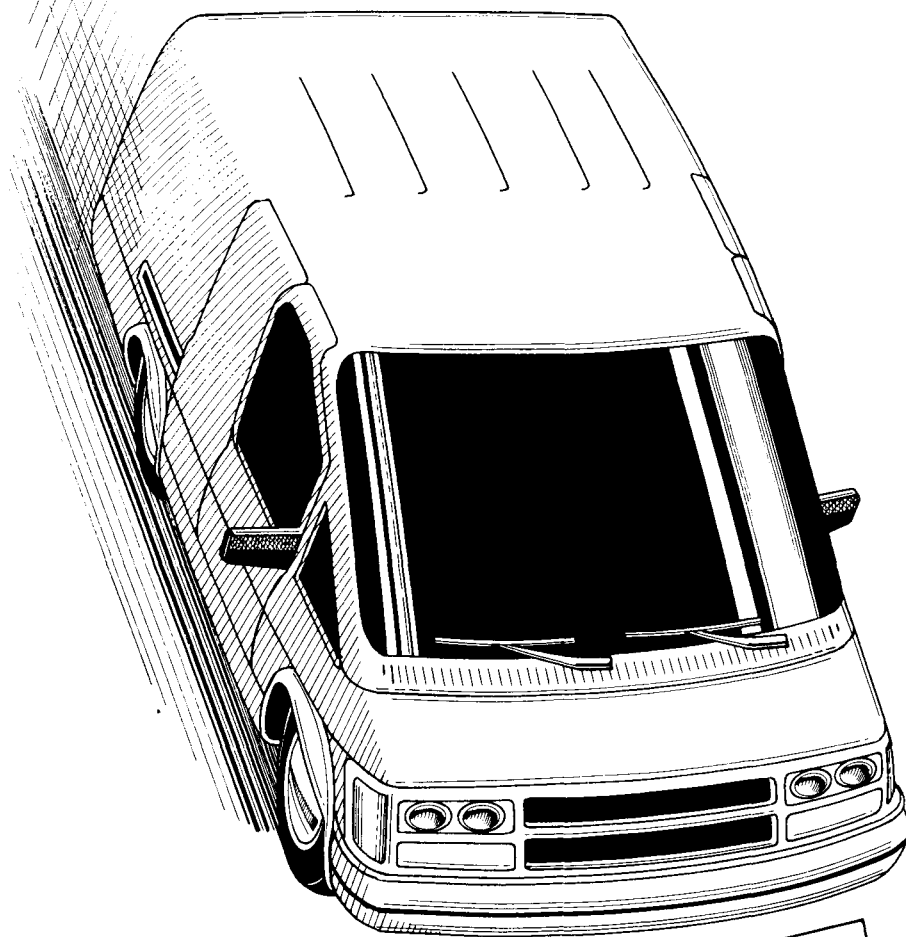
You won't see exhaust fumes—particulates—coming out of the back of this van. Because it's a Natural Gas Vehicle (NGV). Not only do NGVs cut particulates to virtually 0%, they can cut carbon

Delivering cleaner air.

monoxide and maintenance costs, too. What's more, natural gas costs the equivalent of gasoline at 70 to 80 cents a gallon. And NGVs are no longer down the road.

They're *on* the road. 30,000 vans, trucks, buses, taxis and other fleet vehicles.

NGV pickup trucks and vans will be produced by General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. More and more stations are being built to refuel them. And with North America's abundant natural gas, we'll avoid the toll taken by foreign oil.



Use natural gas. We'll all breathe easier.



REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Was America a Mistake?

Reflections on the long history of efforts to debunk Columbus and his discovery

OCTOBER 12, 1992, marks the five-hundredth anniversary of the most crucial of all encounters between Europe and the Americas. In the contemporary global mood, however, the quincentennial of Christopher Columbus's landing in the New World—new, anyway, to the European intruders; old and familiar to its inhabitants—seems an occasion less for celebration than for meditation. Indeed, in some quarters the call is for penitence and remorse.

Christopher Columbus has always been as much a myth as a man, a myth incorporating a succession of triumphs and guilts over what is now five long centuries. The myth has found particular lodgment in the mightiest of the nations to arise in the Western Hemisphere—a nation that may not speak Columbus's language (any of them) but has diligently revered his memory.

Though both the continent and the country bear another's name, Columbus has been surpassed in nomenclatural popularity in the United States only by the great George Washing-

ton—and Washington is itself located in the District of Columbia. I make this observation as a native of Columbus, Ohio, the largest of many municipalities called after the great explorer. The preeminent university in the city in which I now live is Columbia—not to mention such other North American institutions as the Columbia Broadcasting System, the *Columbia Encyclopedia*, Columbia Pictures, and a variety of enterprises from banks to space shuttles.

The biography that fixed the nineteenth-century image of Columbus was published in 1828 and written by Washington Irving, Manhattan's first international man of letters, a lover of Spain, the aficionado of Granada and the Alhambra, and in later life the U.S.

minister to Madrid. Half a century after, Irish-Americans named a newly founded Roman Catholic fraternal organization the Knights of Columbus. A movement to honor the day of landfall culminated in 1934, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt proclaimed October 12 a national holiday. The holiday is observed in most Latin American countries as well.

The United States also staged the most memorable celebration of the quadricentennial of what it was then widely acceptable to call the "discovery" of America. The World's Columbian Exposition took place in bustling, thrusting, midwestern Chicago, the very heart of the republic. Reconfiguring the great explorer in images of technology and modernity, the Chicago

World's Fair saluted the man then regarded, in the words of President Benjamin Harrison, as "the pioneer of progress and enlightenment." In a book especially produced for the fair, the historian Meyer Kayserling summed up the prevailing assessment of Columbus: "In the just appreciation of his great services to mankind, all political, religious and social differences have vanished."

How things have changed in a century! Political, religious, and social differences, far from vanishing, place Columbus today in the center of a worldwide cultural civil war. The great hero of the nineteenth century seems well on the way to becoming the great villain of the twenty-first. Columbus, it is now charged, far from being the pioneer of progress and enlightenment, was in fact the



Pioneer of progress: a nineteenth-century view of Columbus

W H A T M A K E S A M O M E N T



A M E M O R Y



Courvoisier Cognac 40% alc/vol. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1992

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pioneer of oppression, racism, slavery, rape, theft, vandalism, extermination, and ecological desolation.

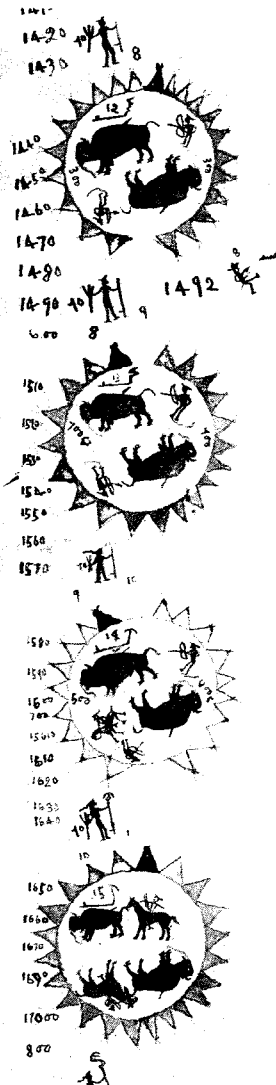
The revisionist reaction, it must be said, has been under way for a while. As far back as the quadricentennial Justin Winsor, a historian and bibliographer of early America, published a soberly critical biography, arguing that Columbus had left the New World "a legacy of devastation and crime." George Santayana soon wrote of Columbus, in one of his *Odes*,

He gave the world another world,
and ruin
Brought upon blameless, river-
loving nations,
Cursed Spain with barren gold, and
made the Andes
Fiefs of Saint Peter.

Today revisionism is in full flood. Much of it is useful and necessary. "The one duty we owe to history," as Oscar Wilde said, "is to rewrite it." The very phrase "discovery of America" is under a ban. It is pointed out, not unreasonably, that America had been discovered centuries earlier by people trickling across the Bering Strait land bridge from East Asia. To call Columbus's landfall a "discovery" therefore convicts one of Eurocentrism. Certainly it is hard to object to the proposal that the arrival of Columbus be seen from the viewpoint of those who met him as well as from the viewpoint of those who sent him.

It is also well that we begin to see the man Columbus not in the nineteenth-century mode, as Benjamin Harrison's "pioneer of progress and enlightenment," but as he saw himself—as, that is, a God-intoxicated man who, for all his superb practical skills as a navigator, believed himself engaged in a spiritual rather than a geographical quest, the messenger not of rationalism and science but of the Almighty, warning that the world would end in another century and a half, prophesying, as he wrote to an intimate of Queen Isabella's, "the new heaven and the new earth which the Lord made, and of which St. John writes in the Apocalypse." We are right, I think, in beginning to read his messianic *Libro de las profecias* not as a cynical attempt to con the Queen nor as the paranoid outburst of an aging and despairing has-been but as the center of the Columbian dream.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



Before and after: a Plains Indian history

REVISIONISM redresses the balance up to a point; but, driven by Western guilt, it may verge on masochism. Let me cite the resolution on the quincentennial adopted by the National Council of Churches: "What some historians have termed a 'discovery' in reality was an invasion and colonization with legalized occupation, genocide, economic exploitation and a deep level of institutional racism and moral decadence." The Council of Churches' three-page statement is a stern indictment of the criminal history of the European conquest. The quincentennial, the resolution concludes, should be an occasion not for celebration but for "repentance."

The government of Canada has decided not to celebrate the quincentennial at all, on the ground that the arrival of Columbus led to the destruction of the existing American cultures. Russell

Means, a leader of the American Indian Movement, opines that Columbus "makes Hitler look like a juvenile delinquent." The novelist Hans Koning finds him "worse than Attila the Hun." Last year on Columbus Day protesters in Washington poured fake blood on the Union Station statue of Columbus. Marlon Brando recently demanded, that his name be removed from the credits of a new movie, *Christopher Columbus: The Discovery*, on the ground that the film failed to portray Columbus as "the true villain he was," the man "directly responsible for the first wave of genocidal obliteration of the native peoples of North America." (Brando's role in the film, by the way, was Torquemada.)

In the university town of Berkeley, California, a leaflet charged Columbus with "grand theft; genocide; racism; initiating the destruction of culture; rape, torture and maiming of indigenous people; and [being the] instigator of the Big Lie"; city officials thereafter changed October 12 to Indigenous Peoples Day. When Cristobal Colon, a descendant of the explorer's, was appointed grand marshal of Pasadena's annual New Year's Day parade, the Tournament of Roses, the vice-mayor denounced Colon as "a symbol of greed, slavery, rape, and genocide" and his appointment as an insult to American Indians. The protest was stilled only by the naming of Ben Nighthorse Campbell, a congressman and Cheyenne chief, as co-grand marshal.

Recently, in Havana, I asked Fidel Castro how he looks on the impending quincentennial. He replied, "We are critical. Columbus brought many bad things." I said, "If it weren't for Columbus, you wouldn't be here." Castro said, "Well, Columbus brought good things as well as bad." This slightly schizophrenic reaction is not untypical. North and south of the border Americans of Spanish descent are torn between pride in their Hispanic heritage and romantic identification with indigenous Indian traditions. In the United States some Latinos join the campaign against the Spanish conquest; others take it as an attack on themselves. "My mother sees it as something that brought us religion and civilization," one told Patricia Duarte, of *Newsday*. "Younger people see it as an atrocity."

Still, the "politically correct" image

THERE IS NO SECURITY WITHOUT CHANGE.

There is an essential difference between insurance companies who realize the marketplace is changing and those who understand that the marketplace *is* change.

The latter survive and thrive. The former become...lunch.

At Consecro we believe we can offer our customers and shareholders the highest degree of security by being adaptable and flexible. Our entire concept of security at Consecro is based on our ability to change.

Key to our operation is maintaining a constant vigil for changes that could create opportunities or cause problems. When change is isolated and evaluated, we then adjust and fine-tune our business accordingly. And, of equal importance, immediately.



While our acceptance of change and willingness to change may have raised a few eyebrows, they've helped us build a company with \$12 billion in assets.

And there's a lot of security to be found in \$12 billion.

C o n s e c r o

of Columbus as executioner dominates the current discussion. As the art critic Hilton Kramer sums it up,

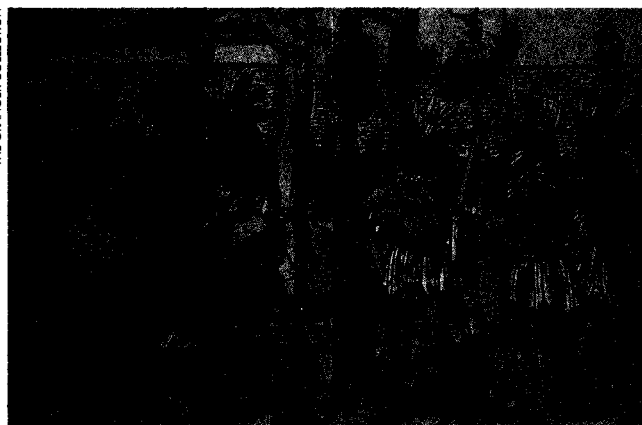
Columbus is now vilified as a Eurocentric genocidal maniac who, in addition to decimating the native population of the Americas, was also responsible for destroying their ecology and bringing to this part of the world the most atrocious of all economic systems, namely, capitalism.

Had Columbus foreseen even a portion of all the sins he would be held accountable for five centuries later, he might never have bothered to discover America.

WHY THIS sea change in attitudes? Obviously the global mood has shifted since the exaltation of Columbus's heroic aspects at the quadricentennial. This change reflects the end of European domination of the planet. It reflects the revolt of the Third World against economic exploitation, against political control, against cultural despoliation, against personal and national humiliation, even, at times, against modernity itself. It reflects the (belated) bad conscience of the West and the consequent re-examination of the Western impact on the rest of humanity.

No one can doubt the arrogance and brutality of the European invaders, their callous and destructive ways, the human and ecological devastation they left in their trail. Genocide—the calculated and purposeful murder of a race—may be too harsh a term, at least for Spanish America; it applies more to British America, which widely believed that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Many Spaniards wanted to keep natives alive, if only as slave labor; some, like Father Bartolomé de Las Casas, denounced inhuman treatment in brave and searing language. In both South and North America many more Amerindians died by accident from European diseases—smallpox, cholera, measles—than by design from European swords, harquebuses, and lashes. (And in the transatlantic exchange of diseases, the Europeans apparently received syphilis.)

THE GRANGER COLLECTION



Contrasting early views: native peoples as cannibals . . .

Revisionists tend to portray pre-Columbian America as an Arcadia. The most readable statement of the case is by Kirkpatrick Sale, in his graceful and passionate book *The Conquest of Paradise* (1990). Sale envisages a continent where people lived in "balanced and fruitful harmony" with nature and with one another, "an untouched world, a prelapsarian Eden of astonishing plenitude . . . functioning to all intents and purposes in its original primal state," green and pure, until European violence smashed the human and ecological utopia.

The myth of innocence is an old one.

THE GRANGER COLLECTION



. . . and as peaceful, cooperative farmers

"In the beginning," John Locke wrote three centuries ago, "all the world was *America*, and more so than that is now; for no such thing as *Money* was any where known." Yet the vision of an uncorrupted pre-Columbian America is in acute conflict with another part of the anti-Columbus campaign: the contention that pre-Columbian America contained elaborate and advanced civilizations that were ruthlessly obliterated by the European invasion.

One has only to recall the soaring temples, exact astronomical calculations, accurate calendars, and complex hieroglyphics of the Maya in Central America; or the wild surmise with which in 1519 stout Cortes and his tiny Spanish band confronted not the Pacific from Keats's peak in Darien but, shimmering in the distance, the Aztec city of Tenochtitlán, a metropolis as impressive as any in sixteenth-century Europe; or the contrast between the brutal Spanish thug Pizarro and the courteous and civilized Inca Emperor Atahualpa; or the wonderful grace, symmetry, and imaginative power of pre-Columbian art.

Yet these empires were also theocratic military collectivisms, quite as arrogant, cruel, and ethnocentric as the Europeans who demolished them. Far from living in harmony with nature, the Maya evidently brought about their own collapse by deforestation and other destructive agricultural practices that upset the rain-forest ecosystem of Central America. Far from living in harmony with one another, the Mayan city-states appear to have been engaged in constant warfare, with prisoners ritually tortured and decapitated.

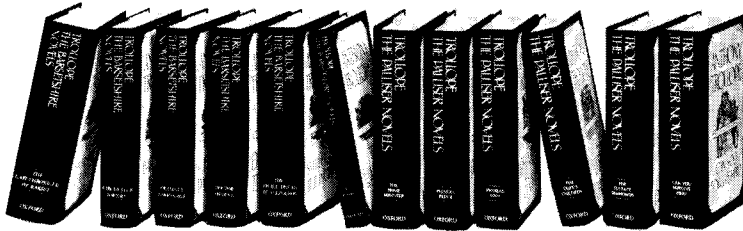
The anthropologist Louis Faron describes the Mundurucú societies of the Amazon basin, whose approach to prisoners of war "ranged from the exotic mutilation of shrinking heads to eating parts of the corpse." After removing the brain and teeth and closing the eyes with beeswax, the Mundurucús parboiled the head and strung cords through the mouth and out the nostrils. The Tupinambas,

PERMANENT PLEASURES



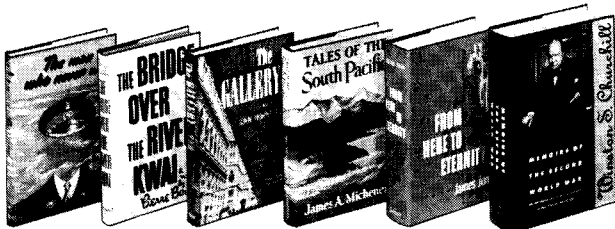
The Oxford Illustrated Dickens for **\$39.95** (Pub. prices total \$200)

"A reader's fantasy" is how *The Washington Post* described this twenty-one-volume complete works of Charles Dickens, a collection that includes some of the most beloved and most admired novels ever written: *Great Expectations*, *David Copperfield*, *Hard Times*, *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and on and on. Add attractive four-color jackets and hundreds of engravings by Victorian illustrators, and you have a definitive Dickens library that's as appealing to the eye as it is to the imagination. #70-1459



The Masterworks of Anthony Trollope for **\$29.95** (Pub. prices total \$175)

Anthony Trollope's wonderfully observant look at life in mid-Victorian England. This 12-volume set includes: *Barchester Towers*; *Can You Forgive Her?*; *Doctor Thorne*; *The Duke's Children*; *The Eustace Diamonds*; *Framley Parsonage*; *The Last Chronicle of Barset*; *Phineas Finn*; *Phineas Redux*; *The Prime Minister*; *The Small House at Allington* and *The Warden*.
#70-8089

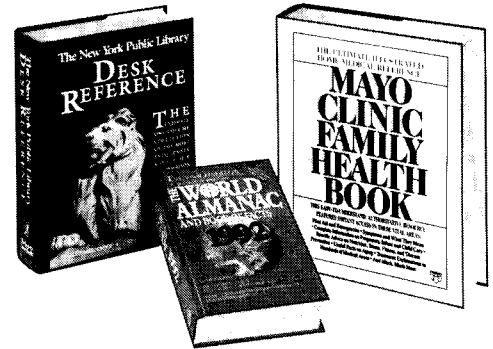


Witness to World War II for **\$15.95** (Pub. prices total \$103.70)

Commemorate the 50th anniversary of this world-changing war with five best-selling novels (*The Bridge Over the River Kwai*, *From Here to Eternity*, *The Gallery*, *The Man Who Never Was* and *Tales of the South Pacific*) and a one-volume abridgment of Churchill's Pulitzer Prize-winning history. **#61-5594**

**Choose one of these
fine works and
save up to \$280.**

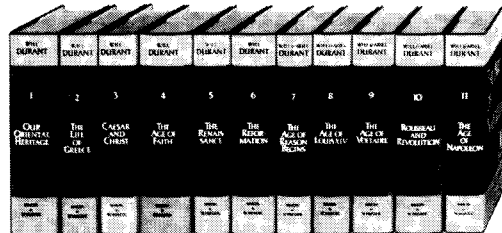
You simply agree to buy 2 books within the next year.



Reference Mini-Library

for **\$12.95** (Pub. prices total \$86.95)

Get expert medical advice from the Mayo Clinic, answers to the most commonly asked questions at the NY Public Library and more than one million facts, including the top stories of the past year, whenever you need to "look it up." **#81-5380**



The Story of Civilization for **\$39.95** (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive. **#70-2221**

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 150 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no books at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return Privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 2 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, PA 17012-0001. Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have listed below, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy two more books during the next year. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Indicate the item you want by number:

			-					
--	--	--	---	--	--	--	--	--

A008-9-0

Name _____ (Please print clearly) **2-Q1**

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a telephone? YES ☐ NO ☐ (01)

Have you ever bought anything by mail in the past? YES ☐ NO ☐ (02)

How have you paid for your mail order purchases? (check all that apply)

CASH ☐ (03) CREDIT CARD ☐ (04) CHECK ☐ (05) MONEY ORDER ☐ (06)

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher.

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S.
All orders subject to approval. © 1992 BOMC

WHAT TYPES OF BOOKS DO YOU LIKE?

(Please circle one number for each category)

	1	2	3	4	5
A. Mystery/Suspense Fiction (Tom Clancy, Stephen King, Agatha Christie)					

	1	2	3	4	5
B. Popular Fiction (Peter Benchley, Anne Tyler, James Michener)					

C. History, Biography, Politics	1	2	3	4	5
D. Self Help (How-To, Health, Human Behavior, Language)	1	2	3	4	5

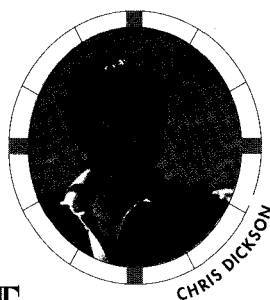
E. Scholarly Books (Philosophy, 1 2 3 4 5
Science, Religion, Classics,
Poetry, Reference)

F. Family and Fun (Cookbooks, 1 2 3 4 5
Crafts, Art, Travel, Pets, Humor,
Children's books)

	1	2	3	4	5
G Business Finance					

G. Business, Finance	1	2	3	4	5
H. Sports	1	2	3	4	5

AT THE HELM



The world's top match-race sailor, Chris Dickson, age 30, has twice skippered in the America's Cup. He recently competed in the World Championships, where his New Zealand team was defending its title. He is now preparing to enter next September's Whitbread Round the World Race.

"I started sailing little boats on my own at age seven. I didn't start racing competitively until age 13. At 18, I got into match racing. I was a tactician on a boat for my father. We won the New Zealand Match Racing International in 1979. In the last 10 years I've been involved with every type of yacht racing imaginable.

"The Omega Grand Prix has 10 major events on the match-racing circuit. All the boats are exactly the same. It's not about technology, or design and construction. We rotate the boats; this circuit is the only one that takes it to this extreme. It's about people—people racing people. At the end of the week, hey, those who have won have really won, not because they had a faster boat. It's very satisfying for the crews.

"There's much competition on the water, and very good camaraderie off the water. I work hard to make yacht racing accessible. When I was trying to break in, it was a battle. I take one of the top junior sailors so they can experience some international weather.

"My favorite event location is Bermuda. We're looking forward to the Omega Gold Cup there next month."

This is the first in a series profiling world-class sailors.

**Ω
OMEGA**

Official Sponsor of the International Sailors Association

along the Atlantic coast, "like the Caribs and Cubeos, considered the eating of human flesh a ritual act, part of their belief in consubstantiation."

These were primitive tribes, but the more developed Aztecs brought the processes of ritual torture and human sacrifice to exalted heights. Thousands of captives won in war or exacted in tribute would line up before the 114 steps of the great pyramid waiting for priests to plunge in the obsidian knife and tear out their bleeding hearts—a ceremony no doubt laudably designed to propitiate the sun god, but not easy to reconcile with the revisionist myth of prelapsarian harmony and innocence. Cortes conquered Mexico with such ease because Indian tribes subjugated and persecuted by the Aztecs embraced him as their liberator from unbearable tyranny. As Carlos Fuentes writes, "It was the victory of the *other Indians* over the Aztec overlord."

Given Aztec customs and methods, what, one wonders, would have become of the hapless inhabitants of Spain and Portugal if the Atlantic crossing had been reversed and the Aztecs had conquered Iberia? And those who insist that Aztecs and Incas, Mundurucús and Tupinambas, should be judged by their own values, not by ours, owe the same indulgence to the *conquistadores*.

The melancholy conclusion is that despite the dramatic clash of cultures, one finds in certain respects, as the historian Hugh Thomas argues, little difference between the Europe and the Mexico of 1492: little difference in the uses of power, in prescriptive inequalities, in coercion and torture, in imperialism and violence and destruction, in (to leap centuries forward to contemporary standards) the suppression of individual freedom and of human rights. The record illustrates less the pitiless annihilation of an idyllic culture by a wrecking crew of aliens than it does the criminality of all cultures and the universality of original sin. Cruelty and destruction are not the monopoly of any single continent or race or culture. As William James reminds us, "The trail of the human serpent is thus over everything."

Christopher Columbus, Mario Vargas Llosa observed at a quincentennial conference in Seville last spring, has become a historical counter in a contemporary political game, and British America and Spanish America use him

for different purposes. In North America, Columbus is just one more pretext for the already thriving assault mounted against the establishment by apostles of political correctness. The Latin American reaction, Vargas Llosa continues, is far more primary and organic. There Columbus serves not as scapegoat but as alibi. Blaming everything on the conquest provides a perpetual excuse for the failure of Latin American countries to achieve humane, stable, and progressive democracies. Latin America, Vargas Llosa says, must begin to accept responsibility for its own fate. So, too, says Carlos Fuentes: Latin Americans, confronting the questions raised by their "balkanized, fractured politics, failed economic systems, and vast social inequalities," must finally recognize that "we could only answer the questions from within ourselves."

THE GREAT quincentennial debate over Columbus and his work awakens echoes in the minds of historians. This is not the first era to advance the proposition that the discovery of the Americas was a mistake. Shortly before the tricentennial of Columbus's landing a spirited debate erupted over precisely this subject. The chief difference is that in the eighteenth century it was Europeans who lamented the opening of the Americas; today Europe seems generally acquiescent, apart from French critics of Euro Disney, and the proposition attracts and agitates the Americas.

For a time Europeans had invented an America peopled by noble savages, men uncorrupted by civilization; as Montaigne wrote, quoting Seneca, they were "fresh from the gods." But Europe has never stopped reinventing the New World. The eighteenth-century debate took off when the Comte de Buffon, the famous French naturalist, proposed a thesis of American biological inferiority, producing an array of quasi-scientific reasons to explain "why the reptiles and insects are so large, the quadrupeds so small, and the men so cold, in the New World." The idea quickly spread. In Britain, Oliver Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* portrayed a dank and gloomy land where no birds sang and no dogs barked.

Soon the *philosophe* the Abbé Corneille de Pauw described America as "so ill-favored by nature that all it

When gold must do more than glitter.



Omega Speedmaster Automatic
Men's chronograph with moon phase in 18K gold.
Scratch-resistant sapphire crystal.
Water resistant.
Swiss made since 1848.

AVAILABLE AT SELECTED JEWELERS
1-800-76 OMEGA

Ω
OMEGA®

The sign of excellence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contains is either degenerate or monstrous" and Americans as "a degenerate species of the human race, cowardly, impotent, without physical strength, without vitality, without elevation of mind." As for the conquest of the New World, this, De Pauw concluded, "has been the greatest of all misfortunes to befall mankind."

The Abbé Guillaume Raynal enthusiastically agreed. "How many calamities, which cannot be compensated," he asked, "have not attended the conquest of these regions?" No doubt Europe is in the New World's debt for a few conveniences and a few luxuries. "But before these enjoyments were obtained, were we less healthy, less robust, less intelligent, or less happy? Are these frivolous advantages, so cruelly obtained, so unequally distributed, and so obstinately disputed, worth one drop of that blood which has been spilt, and which will still be spilt for them?"

Raynal elaborated his indictment. "Let us stop here," he finally said,

and consider ourselves as existing at the time when America and India were unknown. Let me suppose that I address myself to the most cruel of Europeans in the following terms. There exist regions which will furnish thee with rich metals, agreeable clothing, and delicious food. But read this history, and behold at what price the discovery is promised to thee. Dost thou wish or not that it should be made? Is it to be imagined that there exists a being infernal enough to answer this question in the affirmative! Let it be remembered, that there will not be a single instant in futurity, when my question will not have the same force.

Raynal did not stop there. After the Declaration of Independence he established a prize of 1,200 francs to be awarded by the Academy of Lyons for the best essay on this piquant topic: "Was the discovery of America a blessing or a curse to mankind? If it was a blessing, by what means are we to conserve and enhance its benefits? If it was a curse, by what means are we to repair the damage?" Contemplating the great

THE GRANGER COLLECTION



Romantic hero: Ferdinand and Isabella receive Columbus

debate of 1992, one can only suppose that the Academy of Lyons, if it chose to revive the Raynal prize, would be flooded with entries.

Americans, of course, looked on Raynal with considerable irritation. Benjamin Franklin once had to endure at his own Paris dinner table a monologue by the diminutive abbé on the way everything shrank in the New World. "Let us try this question by the fact before us," Franklin suggested in his practical way, and called on his guests, French and American, to stand up and measure themselves back to back. "There was not one American present," recalled Thomas Jefferson, who was among them, "who could not have tost out of the Windows any one or perhaps two of the rest of the Company."

In one of the earliest Federalist papers, Alexander Hamilton responded with vigor to what he called "these arrogant pretensions of the European." European writers "admired as profound philosophers," Hamilton said, "... have gravely asserted that all animals, and with them the human species, degenerate in America—that even dogs cease to bark after having breathed awhile in our atmosphere." Europe,

Hamilton continued, had succumbed to the temptation "to plume herself as the Mistress of the World, and to consider the rest of mankind as created for her benefit. . . . Let Americans disdain to be the instruments of European greatness!"

The invention and reinvention of America continue to our day, and so does the argument that opening up America was a bad idea. No less a sage than Sigmund Freud remarked earlier in this century, "America is a mistake; a gigantic mistake, it is true, but none the less a mistake." Whether the discovery was a curse or a blessing was a favorite topic for debate at the Oxford Union between the wars. The Columbus quincennial charges the old argument with new intensity.

But the terms of the debate, whether in the 1770s or in the 1990s, are inherently defective. Abbé Raynal's question implies what few debaters could actually believe: that there was some alternative to

Europe's discovery of America.

Still, let us for a moment suppose that the Americas could have been indefinitely sealed off from Europe. Would the world be better off? Mario Vargas Llosa has asked, "What would America be like in the 1990s if the dominant cultures were those of the Aztecs and Incas?" The anthropologist Jorge Klor De Alva once speculated that it might be something like contemporary India—a mixture of religions, languages, and castes, somehow extracting coherence out of incoherence. But India had a century and a half of British imperialism, and therefore a legacy of parliamentary democracy. What would the destiny of the Americas have been without any European infusion?

One must hope that by the twentieth century the Aztecs and the Incas would have learned to read and write and would have abandoned their commitment to torture, obsidian knives, and blood-stained pyramids. But they would most likely have preserved their collectivist cultures and their conviction that the individual had no legitimacy outside the theocratic state, and the result would have been a repressive fundamentalism comparable perhaps

3-STEP SKIN CARE. © Clinique Labs., Inc.





Nobody Brews The News Like Morning Edition.

If the daily roll call of disasters is getting a little stale, take a fresh approach to the news with Morning Edition from National Public Radio.

Morning Edition is a stimulating blend of the day's most important stories, news analysis, sports, business,

and features on science and the arts.

And with Morning Edition, you'll get the morning news with things you won't find anywhere else on the dial . . . intelligence, depth, and whimsy.

So get up on the Morning

Edition side of bed. Before long, you won't want to start your day any other way.

**morning
edition®**

Drink It In...This Is Radio News The Way It's Meant To Be Brewed.

Check local listings for your public radio station or call NPR at (202) 822-2323.

National Public Radio® News

to that of the Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran. Aztec and Inca traditions offer little hope for the status of women, for equality before the law, for religious tolerance, for civil liberties, for human rights, and for other purposes deriving uniquely from European culture.

BUT LET US be realistic. The idea that the Americas could have survived in invincible isolation is fantasy. As a practical matter, America by the fifteenth century was fated to be found by a Europe bursting at the seams with its own dynamism, greed, and evangelical zeal. Columbus happened to make the decisive voyage, but he was not indispensable to that voyage's eventually being made. Europe's westward impulse had already embraced Madeira and the Canaries and the Azores. It would not, could not, halt there. If the "discoverer" was not to be Christopher Columbus, then it would have been Amerigo Vespucci or John Cabot or some mute, inglorious mariner now lost to history. Had Columbus, like his brother Giovanni Pellegrino, died young, the quincennial might have been delayed a few years, but would still be on its way.

Once the Europeans arrived, could they have pursued more-benign policies? Obviously one wishes that in the treatment of natives the Spanish had followed Las Casas rather than Columbus. Perhaps more did so than we know; at least historians generally agree today that the Black Legend of Spanish Catholic villainy was an envenomed Protestant exaggeration. Las Casas, alas, had all too few equivalents in the British and French colonies. In general, the European record in dealing with the indigenous peoples of the Americas was miserable—and indefensible. But it is not clear that Europeans in those war-racked and religiously fanatical centuries were any more humane in dealing with their enemies at home.

Obviously one also wishes that the Europeans had understood as much about preserving the balance of nature as the Amerindians did, or as our ecologists do today. In their ignorance and arrogance the intruders did indeed bring about extreme ecological disruption. But the migration of peoples has gone on since the beginning of time and cannot be halted; and migrants inevitably bring with them their own habits, technologies, diets, animals, plants, dis-

eases. Even the Amerindians were once migrants. Still, some anti-Columbus revisionists see "ecohubris" as Europe's peculiar sin and, in Kirkpatrick Sale's words, "*warring against species* as Europe's preoccupation as a culture."

Deeper questions are suggested: Does humanity have an obligation to preserve every manifestation of life on the planet? Is every culture equally sacred, no matter how sadistic and horrible? And, assuming the answer is yes, is it possible to freeze history in place and immunize the world against what has heretofore seemed history's one constant—change?

The fact that we cannot stop change complicates one's response to the idea that every culture and species is sacred. And to deny the right to change is to amputate the human spirit. What animated Columbus more than anything else, more than God or glory or gold, must surely have been those primal passions of curiosity and wonder, the response to the challenge of the unknown, the need to go where none had gone before. That everlasting quest for new frontiers continues today as earthlings burst terrestrial bonds and begin the endless voyage beyond planet and galaxy into the illimitable dark.

The fact that Heraclitus was right and nothing stands still does not of course justify all the costs of change, especially unnecessary costs in human suffering and destruction. If we are compelled to give this anniversary a balance sheet, those costs weigh heavily against Columbus and even more against those who followed him.

But there are benefits, too, and these require to be factored into the historical equation. The opening of the Americas ushered in a new era of human history. Not only did the gold and silver and furs of the New World stimulate economic growth, commercial integration, and intellectual analysis in the Old; even more, the age of exploration began to draw the world together into new potentialities of unity, and a new recognition of the varieties of human existence challenged the human intellect and the human imagination.

The era Columbus initiated has seen horror and sadism perhaps worse than the tortures and human sacrifices of the Aztecs. But out of anguish (out, too, of self-criticism and bad conscience) have evolved the great liberating ideas of individual dignity, political democracy,

The Atlantic MARKETPLACE

*Shopping by mail and
phone can save you time.*

*These Atlantic advertisers
are featured in this issue.*

Avalon Hill Game Company

Call 1-800-999-3222 for more information about our history games.

Book-of-the-Month Club

Mail the coupon in our ad for information about membership benefits.

Champs-Elysées

Call 1-800-824-0829 for detailed information about our audiomagazine.

Graphics Press

For more information about our books, call 1-800-822-2454.

Levenger

For a catalogue describing our tools for serious readers, call 1-800-544-0880.

New Oxford Review

See the coupon in our ad for a special discount offer for our magazine.

New York University

For more information about our programs, call 1-212-998-1880.

The Teaching Company

Send the coupon in our ad to learn more about our college lectures.

The Cradle Of

First came very crude hand tools. Then cave drawings. Villages. An alphabet. And

finally, two million years after the

first *Homo sapiens* stood up straight,

his descendants

can now

sit down.



Guess where.

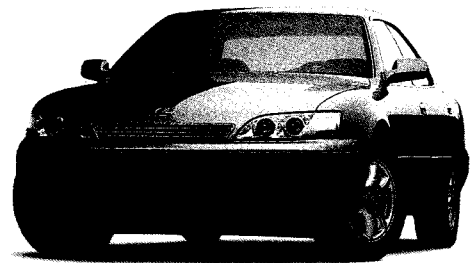


The elaborately crafted driver's seat in the Lexus ES300 sports sedan offers 4-way power adjust-

ments. And, beneath the optional fine-grain leather upholstery, both the firmness of the springs and the densi-

ty of the padding are varied for additional comfort and greater lateral support for those spirited maneuvers

Civilization.



The ES 300

materials are extensively used to provide the hallmark Lexus quiet. And a 180-watt maximum power, 8-speaker premium sound system is furnished to subsequently shatter it.

Indeed, all that is currently missing inside the cabin is you. We suggest a visit to your Lexus dealer, where the two of you can further discuss the rise and recline of mankind.



The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

through tight turns (we are, after all, the cabin surrounding it. In this particular case, it is a Lexus cabin:

But a seat is only as good as noise- and vibration-dampening



equality before the law, religious tolerance, cultural pluralism, artistic freedom—ideas that emerged uniquely from Europe but that empower people of every continent, color, and creed; ideas to which most of the world today aspires; ideas that offer a new and generous vision of our common life on this interdependent planet. The clash of cultures may yield in the end—not, certainly, to a single global culture (heaven forbid) but to a world in which many differentiated national cultures live side by side in reciprocal enrichment. This, too, is part of the legacy of Columbus.

A century and a quarter ago Walt Whitman brooded on the fate of Columbus at the end of his life, “a batter’d, wreck’d old man . . . stiff with many toils, sicken’d and nigh to death . . . full of woe.” The poet perceived what the scholars of his day missed: that Columbus was driven by devotion to the Almighty.

I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or
drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer,
once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in
Thee, commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

Whitman’s Columbus had “not once lost nor faith nor ecstasy in Thee,” knew that “the urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will, the potent, felt, interior command” were a message from heaven. And how could he measure the result?

By me earth’s elder cloy’d and stilled
lands uncloy’d, unloos’d,
By me the hemispheres rounded
and tied, the unknown to the known.
The end I know not, it is all in
Thee,
Or small or great I know not—haply
what broad fields, what lands,
Haply the brutish measureless human
undergrowth I know,
Transplanted there may rise to stature,
knowledge worthy Thee.
Haply the swords I know may there
indeed be turn’d to reaping-tools. . . .

Is it the prophet’s thought I speak,
or am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?
I know not even my own work past
or present,
Dim ever-shifting guesses of it
spread before me,

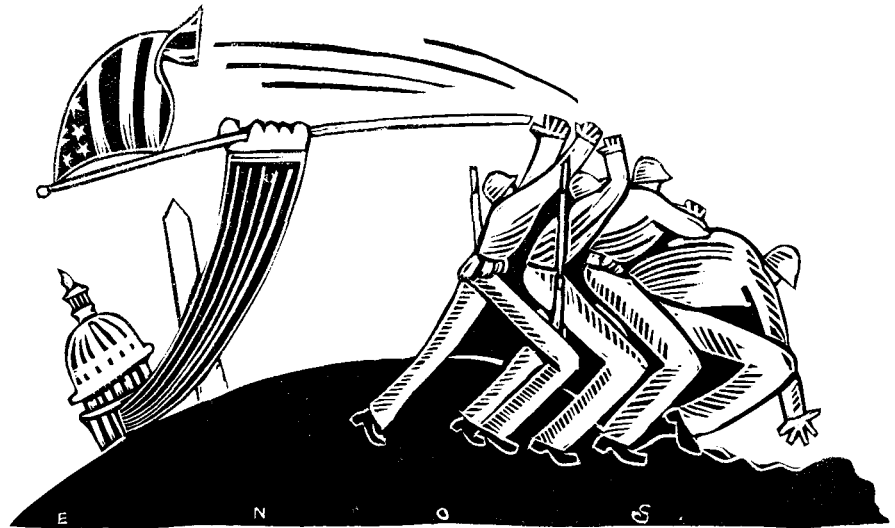
Of newer, better worlds, their
mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly,
what mean they?
As if some miracles, some hand divine
unseal’d my eyes,
Shadowy vast shapes smile through
the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless
ships,

And anthems in new tongues I hear
saluting me.

With the quincentennial, the dream of newer, better worlds still mocks and perplexes us. But those shadowy vast shapes are there too, giving hope that a happier future lies perhaps more than ever within humanity’s grasp. With luck, that may be the work of the next five centuries.

—Arthur Schlesinger Jr.



WASHINGTON

Semper Anxious

The Marine Corps, mobilizing for another war in Washington’s political jungles, may this time be left with too few good men and women—or with nothing at all

WHY DOES THE United States need a Marine Corps? The question has been asked before, but every time “the Corps” has been in trouble, the influence of ex-Marines on Capitol Hill and the mystique of the Marines among the public have saved it. This time may be different. John Wayne is a decade in his grave, the Cold War is history, the winds of change are blowing across Congress, and the pressure is on to cut the military budget as it has not been cut in decades.

The Pentagon’s Base Force proposal,

unveiled in 1990, has military spending declining by about 25 percent over five years and the Corps—which was nearly 194,000 strong earlier this year—losing about 35,000 Marines. That will be quite a blow for the Corps; it hasn’t had fewer than 185,000 troops since 1961. And that might be just the start.

It’s always possible, of course, that a flare-up on some distant front will delay further cuts. In any event, dramatically deeper cuts in the military’s share of the budget—cuts that would idle more assembly lines and close more bases—might have to wait for the economy to right itself. Barring the unexpected, though, Capitol Hill seems certain to insist sooner or later that the Pentagon make do with much less.

Looking ahead to the budget battles to come, many Marines are worried that their current commandant, Carl E. Mundy Jr., may not be up to the job. He’s as photogenic and slick as the four-star Army General Colin L. Powell, who presides over the Joint Chiefs of Staff (and who is no great friend to the Marine Corps). But Mundy’s task—justifying the existence of the Corps—may be beyond him.

After the Second World War there

was a push to merge the Marines with the Army. Mobilized by members who were former Marines, Congress kept the Army at bay. Later the outbreak of the Korean War and a shortage of adequately trained and equipped combat troops who could spring into action on short notice prompted Capitol Hill to write a charter for the Marine Corps. No other service has one. Under the law, still on the books, the Corps has to be maintained at three ground divisions and three air wings.

The Marine Corps went into another trough after the Vietnam War. Memories of the awful splendors of Belleau Wood and Iwo Jima had been replaced by the agony of a bloody war unwon, of Marines fragging other Marines. The Pentagon's planners sized up the Corps for assignments on the flanks of the NATO front. In 1976 analysts at the Brookings Institution suggested that maintaining only a division and a half of Marines for amphibious operations would be about right.

In 1979 the capture of the American hostages in Tehran and, a few weeks later, the Soviet Union's march into Afghanistan appeared to give the Corps a new rationale. The Pentagon conjured up a Rapid Deployment Force that in its early stages was primarily a force of Marines. After Ronald Reagan was sworn in as Commander-in-Chief, the Marine Corps, which had by and large subsisted on scraps from the Army's table, began driving and flying in its own high-tech gadgets. And the Navy got money for new troop and cargo ships to haul Marines and their gear.

But in October of 1983 a suicide bomber destroyed a woefully under-protected barracks at the Beirut airport, killing 241 servicemen, most of them Marines. In Moscow, Marine sentries were suspected of allowing Soviet agents to run amok in the diplomatic compound. Iran-contra brought Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North: a hero to many Americans, he was regarded as a public-relations disaster in the Corps. When the Marines needed an Iwo Jima, they got relatively minor roles in the Grenada and Panama operations.

The Corps's standing, on the Hill and elsewhere, wasn't helped by the commandant appointed in 1983, Paul X. Kelley. Early in his tour Kelley was a contender to become chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; never yet had a Marine been at the very top of the



*"On land or at sea,
Sebago Dockside are a perfect fit."*

Whether racing in world-class competitions or just cruising on the weekends, international sailor Gary Jobson demands top performance. He knows that to be the best, you must have complete confidence in your equipment. That's why he wears Sebago Dockside®.



SEBAGO

America's World-Class Footwear™



Sebago Dockside, official footwear of the 1992 US SAILING TEAM.



mountain. Then came the Beirut bombing, which left a widespread feeling in the Corps that Kelley had to walk the plank. Kelley thought otherwise. The bombing, he suggested, had been an act of God that no security measures—including ordering Marine guards to load their guns—could have prevented. He said at a congressional hearing that he hadn't been "in the chain of command" for the Beirut detachment—which technically was true. "That didn't help the Marine Corps on Capitol Hill," says Jeffrey Record, a co-author of the critical Brookings study who subsequently became an avid booster of the Corps. Record is now a senator's aide specializing in defense issues. "The Marines can screw up their relations with other institutions, but not with Congress."

For those who monitor the Corps's ups and downs, Kelley's post-Beirut equivocating came to mind in mid-March, when Joseph P. Hoar, the Marine four-star general who heads the U.S. Central Command, told a congressional panel that he was responsible for letting a North Korean freighter believed to be loaded with ballistic-missile equipment slip through a picket line of Navy ships and patrol planes and reach Iran unsearched. "If you're looking for the guy who let the [freighter] go through, you're looking at him," Hoar said. Earlier this year there was headshaking in the Corps over Kelley's work for the George Bush re-election campaign. After Arnold Schwarzenegger failed to light a big enough fire for the President in New Hampshire, Kelley was enlisted to appear in pre-primary television spots in the South and bash Pat Buchanan for not rallying round when U.S. forces were dispatched to the Persian Gulf.

It could be that Kelley is so poorly regarded because his successor, Alfred M. Gray Jr., who became commandant in 1987, had been all but elevated to sainthood by the end of his four-year tour. "There's a myth in the Marine Corps that Kelley hurt the Corps and that Gray saved it," says Bernard E. Trainor, a Marine three-star general who retired in 1985 and now directs the national-security program at Harvard University's John F. Kennedy School of Government. "The truth is, the Marine Corps is like the Catholic Church. Some bishops are better than others, but the Church goes on."

GRAY COULDN'T do much about the cards the Corps was dealt in the Persian Gulf. Not that the Marines had a bad war. Once the ground phase started, the 1st and 2nd Marine divisions, escorted by a brigade of Army tanks, quickly punched through Iraqi fortifications that were supposedly defended by fourteen Iraqi divisions, and then drove north into Kuwait. Offshore, however, two brigades of Marines, eager to storm ashore in a flag-waving display of amphibious prowess, were left bobbing in the Gulf—a decoy to tie down a half dozen Iraqi divisions and thousands of tanks. The shallow-water approaches to suitable beaches were thought to have been heavily mined, so a landing might have killed or wounded hundreds, maybe thousands.

Still, if no amphibious landing was attempted there, then where will one be wanted? And when? If it was unthinkable to attack from the sea a foe utterly lacking the ability to strike with, say, air-launched missiles, how would the Corps, and the Navy, do against an opponent who could fight back with smart weapons? How would they do against an opponent who had not been subjected to weeks of hellish bombing or whose air force hadn't fled?

The questions still hung over the Corps in the middle of last year, when Gray stepped down. Around the Corps the appointment of Mundy—widely assumed to be Powell's man and thus a pushover—was greeted with groans. "Gray projected the image of someone who liked to bite the heads off chickens," says Ronald O'Rourke, a naval-affairs analyst with the Congressional Research Service. "Mundy is suave and tailored."

Surprisingly, Mundy has proved a scrapper. Earlier this year he directed what one observer called the Corps's grandest attack since Inchon. Marines fanned out all over the capital to spread the word that the Base Force cuts would be more than the Corps or the nation could bear. Clashing dramatically with Powell and Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, or so it seemed, Mundy's marauders asserted that the Corps would suffer dangerously sagging morale (because the remaining Marines would have to be away from home more often).

Some analysts say that Mundy is doing just fine. "The world has changed since Gray," says Fred Rainbow, the

editor of the Naval Institute *Proceedings*. "Gray got the Marine Corps ready for an operation like Desert Storm; Mundy is better able to rewicker the organization for a new world."

Mundy's end run may in fact have been approved, if not encouraged, by Powell and Cheney, as a savvy preemptive strike. In any event, it may have helped the Marine Corps (and the other services) to dodge, for now, even heavier cuts. It may also help to rescue the crash-prone V-22 Osprey, a tilt-rotor troop carrier that takes off like a helicopter and flies like a plane. In recent years the Defense Department has ritualistically tried to kill the V-22 time and again, and Congress, at the behind-the-scenes urging of the Corps, has revived it. In July, Cheney struck his colors; he agreed to spend \$1.5 billion on development of the V-22.

Nonetheless, as Capitol Hill sorted out the federal budget for fiscal 1993, there was considerable grumbling that the Base Force's proposed cut in the Corps was not enough. Traditions and old glories aside, even a rewickered Marine Corps may be hard pressed to justify a future role in the New, Financially Strapped World Order.

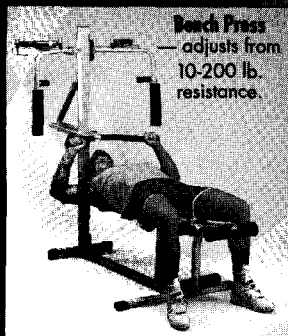
Then there is the matter of the Marines' awkwardly dependent and expensive relation to the Navy. The Navy's fleet of amphibious warships, barely five dozen vessels on a good day, will dwindle under the Base Force blueprint to about fifty—just enough to transport 41,000 troops—and would presumably shrink further with deeper cuts in the Navy's budget. And expensive bills for replacement are coming due. Regular overhauls can prolong the useful life of a ship for several years, but by early in the new century most of the Navy's amphibious-warfare vessels will be thirty to forty years old. When money is tight, the Navy's few admirals with a stake in amphibious operations are almost always outgunned by those who'd rather spend the available cash on aircraft carriers, submarines, cruisers, and destroyers. And even if enough ships can be scraped together to haul a sizable force of Marines from here to there, getting them onto the beach—as the Persian Gulf experience showed—won't be easy.

In the 1980s the Corps set as a prime goal for this decade the acquisition of equipment that would enable it to launch attacks from over the horizon—

HEALTHMAX



"Butterfly" Chest Exerciser
— included at no extra cost!



Bench Press
— adjusts from 10-200 lb. resistance.



Hydraulic Cylinders
— the secret to our breakthrough price! Just dial in your personal resistance level!

PERSONAL HEALTH BREAKTHROUGH — ONLY \$299!

ONLY \$299*
pay just \$37.38 per month

You don't have to pay \$1000 for a quality fitness machine. Now there's HealthMax for ONLY \$299!

■ Heard the news? Medical experts now agree — aerobic exercise is great for your heart, but *strength training is vital for overall health and well-being!* Young or old, everybody needs it...for healthy bones and muscles and fitness...not to mention trimmer good looks.

Here's more news—you don't have to plunk down \$600 to join a gym. Or drop \$1,000 for a fitness machine. Just get your hands on new *HealthMax* — for only \$299!

The Secret: Hydraulic Resistance Cylinders!

Why just \$299? Simple. You *don't* pay for lots of weights, complicated cables, pulleys or rubber straps. Three precision engineered hydraulic "shock absorbers" provide dynamic resistance for the "butterfly" chest exerciser and bench

press. No constant assembly/disassembly between exercises, either. *Adjustable dials* on the hydraulic cylinders set your personal resistance level.

You get a padded bench for comfort. Adjustable leg extension unit is built in, *not* an expensive add-on. Heavy gauge steel construction. Safe and reliable. Exercises all major muscle groups. Full one-year limited warranty.

Easy Monthly Installments.

Order *HealthMax* today for only \$299, payable in eight easy credit card installments of \$37.38 (plus \$39 shipping/handling added to first installment). *Satisfaction completely guaranteed.* Take the first step to a fuller, healthier life... and a trimmer, thinner you! Order today!

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534 Ext. 638-1069

HEALTHMAX
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534
Extension 638-1069

Please accept my reservation for *HealthMax* — the personal fitness machine. My breakthrough price of only \$299* is payable in eight easy credit card installments of \$37.38 (plus \$39 shipping/handling added to first installment). If not delighted, I can return *HealthMax* within 30 days of receipt for a full refund.

☐ Check here if you want *HealthMax* charged to your: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card # _____ Expiration Date _____

Name _____ Please Print Clearly

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

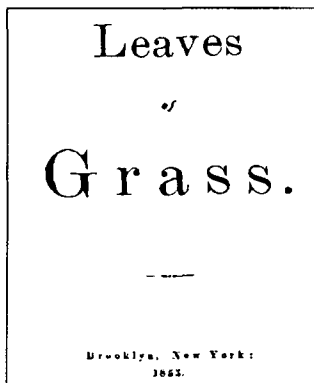
Signature _____ All orders subject to acceptance.

☐ I prefer to pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit of \$151.10 (payable to HealthMax). I will pay the balance as billed in five monthly installments of \$37.38.

*Plus \$39 shipping and handling.
Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment.
Allow 4-8 weeks for shipment.

→ Seven hundred and ninety five

copies printed on a hand press in May of 1855 are all that ever existed of the classic first edition of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*.



Title page of the first edition

→ The Berg Collection at the New York Public Library has made available a rare copy from that printing so that letterpress plates could be made directly from it.



Walt Whitman in 1854
"an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos"
(frontispiece of the first edition)

→ The new printing is limited to 2,500 copies and contains all the detail of the original green cloth binding, including gilded edges, goldstamping and marbled endpapers.

→ First in a series of new printings of the first editions of American poets.

→ *Newsweek* says of Collectors Reprints' pioneering new printings of original editions, "The way books were before the number crunchers."

For a free prospectus, call or write to:

COLLECTORS REPRINTS, INC.
92 BARROW STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10014
(212) 243-0372

that is, twenty-five miles or so offshore—where troop transports would presumably be harder to get at and the objective of a landing force more difficult to guess. Brutal frontal assaults like those of the Second World War would also thereby be avoided. The money crunch—and a shortage of know-how—make the Corps's master plan little more than a pipe dream. The service has most of the high-speed, air-cushioned landing craft that, Marines say, are essential for speeding troops and equipment to a targeted beach. But the odds that the Marine Corps will acquire useful numbers of the V-22, which can penetrate farther inland, aren't great. Nor are the prospects for the new amphibious-assault vehicle—an armored troop carrier that swims—that the Corps says it must have.

But it may be the Navy's inability to cope with shallow-water mines that dooms over-the-horizon operations—and leaves many of the Marine Corps's traditional allies wondering what's the point. During its Reagan-era golden age the Navy invested little in countermeasures against mines. On a single, highly embarrassing February day last year two big, expensive men-o'-war—a helicopter carrier and a state-of-the-art guided-missile cruiser—had their hulls ripped open by exploding Iraqi mines in the waters off Kuwait.

Mines are relatively inexpensive. They can be remotely activated. Constructed to look like debris, they can burrow into the muck in the bottom. Fuses can be set to react to the sounds or the changes in water pressure produced by a passing ship, or to the presence of big metal hulls. Mines can tick off the number of ships that steam overhead and explode with, say, the passage of the third one. The Navy says that sweeping potential landing zones of mines quickly and secretly—so as not to betray plans for assault—requires a new remote-controlled mini-sub. Even if the Pentagon and Capitol Hill decided that a fancy new mine killer would be cost-effective, it wouldn't be available for years to come.

ALL OF WHICH contributes to that nagging question about the relevance of the Marine Corps. In the 1970s the versatile James R. Schlesinger, at the time serving as Defense Secretary, wondered aloud about the future of an "amphibious assault force

which has not seen anything more demanding than essentially unopposed landings for over twenty years." It's now been forty years since Inchon. Ever adaptable, the Corps under Gray substituted "expeditionary" for "amphibious" in the titles of its combat units. Since the demise of the Warsaw Pact several Army divisions have shed heavy equipment and become as expeditionary as anything in the Marine Corps. And so the Army—looking for opportunities now that defending Europe isn't the priority it once was—increasingly seems as qualified as the Corps to be the nation's quick-response force. And the Army had a great Gulf War.

The Corps is losing both its rationale and its Hollywood-spun mystique. The generation of congressmen that includes most of the Marines' boosters—among them the New York Republican David O'B. Martin, an influential member of the House Armed Services Committee and a former Marine aviator—is moving on. After six terms in the House, Martin announced in June that he wouldn't stand for re-election. Representative John P. Murtha, twice wounded while serving as a Marine intelligence officer in Vietnam (and until two years ago an active reservist), won't be chairing the House Appropriations Defense Subcommittee (and looking out for the Corps's interests) forever. Senators Charles Robb, John Glenn, and John Warner, former Marines all, will be gone someday.

The day when the Marine Corps becomes just another service grasping for bucks may be a single Election Day away. Speculation is mounting that with the higher than usual number of congressional retirements and the greater than usual number of new faces that redistricting and the House Bank scandal are expected to bring to Capitol Hill, the next Congress will be a dramatically different group. That could be bad news for the Marine Corps—as could the election of a President who, under pressure to find money to shore up the nation's shell-shocked cities or to fund a national health-care system, might conclude that the Corps is an expensive anachronism.

An institution that has had a claim on U.S. history and imagination since 1776 may soon be lucky to be regarded as the nation's 911 force, a rescue squad for kidnapped diplomats and tourists.

—Michael Wright



UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM

They offer counsel and comment on the week's events from Washington. They do it with wit and dissension. They're The McLaughlin Group.

The Group comprises (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Clarence Page, John McLaughlin, Eleanor Clift, Morton Kondracke and Fred Barnes.

They're contentious and contagious. So, tune in to The McLaughlin Group.

Made possible by a grant from GE.

The *McLaughlin* Group

Check your local listing for station and time.



We bring good things to life.



Sometimes only Black suits the occasion.



Ultimately, there's Black.

© 1992 SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION. JOHNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 40% ALC/VOL (80°)

Though thousands of children are adopted in the United States each year, not enough public or official discussion of the process is informed or candid, and wishful thinking in the adoption world has caused considerable grief to parents and children, particularly when adoptees with special needs are involved. But although the problems are real, they are not unresolvable. Here is a frank assessment of the issues and a sobering look at the extraordinary, often excruciating, complexities of adding such children to family life

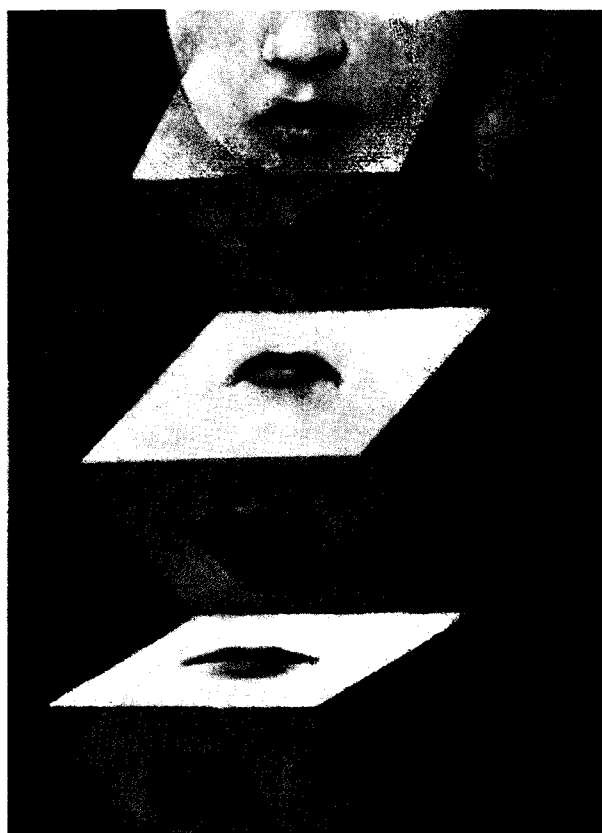
PROBLEM ADOPTIONS

BY KATHARINE DAVIS FISHMAN

EVERY YEAR SOME sixty thousand children join unrelated adoptive families in the United States. Most of the time adoption is a joyous experience for child and family, but in a significant and growing number of cases it brings turmoil and grief. The story that follows, and others I will relate, show a darker side that commands our attention, whether we are potential adoptive parents, policy-makers, or just citizens trying to make sense of the difficulties these families encounter.

Harold, a slender, angelic-looking twelve-year-old with straw-colored hair and blue eyes, has been with the Vogels since he was seven. (Names of this family and some identifying details of their story have been changed.) Eleven months before that Antonia Ferre—Mrs. Vogel—had seen Harold's picture in a "Sunday's Child" feature in *The Boston Globe*. "Sunday's Child" is one of two highly effective marketing devices used by the Massachusetts Adoption Resource Exchange, a private nonprofit organization funded primarily by the state's Department of Social Services to recruit permanent families for "waiting" children (the other is "Wednesday's Child," broadcast weekly on the WBZ-TV six o'clock news; Harold, perched endearingly on horseback, had been featured there, too).

Antonia, now thirty-five, is a pianist; Ted Vogel, five years older, is a computer consultant. When Antonia saw the article (which was upbeat but candid), she and Ted



had been married for two years and had lived together for a year before that. They had planned to have one or two biological children and then adopt an older child: they felt it would be unfair to give birth to more than two when so many children were waiting for families. Harold, Antonia read, was bright and engaging but had substantial emotional problems. "Still, there was something about the wording of the article and the look of the kid that reached me," she remembers. "I talked to Ted, and he said, 'This is us.'" So, although adopting their first child was a reversal of the Vogels' life plan, they called MARE and soon were invited to a meeting of the sixty families who had expressed interest in Harold. "They were pretty up-

front," Antonia says. "They described a lot of the antisocial behavior in his foster home, which ranged from violent tantrums to setting fires in the middle of the night. He got attention by breaking things, and eventually he would bang his head on the wall. Somebody would have to restrain him." Even so, Ted says, "We felt an attraction, a feeling that something larger than us was pulling us into it. The weird thing is that this kid, as much trouble as he is—and he is major trouble—if you could have invented a kid for us, Harold would be it . . . minus all his pathology." Antonia says, "The kid as he was born into the world was just the sort of child we would have designed."

If the unexamined life is not worth living, adoptive

parents have the most worthwhile lives of all. A requirement in most states' adoption procedure (either before placement or before finalization) is the home study, in which applicants fill out forms and submit to a series of interviews that ask searching questions about their values and history. The Vogels embarked on their home study only half seriously, as a sort of adventure; Harold, whom they still hadn't met, was exerting his pull on them, but other families had already completed the process, and Antonia and Ted assumed that their relatively recent marriage would eliminate them from the competition.

They loved the interviews. "We were still ironing out a lot of stuff between us, and the home study was helping us do that, so we really were relaxed," Ted says. "We didn't need this to fulfill our life's dreams." "We looked forward to the sessions," Antonia adds. "We were exploring how you deal with different issues—anger, separation, death, grief, the issues these children cope with or make everyone else cope with because they can't. It seemed to do a lot for our marriage, got us into subjects we hadn't discussed. Then, at the last session, they told us Harold was still available, and we were one of two or three couples who were particularly well suited. Foremost, we find Harold's intelligence to be very attractive, and I think that's one of the reasons the social worker thought it would be a very good match."

"When he tested with a high IQ," Ted says, "they were completely stunned." Antonia says, "They were looking for people who could nurture his intellect and light a fire under him. When he's not being totally antisocial, he's perfectly charming. He's witty and funny, and he can fix anything that breaks. He's all inquisitiveness, curiosity, and charm, and he's also not a typical boy's boy in this culture: he's not afraid to show affection when he feels it."

Harold, the Vogels learned, was the youngest of six handsome children born to a mother and father who were addicted to drugs and alcohol; all his brothers and sisters were highly intelligent despite severe emotional problems. The dissolute parents and their neglected kids were already familiar to the local police force and the De-

**BY THE TIME THE
VOGELS AGREED TO
ADOPT HAROLD,
THEY KNEW HE HAD
BEEN IN A FOSTER
FAMILY FOR
FIVE YEARS AND IN
A RESIDENTIAL
TREATMENT FACILITY
FOR MORE THAN
ONE, AND HAD BEEN
DIAGNOSED AS
HYPERACTIVE.**

partment of Social Services when Harold, at nine months, fell down a flight of stairs and dislocated his collarbone, causing the DSS, at last, to remove all the children and place them in different foster homes. By the time the Vogels agreed to adopt Harold, they knew he had been in a foster family for five years and in a residential treatment facility for more than one year, and had been diagnosed as mildly hyperactive. They had yet to discover that he had been physically abused. For fear of subjecting Harold to further rejection, the Protestant Social Service Bureau required the Vogels to commit to adoption before meeting him, which they did after deliberating for several weeks.

During the customary courtship period the Vogels drove up to Harold's treatment center on weekends and hung around the campus with him for progressively longer periods of time, took him to lunch at McDonald's, and then brought him home for day visits and eventually for overnight ones. During the week a social worker talked with Harold, to prepare him for family life. Ted says, "We were dating, falling in love, with all the negatives." Antonia says, "It became more and more difficult to bring him back. I was having a tough time, and sometimes Harold would maneuver us out of the car and lock himself into it so we couldn't leave."

Traditional Models and Assumptions

NEITHER HAROLD VOGEL, NOR HIS ADOPTIVE parents, nor the way they were united, nor the subsequent chain of harrowing events that brought the family to the Douglas A. Thom Clinic, in Boston, where I met them, fits the traditional model of adoption in the United States, in which an infertile couple provides the solution to a crisis pregnancy. That is the model most widely imagined by the general public, and it is arguably the one that still informs most governmental policy. But according to the latest data gathered by the National Committee for Adoption, infants made up less than half the domestic adoptions by unrelated people in 1986. (State by state the figures vary wildly: infants made up more than three quarters of these adoptions in Nebraska, South Carolina, Hawaii, and Utah, but less than a quarter in Maine, New Jersey, Indiana, Virginia, and New Mexico.)

Detailed, authoritative, comprehensive recent data on adoption is hard to come by, because no federal agency regularly collects it. But the figures that are available suggest that, more often than not, current adoptions are more complex than the traditional romanticized picture. More than a quarter of unrelated domestic adoptions involve children with "special needs"—that is, older children, minority children, children with mental, physical, or emotional handicaps, or siblings who should be adopted together. In the adoption world "special needs" means "hard to place." Elizabeth Cole, a senior fellow at the Child Wel-

fare League of America and a widely respected consultant on adoption issues, explains, "A 'special-needs' child is one for whom finding a family is difficult. The margins of that definition have shifted enormously over the past ten years. Fifteen or twenty years ago a three-year-old was difficult to place. Today a youngster below age ten—unless another factor is present—would not be considered special-needs." With respect to potential family problems, then, special needs are no more than the tip of the iceberg. And although a 1988 presidential task force estimated that thirty-six thousand children were waiting for adoption (of whom 60 percent were special-needs), Cole herself would fix the current figure closer to a hundred thousand.

are those of families who soldiered on: their cases would therefore be recorded among an agency's successes.

One more figure is worth pondering: in 1986, according to the Department of Health and Human Services, more than a million children suffered from abuse or neglect, half of these from outright physical, sexual, or emotional abuse, and the other half from neglect of their basic needs. These were cases in which a state or local child-protection agency either substantiated maltreatment or had reasonable cause to believe the child had been maltreated. "Because of the increased detection of maltreatment by professionals," according to the National Committee for Adoption, "the number of children in substitute care may grow substantially in the near future.



Figures on the number of adoptions that end in disruption (the child is returned to the adoption agency before the adoption is made final) or dissolution (the child is returned after the adoption is final) vary widely: in their book *Adoption and Disruption: Rates, Risks, and Responses* (1988), Richard P. Barth and Marianne Berry, of the School of Social Welfare at the University of California at Berkeley, report that "somewhere between 4 and 40% of 'permanent' older child adoptions do not last." Barth and Berry also observe that "unofficial disruptions—in which the child's departure from home is not reported to the adoption agency—may be more common than formal disruptions, but they are not reflected in the statistics." It is even more troubling, however, that the stories told here

This will present an even greater challenge for public agencies, and could result in increases in the number of children in care waiting for adoptive homes."

In truth, adoption—whatever the age or circumstances of the child—is not a simple solution to any problem: it always carries its own complications. Senator Orrin Hatch, introducing a bill to offer a tax deduction for expenses incurred in adopting a child, said that legislators "must make sure our laws treat families formed through adoption the same as families formed biologically." We would serve adoptive families (and they would serve themselves) better, however, by recognizing that they are not the same as families formed biologically. When adoptive families come to grief, it is often from a disparity in

BE PATIENT, NEVER PANIC.

BE NERVOUS, KEEP A CLOSE WATCH.

—❖—

INVEST FOR THE LONG TERM, THE SHORT TERM IS UNPREDICTABLE.

INVEST FOR THE SHORT TERM, THE LONG TERM IS UNPREDICTABLE.

—❖—

BE FLEXIBLE, CHANGE COURSES.

BE STEADFAST, KEEP A STEADY COURSE.

—❖—

NEVER SELL TOO SOON.

IT'S NEVER TOO SOON TO SELL.

—❖—

BUY WHEN PRICES ARE LOW AND THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO BUT UP.

BUY WHEN PRICES ARE HIGH; THINGS WILL CONTINUE TO GO UP.

—❖—

LET YOUR PROFITS RUN.

CUT YOUR LOSSES, AND TAKE PROFITS AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

—❖—

NEVER RISK WHAT YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE.

A BIG RISK IS THE KEY TO A BIG GAIN.

A survey of industry professionals and their opinions compiled by John Rothchild in his book, A Fool And His Money.

AS AN INVESTOR, once again you have our sympathy.

With so many experts offering advice, it's hard to decide which advice to heed.

After all, investing for one's future is not a trivial matter. There are educations to pay for. Retirement to plan. The nest egg to build.

With so much at stake, it's easy to understand why so many people yearn for some "mystical solution."

But nearly a hundred years experi-

And only after a painstakingly thorough process of research do we invest in a select few (including some that other investment companies have overlooked).

All of which are tax-free*.

Which means you keep more of the money you earn (something that adds up quite nicely over the years).

Of course, this is only the beginning of the things we have to tell you.

To find out more, we suggest you contact your financial adviser or personal

The Secrets Of Investing, Finally Revealed.

ence has told us there are no "secrets" to security. You simply need a plan.

Our mainstay has always been hard work, a singlemindedness of purpose, and the kind of wisdom that can only come from many years in this business.

Specifically, the business of municipal bonds. It is our specialty.

We have an insight into the bond business that, in our opinion, few other companies can match.

This being the case, it should come as no surprise to you that we review billions of dollars worth of bonds each year.

banker and ask about Nuveen tax-free investments (for current and future income).

Or call us toll-free at 1-800-272-3423.

We'd like to send you a free booklet.

You may find it all quite revealing.

For more complete information on Nuveen tax-free open end mutual funds, or unit trusts, including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

*Income may be subject to state and local taxes. Capital gains, if any, will be subject to capital gains taxes.

NUVEEN

Specialists In Tax-free Investments Since 1898.

expectations: either the parents expected something the child can't deliver, or the child delivers something the parents didn't expect. Much of the blame for this should be shifted to agencies, who ought to know better.

The experience of adoption, of course, varies tremendously, because it is subject to differing state laws and because children are placed by a multitude of small agencies that may be public or private, profit-making or non-profit, in conjunction with a substantial cadre of lawyers who operate independently. The philosophy, sophistication, ability, and candor of organizations and individuals who place children also varies around the country. The Protestant Social Service Bureau told the Vogels what it knew about Harold; other agencies have withheld information from adoptive parents and been sued for it; still others train prospective parents exhaustively according to the latest psychological research. But in placing a child agencies have a vested interest (which may be directly or indirectly financial but is usually compassionate and also reflects the perfectly human desire to solve a problem), and that is bound to put a spin on the way the child is presented.

Nonspecialists—prospective adoptive parents and their families and friends, officials who make and execute public policy, educators who encounter adopted children, and also mental-health professionals who have not specialized in adoption issues—need particularly to understand that a few emotional challenges are inherent in the experience of being raised outside the family one was born to and that many more may come from one's history before the adoption. Knowing which are which is crucial. Moreover, how a child and a family meet the challenges depends on their temperaments and genetic makeup and on what psychologists and psychiatrists call the “goodness of fit” between child and environment.

Common sense suggests (and psychological literature bears out) a world of difference between an infant brought home from the hospital by doting adoptive parents and a Harold Vogel, whose early life included, besides beatings, being dragged from the closet in which he was hiding to have his mouth washed out with Tabasco sauce and then filled with a bar of soap. Since the birth mother, that mysterious presence in every adoptive family's life, might be a nice college kid who made a mistake, a heartbroken Peruvian peasant who can't feed her family, or a crack addict with a predilection for violent boyfriends, global assumptions about her are not much help.

Right alongside the fairytale image, nonspecialists often maintain a paradoxical suspicion that adoption means trouble, a view that is neither inevitably accurate nor unfounded. In a study titled “Adopted Adolescents in Residential Treatment: The Role of the Family,” published in *The Psychology of Adoption* (an anthology edited by David M. Brodzinsky and Marshall D. Schechter), Harold D. Grotevant and Ruth G. McRoy, of the psychology and

social-work departments of the University of Texas at Austin, cite research data from Great Britain, Israel, Poland, Sweden, and the United States since the 1950s which suggest that adopted children “are referred for psychological treatment two to five times as frequently as their nonadopted peers.” Although the studies mentioned here refer mostly to children adopted in infancy, most of them took place when older-child adoptions were less common than they are today. However, a 1985 study of 107 group-care facilities undertaken by Family Builders, a national network of special-needs adoption agencies, showed that 10 percent of the facilities' clients were adopted (adoptees make up only about two percent of the general population of children under eighteen) and nearly two thirds of those clients had been adopted as older children.

Lauren Frey, the coordinator of post-adoption services at Project Impact, a special-needs adoption agency that has operated since 1976 in Boston, says, “The kids that got referred to us sixteen years ago were younger and certainly not as disturbed as many are now. We now have kids who have been through many more broken attachments. Lately we're seeing a change in that trend as younger kids are coming into care because of drug-addicted parents. These kids have unknown sets of special needs. We don't know what the attachment behavior of crack babies is going to look like over time.”

When I described Harold Vogel to Patricia Topitzer, the director of operations at the Council on Accreditation of Services for Families and Children, she said, “He presents a picture that is not going to be rare. It's going to be commonplace. All of us who live in this society are going to have to get very sharp very fast, or we are all in big trouble.”

A Cautionary Tale

PARTICULARLY WHEN AGENCIES MAY BE RELUCTANT to predict (and, to be fair, they are never entirely able to) how a given child will adjust to his adoptive family, prospective parents need to think carefully about what they can put up with. Erich Braun, the adoptive father of three children who are now in their twenties, is a short, sandy-haired ophthalmologist of fifty-seven whose favorite diversions are reading, concertgoing, and restoring his old house in a Washington suburb. (Again, names and some identifying details have been changed.) His experience, a summary of the more moderate problems that adoptive families can develop, begins in 1970, and makes a good cautionary tale.

“Why we wanted kids,” Erich begins, “I can't really say. I think Louise particularly had always wanted a large family. She had come from one, and I suppose she felt that was the way one lived. We thought it would make our life fuller and more interesting if we had kids than if we were isolated without them, so when we found out we

ARDEN

ELIZABETH

THE FUTURE OF ANTI-AGING SKINCARE.

Introducing

CERAMIDE TIME COMPLEX MOISTURE CREAM.

Now combat the visible signs of aging.

Elizabeth Arden creates a new superbreed of moisturizer.

The ceramide complex is now supercharged with HCA, a unique alpha-hydroxy complex, one of the most talked-about skin-smoothing ingredients today. Combined with other skincare essentials, it boosts skin's hydration level over 450% after one hour.

Fine lines look diminished, skin feels softer for days.

THE CERAMIDE PHENOMENON CONTINUES...



TWA Is Changing The Business Of Business Travel.



TWA® Has Low Business Class Fares Without The Usual Restrictions.

TWA gives you great low Business fares, and we make it easy to use them. No Saturday night stay overs, no "special day" travel restrictions, and no penalties for flight changes.

You'll Get Award Winning Service In TWA's Business Class.

For three years in a row, our Business Class has been chosen best of all U.S. airlines flying abroad by the readers of *Business Traveler International* magazine.

The TWA and TWExpress System Connect You To America.

Our EazyConnect™ hub systems in St. Louis, New York, and Atlanta offer frequent flights and convenient schedules that make it easy for you to fly throughout all of TWA's America. For reservations call your Travel Agent or TWA at

1-800-221-2000.



TWA

WE'RE CHANGING THE BUSINESS
OF BUSINESS TRAVEL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couldn't have our own, we signed up with a bunch of agencies. At that point abortion still wasn't legal, but the pill was coming in and there just weren't any babies. In 1972 we finally found an agency that dealt with Canadian children. The culture was very different up there, and I guess birth control had not become as widespread.

"First we adopted a seven-month-old baby. That was Eddie. He was in a sense the firstborn, though he's actually the youngest, because about a year later, through the same agency, we adopted two older children—Polly, who was six, and Mark, who was eight.

"Eddie turned out to have attention-deficit disorder with hyperactivity, but that obviously didn't show up at birth. We were told he was healthy: his mother was an unmarried teenager with no history of congenital disease. We didn't know what to ask, and we assumed the agency knew best. The only temporary difficulty was they looked at us and said, 'You're academically inclined; what are you going to do if the kid is not a genius?' They said, 'We're not sure we want to go through this process, because we think you're not going to be attuned to kids who are less than perfect,' and in retrospect maybe that was true, but we said we'd take the kid for what he was. So Edward came.

"The other two came from a family of four siblings. Three years earlier they had been taken from a factory worker who was unemployed and both parents were into drink. Mark had spent his early life scrounging for food. He would steal to feed Polly. I think this experience colored his later development. He learned, unfortunately, the street smarts of survival which were necessary and appropriate to that life but not appropriate later. He's always been a survivor, but has taken the expedient route without developing much of a moral sense.

"Polly may have had a mild form of fetal alcohol syndrome, since her mother was alcoholic when she was pregnant. Polly is probably somewhat below average in IQ, so she's had to work twice as hard as everybody else just to do average schoolwork.

"We had seen these kids for only a couple of days when we brought them home. You can't go up there, meet with a six-year-old and an eight-year-old for a day, and say, 'Gee, no thanks.' We didn't feel we had that as an option. We had one child, and Louise said you can't raise an only child, and that was what was available, a group of two, and they didn't want to separate them. We got no counseling.

"So we were suddenly faced with two older kids who hadn't grown up with us, and Louise was going for her M.B.A., so neither of us had much time." Erich admits that he and his wife were not the ideal parents for kids who didn't do well in school. "It would have been easier if they were at least average, but they weren't," he says. "We could have handled kids who got Cs, but they got through with Fs. It was always a struggle to get them to do their homework, to learn. I didn't have much patience,

and Louise hadn't much time, and that introduced a lot of stresses. They'd been in a nice foster home, and suddenly they were in a different culture and they spoke funny. It must have been very difficult for them.

"Polly worked hard and was well behaved, but she would get a book on mathematics and not have the faintest idea what to do with it. I expected much more, and when they could not even approach averageness, I would get upset." The Brauns tried several schools for Polly, but none of them could deal with her low intelligence and outright learning disabilities. In late adolescence "she started to drink, and spent a year as an alcoholic," Erich says. "Now she's on the wagon; we have a very good relationship and she's a joy. She's in junior college but has to work hard

just to stay in place, and it bothers me that she'll never get to do the things she'd like. I worry that if she has any major disappointments or problems with her love life, she may be tempted to drink again."

Mark Braun is beginning to settle down after several years of minor scrapes with the law. "He was quite smart and could have made more of his life," Erich says. "But he doesn't like school and left at eighteen. So we said you're on your own. Now he has a job as a mechanic and has formed a construction business with his friend. He lives nearby, and we see him frequently, but I still don't completely trust him."

Eddie's hyperactivity, finally diagnosed during a psychiatric hospitalization

when he was fifteen, had gotten worse as he grew older. The medical staff also discovered that he was experimenting with drugs. After being expelled from a series of schools for behavior problems, he graduated from a special school when he was twenty. All the Braun children were sent to local psychologists, none of whom proved very helpful. It seems clear that these parents and their children were badly matched; apparently the adoption agency made some effort to warn them and then caved in. The Brauns didn't understand—and no one really helped them understand—what "accepting the child as he is," a pious platitude, would mean in daily life, and the professionals they encountered later seem no better informed than the parents themselves.

**WHEN ADOPTIVE
FAMILIES COME
TO GRIEF, IT IS OFTEN
FROM A DISPARITY
IN EXPECTATIONS:
THE PARENTS
EXPECTED SOMETHING
THE CHILD
CAN'T DELIVER, OR
THE CHILD DELIVERS
SOMETHING THE
PARENTS DIDN'T
EXPECT.**

EXPERIENCES LIKE THE BRAUNS' HAVE GIVEN RISE to a certain backlash against professional families (who, some believe, are especially likely to disrupt an adoption) in the adoption community, and it, too, may be misguided. A psychiatrist named Aaron Lazare, the chancellor of the University of Massachusetts at Worcester and the dean of the medical school, is the adoptive father of seven children now aged twenty-one to twenty-seven, and one fifteen-year-old. The first two Lazare children are Caucasian; three are African-American, two of them adopted before the National Association of Black Social Workers declared its opposition to transracial placements, and the third adopted because the agency could find no other parents; three are the children of Vietnamese mothers and American soldiers, one of whom was African-American. The Lazares kept adopting children in response to crises—the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. and the Vietnam War. “My wife and I—we’re not social activists, we don’t march, we don’t travel to Washington, it’s not our style,” Lazare says. “So we feel a sort of a moral drive about taking these children and trying to do the best by them.”

Several of the Lazare children have been diagnosed as having attention-deficit disorder. Four have had counseling for learning disabilities, and several have had problems in getting along with other kids or in acculturation; the children from Vietnam “would talk about the napalm, had nightmares, had trouble trusting, and had stormy adolescences,” Lazare says. “That was not from adoption per se but from having been traumatized for a significant number of years. They have a kind of basic mistrust that’s hard to get over.” The Lazares spent a lot of time acting as advocates for their kids in schools, and sent two of the children to private schools when the public schools weren’t serving them well. “We’ve had transient episodes of drugs and crime in early adolescence,” says Lazare, whose academic specialty is the psychology of shame and humiliation. “When a psychiatrist goes to police court, that’s learning humiliation.”

Lazare remembers, “For maybe two years during their adolescence I was not productive as an academician. I didn’t have the energy or time to write. I was just doing my job while we were attending to their needs.” But now that the hard times are over, Lazare is clearly pleased with his children, who run the gamut of occupations: one is a carpenter and another an airplane mechanic. Three of the children are in college full-time or part-time; two others recently graduated. “All in all, it worked,” he says. “I come from a working-class family, and I always thought that working with your hands was very respectable. I feel more secure about their economic future than if they had a Ph.D. So my hope is that the boy who’s a mechanic will fix my car, and the other boy will fix our house. I admire the carpenter because I’m so clumsy, and I admire the college kids because I love learning. I enjoy what I can’t do and what I can. I asked them all what they think I

want from them, and they were accurate. They said, ‘You just want us to be happy and be good citizens and try to do work we enjoy.’ I would tell them, ‘You’re a very lucky person if you enjoy the work you do, and you ought to do valuable things and be decent to people.’” I asked Lazare what he wanted personally from his children, and he said, “Just a little respect.”

Normative Crises of Adoption

AN UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT HAVE COME TO BE called the normative crises of adoption is useful not only to prospective parents in grasping what is likely to be different about raising an adopted child but also to parents who have already adopted and sense the need to be vigilant, and to professionals who encounter adopted children in their work. These people need to be able to discern, too, what problems are abnormal and derive from the history and makeup of the child or the family.

David M. Brodzinsky, an associate professor of clinical and developmental psychology at Rutgers, has studied samples of adopted children in comparison with their nonadopted peers, has specialized in treating adopted children and their families in his private practice, and has written widely about adoption issues. (His most recent book is *Being Adopted: The Lifelong Search for Self*, published earlier this year.) In a 1987 article in *Clinical Psychology Review*, Brodzinsky, reviewing his own and other studies, observed, “On the average, adopted children are more likely to manifest psychological problems than non-adopted children. On the other hand, it is also clear that only a minority of adopted children manifest clinically significant symptomatology.” He suggested that “the experience of adoption exposes parents and children to a unique set of psychosocial tasks that interact with and complicate the more universal developmental tasks of family life.” His relatively sanguine view of adoptees’ problems “is based on the infant-placement model, not the older-child model,” Brodzinsky told me in conversation. “Kids placed at two or three years of age who experienced a disruption will have more problems than counterparts who don’t experience disruption. Being moved from one home to another is inherently disrupting. We’re seeing a lot of that in foreign adoptions.”

In his article Brodzinsky pointed out that “the higher incidence of psychological problems associated with adoption is restricted to children in the middle childhood years and adolescence.” He told me, “One of the things we believe underlies the problems at five to seven years of age is that it’s only then that children understand what adoption is and the implications of it.” Most adopted children are told of their status at about age three. “Parents tell them a positive story, and kids love it,” Brodzinsky says. “Little kids from Korea or Colombia can tell me in a pretty articulate way about being born in Colombia, hav-

Abraham Lincoln.

The most comprehensive selection of Lincoln's speeches, public writings and private letters ever published:

Yours for just \$3⁹⁵ (Combined publisher's price \$70)
in two elegant slipcased volumes

Save \$66.05 on this authoritative new edition from The Library of America, with no obligation to buy any other books.

Abraham Lincoln was not only one of our greatest presidents; he was also the greatest writer ever to occupy the White House.

How fitting, then, that this beautiful new edition of his words should serve as your introduction to The Library of America, the only definitive collection of America's greatest writers.

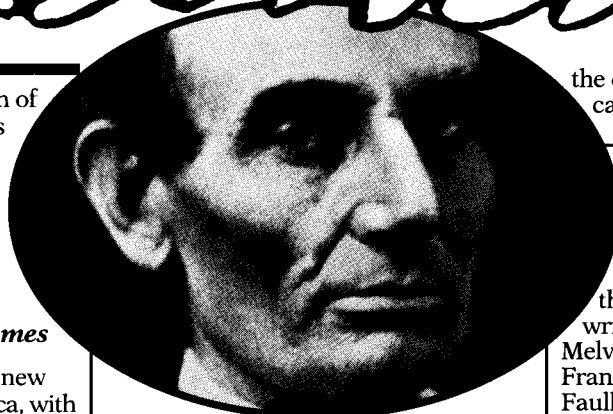
Here are all of Lincoln's significant writings – over 750 items – including some only recently uncovered.

Here are all of Lincoln's speeches, from the early days in Illinois to his profoundly moving presidential speeches, including the inaugural addresses, the Gettysburg Address, and his annual messages to Congress.

Here, too, are the full texts of the stormy Lincoln-Douglas debates, including Douglas's own speeches.

Here is Lincoln's personal and political correspondence, including his satirical – and hilarious – "Rebecca" letter that nearly led to a duel, and his poignant letter to Mrs. Lydia Bixby upon hearing she had lost five sons in battle.

Here are Lincoln's war dispatches, his presidential messages and procla-



mations, poems, and private reflections on democracy, slavery and the meaning of the Civil War's immense suffering.

Above all, here is Lincoln's absolutely distinctive language, resonant with dignity, wit, and the uniquely American flavor – "with the bark on" – of his frontier origins.

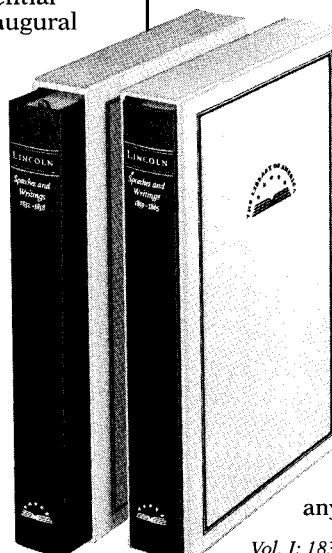
The *Lincoln* volumes – like all volumes in The Library of America collection – come complete with notes, indexes, and a detailed chronology of the writer's life.

Your only commitment is your sincere interest.

Your acceptance of the *Speeches and Writings of Abraham*

Lincoln at the astonishing price of \$3.95 does not obligate you to buy any future Library of America volumes. It does entitle you to review other volumes in the program, and to keep any you may want at a substantial discount.

To obtain your copy of this new two-volume edition of *Lincoln* that *The New York Times* calls "a momentous and thrilling addition to any private library," mail



Vol. I: 1832-1858, 898 pages
Vol. II: 1859-1865, 788 pages

the coupon below or, for faster service, call the toll-free order line today.

"The best collectibles at the price in all of American publishing."

—Los Angeles Times

The Library of America preserves the collected works of our greatest writers, such as Mark Twain and Melville...Emerson and Thoreau... Franklin and Jefferson... William Faulkner and Willa Cather.

It is nothing less than the first national edition of the best American literature, in matched, cloth-bound volumes that *Publishers Weekly* calls "a triumph of the bookmaker's art."

Sturdy, gilt-stamped slipcases – available only in this subscriber's edition – protect and complement the fine bindings.

The Library of America

5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me the two-volume *Speeches and Writings of Abraham Lincoln* for only \$3.95, post-paid (combined pub. price \$70). If I wish, I may return them for a full refund in 15 days. If I keep them I will be entitled to receive other Library of America volumes – sent at the rate of one volume about every other month – to review for 15 days free. As a Library of America subscriber, I will be billed just \$24.95 plus shipping and handling for each volume that I decide to keep – a substantial saving off the publisher's prices of up to \$35. I understand that there is never any obligation to buy additional volumes, and that I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

() I am enclosing \$3.95 11A9A
() Charge my () Visa () MasterCard

Card no.

Card Exp. date

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Toll-free Order Service: For faster service when using a credit card, call 1-800-321-6640

Offer limited to new subscribers; one per address.
Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval.

America's best writers deserve America's best editions.



THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing a Colombian mommy, coming over here on a plane, and 'Mommy and Daddy brought me back, and Grandma and Grandpa met me, and there was a big party.' The focus is on the family-building part. At around six, kids begin to realize we all come into the world the same way but get our families differently. Children at this age intuitively understand that to have been chosen, you first have to have been given up. They begin to experience adoption as a process that also involves losses.

"When you experience loss, you grieve. That includes things like confusion and crying and anger. We don't label people as having a clinically significant problem just because they're grieving. We rally round; we give the person permission to express it. But the loss in adoption is often unrecognized. I can't tell you how many people say, 'Wait a minute, how can you lose something you've never known?'"

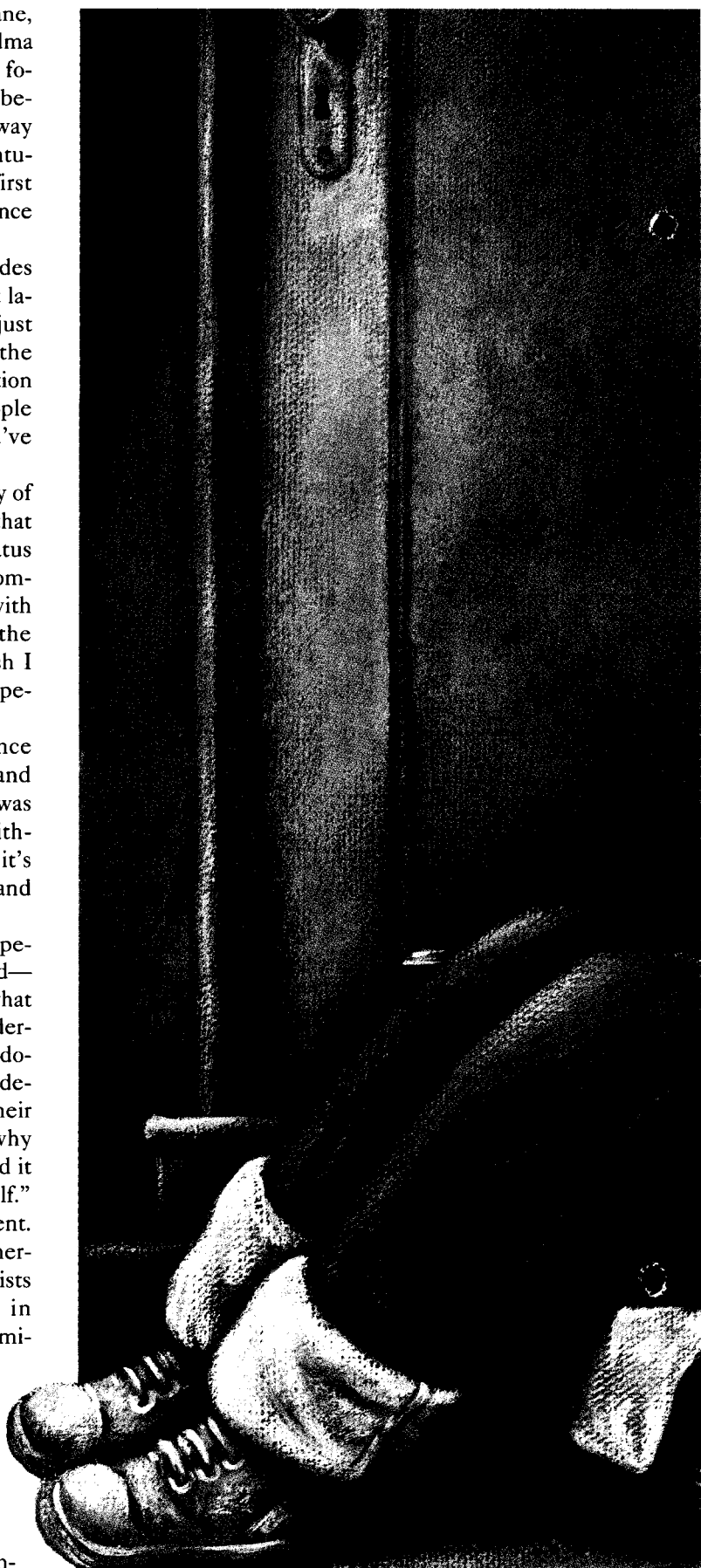
"It's not the real people they've lost, it's the fantasy of those people. They're able to consider the scenario that led to the placement. In addition, kids experience status loss, in the context of teasing: 'I know who my real mommy is; I'm not adopted.' Kids often don't share this with their adoptive parents. Another thing that's lost is the specialness and tranquillity. One child put it, 'I wish I could go back to the way it used to be, when I felt so special about it.'"

"We find, as kids get older, that their ambivalence about being adopted increases. Oftentimes parents and even professionals don't understand why a child who was once so positive and open about adoption is now withdrawing. Grieving can get blocked and distorted. If it's not facilitated, it just goes underground, gets buried, and comes out in other ways later on."

Some sort of grieving, then, is basic to adoptees' experience. Another task—one that is widely misunderstood—can be loosely labeled "searching." It originates in what one psychologist succinctly calls "genealogical bewilderment." As the Brodzinsky article puts it, "Adopted adolescents are often at a disadvantage in their struggle to develop a secure identity. Lacking knowledge about their origins, including who their birth parents are, and why they were relinquished, adopted adolescents often find it more difficult to form a complete and stable sense of self."

Particular symptoms may flow from the bewilderment. Joyce Maguire Pavao, an adoptee herself, is a family therapist specializing in adoption issues. She trains therapists and other professionals at The Family Center, in Somerville, Massachusetts, and counsels adoptive families at the Adoption Resource Center, in Cambridge.

"When you marry someone," Pavao says, "whether your in-laws are three thousand miles away or next door, they're in the relationship like a Greek chorus. When you adopt a child, you are adopting the birth family, whether the adoption is 'closed' or 'open.'" (A "closed," or "traditional," adoption is one in which the adoptive and birth families have no com-





munication. The definition of an “open” adoption varies according to who is offering it, but such an adoption involves some direct contact between the families, ranging from one meeting before the child is born to lifelong friendship.)

A recurring theme in discussions of adoptees’ problems is the prevalence of behavior patterns often lumped together under the rubric of attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder, which, according to various studies, is found two to ten times as frequently among adoptees as among the general population. The origins of ADHD are now ascribed to genetics, the mother’s health during pregnancy, and difficulties during labor and delivery, but the disorder itself has presented perennial challenges to diagnosticians, and its clinical definition has shifted over the years. Pavao comments, “In a sense all adoptees have attention-deficit disorder, because they daydream. If you were trying to make sense out of your life, and you knew you had another set of parents, and found yourself thinking about that in the middle of a history lesson, you would be distracted also. ADHD is a serious diagnosis, but many of the kids I see who are labeled with it and given medication do not have the classic symptoms. They are simply very distracted.” (Other hypotheses about the frequency of this disorder among adoptees, according to Michael Gordon, the director of the Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorders Clinic at the SUNY Health Science Center, in Syracuse, are a genetic one, that a birth mother’s impulsivity may be what led to her pregnancy, and a prenatal one, that mothers who relinquish their children are less likely to have gotten good medical care and may be more vulnerable to substance abuse. Adoptive parents who suspect ADHD in their children should make no assumptions but, rather, have the child thoroughly tested by an expert in the disorder who also has special knowledge of adoption issues.)

“An inordinate number of adopted girls and boys get or get someone pregnant in adolescence,” Pavao says. “It’s not surprising to me, because think what it would be like if you didn’t know another person related to you. Another thing about having a baby is, if all you know about your birth parents is that they became pregnant in adolescence, how can you be like them?”

Pavao says, “Running away to another family is common among adoptees. What happens between birth and age three is repeated in adolescence, and in a way they’re just moving families again. It upsets adoptive parents greatly.

“Many of the adoptive families we work with are middle-class or upper-middle-class. The message the adopted kids were often given is ‘Your mother was poor and young, and that’s why she couldn’t keep you.’ If that’s all you know, you cling to that. Then these adolescents start hanging around with the ‘wrong crowd.’ I can’t tell you how many families come in here where the kid is hanging out in the projects or with ‘not the right type’ and the parents are appalled and worried. The kids get angrier and

angrier, because they feel a statement is being made about them. Their mother was poor, she was like these people, and 'If you didn't like her, you don't like me.' These are scenes we hear all the time.

"The reality is if you search and find a birth mother, often these girls who surrendered their babies got on with their lives and are now middle-class and boring just like the adoptive parents. Many of these kids don't want to search and actually find a birth parent; during adolescence one set of parents is enough trouble. But they do want a story."

Pavao, not surprisingly, is a strong supporter of open adoption records (seeing one's records or original birth certificate without undertaking a cumbersome court or bureaucratic procedure is now possible only in Alaska, Hawaii, and Kansas). "As an adoptee, I feel like I'm in the witness-protection plan," she says. "My original birth certificate was locked away, and in its place is a document that the world uses. A kid who's going through all that internal struggle and search for identity needs to know more. Having information available could prevent some of these problems." The issue of opening adoption records—which is different from providing nonidentifying information that might be useful for medical purposes—is still controversial in the adoption world, because those who seek to encourage adoption as an alternative to abortion fear that pregnant women will choose to abort unless they're guaranteed confidentiality, and because some adoptive parents find the prospect threatening. But Pavao's opinion that opening the records would not provoke an epidemic of teenagers knocking on birth parents' doors at midnight is born out by the experience in England, Scotland, and Wales, where records are open: fewer than two percent of adoptees have actually tracked down their biological families. "Searching," indeed, seems more metaphorical than literal.

Both Pavao and Brodzinsky believe that these "adoption-normal" problems can be handled with counseling and "psychoeducation" for adoptive parents and professionals. "The reaction to some of the problems can cause more trouble than the actual problems," Pavao says. "It's very important to understand that these things are normal, and that much more pathological things might happen in other cases, especially when the adoption is compounded by abuse, neglect, sometimes divorce, and subsequent disconnections that can produce more extreme situations."

The Wediko Model

ONE WOULD HAVE DIFFICULTY FINDING A CLINICIAN more knowledgeable about extreme situations than the Vogel family's therapist, Hugh M. Leichtman, the administrative director of Wediko Children's Services, a Boston-based mental-health agency serving seriously disturbed children, their

families, and their schools. Wediko's operations include a residential treatment milieu (a community in which daily life is structured to be therapeutic), in the form of a summer program and winter boarding school in Windsor, New Hampshire; and a clinical consulting service that provides follow-up therapy to Wediko clients through the Boston public schools' special-education program. Wediko is affiliated with the Douglas A. Thom Clinic. Leichtman, forty-eight, an intense man with sharp eyes, boyish features, and receding silver hair, has been co-directing Wediko for twenty-two years. By the time families reach him, they are pretty much at the end of their rope.

Leichtman estimates that nearly 40 percent of his milieu clients are adopted or foster children. "Back in the late seventies we began to have a run of adopted children from Connecticut," he remembers. "Somehow the Connecticut Open Door Society [a parents' support group] found out about Wediko, and these kids started to trickle north to us. What struck me about them as a group was how high-functioning the parents were and how extraordinarily disturbed the children were, and how the way we perceived the children varied remarkably from the clinical report—how the home therapist saw the children.

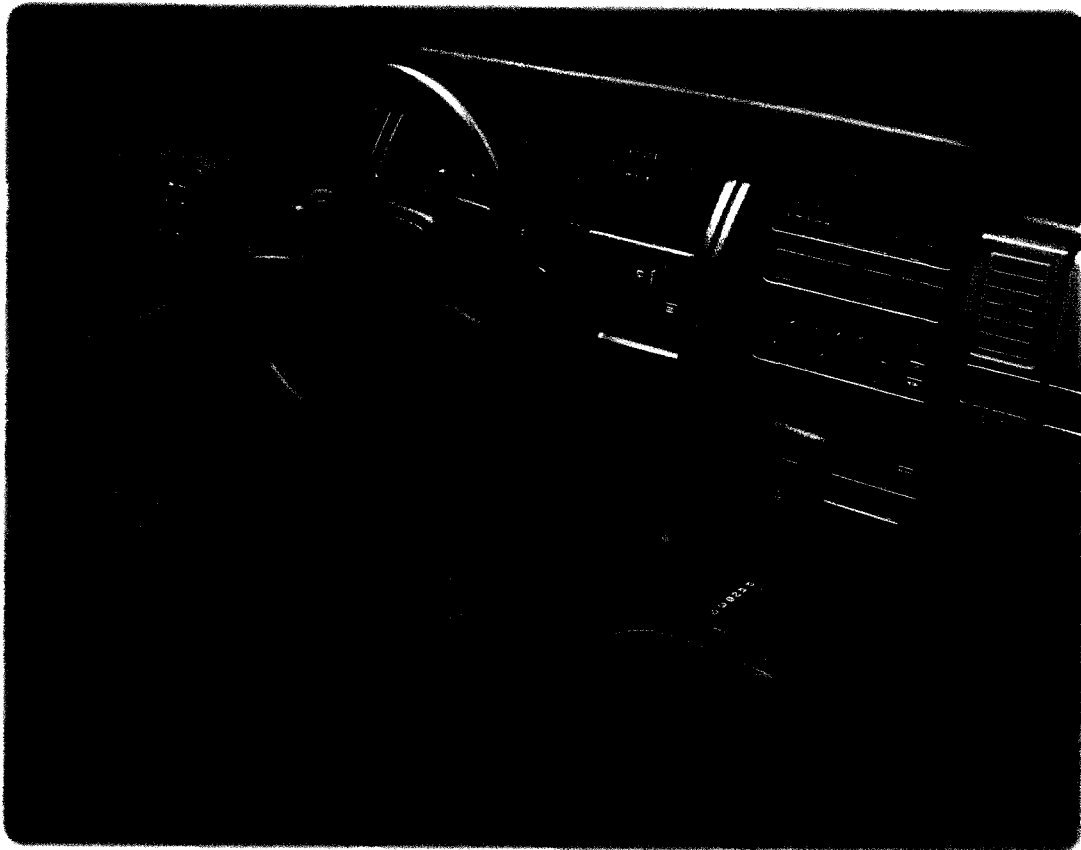
"Almost always the therapist's formulation was made in terms of the standard theory of the day—that these children's symptoms represented family conflict. They were playing out the struggle of the parents and allowed these family systems to stay together. One formulation was that because a child is adopted, the parent isn't giving the child enough, is communicating somehow that the child is second-class.

"Many of these families had biological children who were doing very well. But these adopted kids seemed to be blowing out left and right, causing havoc to the family, so much so that the other kids would start to become symptomatic. As we worked with the parents to get the adopted children's histories, we saw the way these terribly traumatic stories played out. We still didn't have an appreciation of how attention-deficit disorder or other constitutional factors could magnify the effects. But we began to understand the stress these children could bring to their families. It's important to see the direction of the effect: it's not the parents producing it.

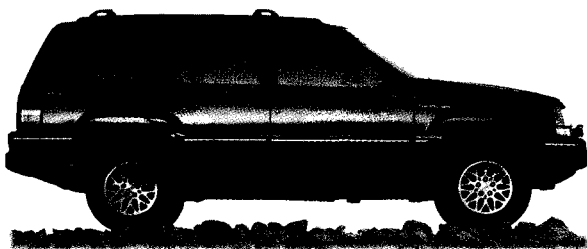
"In the past ten years we have treated probably four hundred complex adoption cases, so we have a pretty sizable sample. You can point to your successes and your failures. We believe the only way you're going to save these kids is by preserving the adoptive families, and these families require extraordinary services: expert diagnosis, extensive treatment for the kids, and respite care."

Among those four hundred cases are a handful that Leichtman and his staff consider pivotal in shaping their understanding of children with histories of abuse, neglect, and many disruptions. One winter morning I sat with Leichtman and Tom Hays in the Back Bay townhouse that is Wediko's headquarters, discussing a young woman

The Perfect Vehicle For Everyone
Who Wants A Nice Cabin In The Woods.



The New Jeep® Grand Cherokee Limited



There's Only One Jeep®
Advantage: Chrysler 



Chrysler's Owner's Choice Protection Plan includes: 7-year/70,000-mile powertrain protection or 3-year/36,000-mile bumper-to-bumper warranty. Your choice. And with no deductible. See limited warranties, restrictions, and details at dealer. Excludes normal maintenance, adjustments, and wear items. For further information about Jeep Grand Cherokee, call 1-800-JEEP-EAGLE. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.

Buckle up for safety.

OFFICIAL SPONSOR OF THE 1992 U.S.A.
U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM 36 USC 380 

I'll call Marie. Hays, a doctoral candidate with an M.A. in clinical psychology, is a clinical consultant at Wediko who has held various positions there for more than a decade.

"Eight years ago I had this little ten-year-old girl, cute as a button, bright, polite, not your typical Wediko kid," Hays remembered. "And I get a call from this lunatic of a mom: 'My daughter this, my daughter that.' How this child runs up to the third floor, opens all the windows, and yells, 'Rape! Help! Police, come get me!' I'm listening to this mom and I'm seeing this girl, who's just as sweet as can be. So I'm thinking, This is a fairly typical family-dynamics situation where the parents are the cause of the problem, you get the child out of there, the child calms down, and the parents are still lunatics. I'm telling this to Hugh, and he says, 'So you think so, huh?' and he's got a huge smile on his face. Hugh obviously thinks something else is going on.

"Finally we set up a family meeting. Hugh is still saying, 'We'll see what happens.' As soon as this mom got out of the car, the child threw a tantrum like I have never seen, a tantrum for about two hours at the sight of the mom. What the mother did, after the tantrum, was put her hands on Marie's face and say, 'It's so good to see you, Marie.' She instantly bonded with this girl, and the girl responded—at the moment."

"Right after that," Leichtman interposed, "Marie started going 'Hmmmmmmmm,' this noxious, eerie droning that grated on you. The girl was creating noise, and you wanted to close it out—so the noise gave her distance. You learn to operate by the gut: I called for some masking tape. We put a line on the floor with the tape, and I said to Marie, 'This side is out of the family, that side is in the family. Where do you want to be?' And she did something that absolutely surprised us. She hopped right on the middle of the tape.

"I'm here," she said. When Tom helped her off to the family side, she immediately jumped right back onto the middle. And when she was on the middle of the tape, her noise stopped."

"It was the proverbial 'on the fence,'" Hays said, "and as you would do things to get closer to her, the noise would accelerate. When you psychologically distanced yourself, the sound would come down."

**OVER THE NEXT
TWO YEARS HAROLD
VOGEL'S TANTRUMS
BECAME SO
FREQUENT THAT HIS
MOTHER COULDN'T
PLAY THE PIANO;
HER WRISTS WERE
CONSTANTLY
DAMAGED, AND THEY
NEVER GOT TO HEAL
BEFORE THE NEXT
EPISODE.**

"Tom took her in and out of the family, and she kept hopping back in the middle," Leichtman said. "So I said to her, 'Marie, I'm so confused. Your mother was killed in a car accident, and I thought after that you wanted a family.' She hops up and down on the middle of the tape and says, 'No!' I say, 'No?' and Tom says, 'No?' and Marie says, 'No! All I asked for was a *home*! I never asked for a *family*!' Mother is just blanching when she hears this. So Mother says, 'Marie, let's go for a walk.' Her response is to re-establish the attachment. So they go out to walk, and they come back, they're talking, and they're emotionally connected again. And we say to Marie, 'Where do you want to be, in the family or out of the family?' Guess what: she hops right back on the middle of the tape and starts droning.

"We know something very big has happened here. Later on, as we talked about this and pieced it together with what we'd seen of other children, we started to understand this pattern of attachment and the various degrees of breaking the attachment. It appeared among children who had traumatic events and losses in their history. It confused us at first, because it wasn't that the kid couldn't make the attachment. But every time she made it, she had to break it. Then she would reach out and reattach."

HAROLD VOGEL'S BEHAVIOR HAD BEEN EVEN MORE violent than Marie's. Harold's residential school had trained the Vogels in the holding techniques used on disturbed children when they have long tantrums. "Even though I had seen other kids being held," Antonia says, "I wasn't prepared for the fury of that first tantrum. It was like two hours of fighting with a wild animal. There was this little seven-year-old, who must have weighed all of fifty pounds, and I just could not get him under control. I'd put my hands out and he'd try to butt me with his head. All the training went out the window. Finally it got to the point where he was sobbing, and his body would soften and get limp, and at this point you could snuggle up. He wasn't seven; he was two."

Over the next two years Harold's tantrums became so frequent that Antonia couldn't play the piano: her wrists were constantly damaged, and they never got to heal before the next episode. Harold was taken to a series of play therapists, whose offices he wrecked, with no positive effects. The therapists—who often said, "Harold, you must be very angry"—told the Vogels to develop Harold's self-esteem by giving him experiences that made him feel successful. "We followed their advice and things got worse and worse," Ted says. Antonia adds, "All this makes sense up to a point, but with his intelligence and the profoundness of his problems, he can keep avoiding the whole point of therapy. He'll just keep his secrets to himself and hang on to his disturbed behavior and wreck his own life—and yours while he's at it."

Finally the Vogels' social worker heard a lecture of

FIDELITY ASSET MANAGER™

Diversification Made Simple

All It Takes Is One Investment

Fidelity Asset Manager. Now there's *an easier way* to diversify across a broad range of securities...in one simple investment. Fidelity Asset Manager seeks high total return with reduced risk over the long term by allocating its assets among domestic and foreign stocks, bonds, and

Average Annual
Total Returns* as
of June 30, 1992

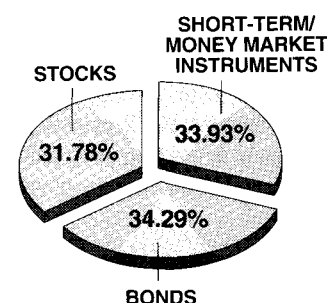
14.92%
1 Year

14.22%
Life of Fund
12/28/88-6/30/92

short-term/money market instruments. You simply make one investment, with **no sales charge**, and join a diversified portfolio which is carefully watched *and gradually adjusted* by Fidelity professionals who seek

to enhance your return in *any* market environment. Start with just \$2,500, or \$500 for an IRA. And, you can enjoy the advantages of Asset Manager Portfolio† in a tax-deferred Fidelity variable annuity.

Fidelity Asset Manager



The above chart reflects Asset Manager's investment mix as of June 30, 1992. The Fund will gradually shift the percentage of stocks, bonds and short-term/money market instruments as market and economic conditions change.

It's Easy To Transfer Your IRA To Fidelity.

If you're looking for a new approach to investing for retirement, consider moving your IRA to Fidelity. Call today for a Fidelity IRA Fact Kit and ask for your free copy of Fidelity's *Common Sense Guide to Planning for Retirement*.

Visit a Fidelity Investor Center or Call 24 Hours

1-800-421-8787



Common sense. Uncommon results.

For a free fact kit containing a current prospectus for Fidelity Asset Manager, with more complete information, including management fees and expenses, please call or write. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. *Total returns are historical and include change in share price and reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. Share price and return will vary so you may have a gain or loss when you sell your shares. Fidelity Distributors Corporation. †Asset Manager Portfolio of a Fidelity annuity is a distinct portfolio and not expected to have identical returns. Issued by Fidelity Investments Life Insurance Co., distributed by Fidelity Brokerage Services, Inc. and Fidelity Insurance Agency, Inc., and Fidelity Investments Insurance Agency of Texas, Inc.

CODE: ATL/FAA/090192



The
**Drug Policy
Foundation**

Salutes the



**1992 Winners of the
Annual Awards for Achievement
in Drug Policy Reform**

Outstanding Achievement:
R. Keith Stroup

His pioneering work in drug policy reform earns Stroup the Richard J. Dennis Drugpeace Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Drug Policy Reform, and its \$25,000 prize. Stroup led efforts to decriminalize marijuana in 11 states and helped secure the release of hundreds of petty marijuana offenders, many of whom faced decades in prison.

Enforcement and Control:
Joseph McNamara

A lifelong police officer and former police chief of San Jose, California, McNamara has seen firsthand the danger and futility of drug enforcement, and has spoken out in favor of new approaches like decriminalization. Chief McNamara receives the H.B. Spear Award for Achievement in the Field of Law Enforcement and Control and its \$10,000 prize.

Scholarship and Writing:
Ethan Nadelmann

This Princeton professor of politics is one of the most influential critics of American drug policy. Because he has added important scholarly insights to the case for legalization of drugs, he receives the Alfred R. Lindesmith Award for Achievement in the Field of Scholarship and Writing and its \$10,000 prize.

Treatment:
Alex Wodak

Dr. Wodak, a treatment expert in Sydney, helped move Australia towards a compassionate approach to drugs and addiction, including the provision of clean needles to addicts to prevent the spread of AIDS. He receives the Norman E. Zinberg Award for Achievement in the Field of Medicine and Treatment and its \$10,000 prize.

Law:
**Tony Serra and
Michael Michaelson**

These two principled lawyers have shown a commitment to reducing the harm caused to individuals by some drug laws. They share the Justice Gerald LeDain Award for Achievement in the Field of Law and its \$10,000 prize for their *pro bono* handling of needle exchange and medical marijuana cases.

Citizen Action:
Richard Bradbury

Bradbury's Community Improvement, Inc. helps kids harmed by the cultlike drug treatment program Straight, Inc. and other harsh programs, and documents abuses for regulators and the media. Bradbury receives the Robert C. Randall Award for Achievement in the Field of Citizen Action, and its \$10,000 prize.

The Drug Policy Foundation is a non-profit educational organization dedicated to discussion of peaceful alternatives to the war on drugs. The annual drug policy reform awards, funded entirely by an earmarked grant from the Chicago Resource Center, will be presented at the Sixth International Conference on Drug Policy Reform in Washington, D.C., November 11-14.

We accept no government funds; we depend for our existence on contributions and grants from private citizens and foundations. To learn more about how you or your organization can help create more effective drug policies within a framework of democratic freedoms, please contact us today.

Arnold S. Trebach, President

Kevin B. Zeese, Vice President

Richard J. Dennis, Chair, Advisory Board

The Drug Policy Foundation, 4801 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Suite 400, Washington, D.C., 20016-2087

Phone: (202) 895-1634 or (800) 388-DRUG Fax: (202) 537-3007

Leichtman's and sent the family to the Thom Clinic. "We sat down and Harold went right to the toys," Ted says. "He's a veteran. Hugh said, 'Harold, I need you to come over here,' and Harold continued to fool around. Hugh bounded over to Harold and grabbed his face and said, 'Harold, do I have to hold you and look in your eyes while we have this conversation?' and we looked at each other and said, 'This guy's got it.'"

Over several years Leichtman, through techniques ranging from gentle questioning to re-enactment to imagery induction—"I told him to use his eyelids as a movie screen where he could project the interior of his foster home, and he vividly described the layout and where the abuse occurred"—has elicited precise descriptions of physical abuse and hints of sexual abuse. "The question here is how do we put the feelings that come from these early traumatic events in the appropriate place?" Leichtman says. "How do we get these kids to tie the rage to its original source, instead of having it displaced like a shadow in the grass? With Harold we have three families. We're not even going to try to get to the biological mother. If we can just tie some of the anger to the foster family he was with for five years, instead of having it always fall on the Vogels . . ."

Since signing on with Leichtman, the Vogels have had periods of tranquillity lasting several months. Harold has been to Wediko twice, but only the second visit, a three-month stay in the winter program, helped. Other therapists' efforts were completely ineffective; Leichtman's successes are of limited duration. A year ago Harold "broke the attachment" by riding off on his bicycle on a highway in a snowstorm with cars whizzing around him. Another time he needed two weeks in a mental hospital. When Harold makes progress, some credit goes to Prozac, the anti-depressant, which enables him to benefit from therapy. His own cognitive development has also helped his understanding. At twelve, Harold is moving away from tantrums and violence and is into stealing and fire-setting; the prognosis is uncertain. Still, the Vogels feel that Leichtman is the first therapist to grasp the problem, and that he has saved their family. "Kids like Harold are very difficult for even the most skilled of parents to manage and control," Leichtman says. "These people have admittance to St. Peter's gates already, and Harold will test them further."

The Downey Side Approach

LEICHTMAN'S STRONG BELIEF THAT PARENTS who adopt older children with traumatic histories are blamed unjustly for the children's problems—and, indeed, for adoption failures—is in sharp conflict with the position often taken by special-needs placement agencies. Patrick O'Brien is the director of the New York regional office of Downey Side, an adoption agency with offices in Massachusetts and Con-

necticut as well. "Most people assume that Downey Side is an adoption program," O'Brien says. "What we perceive our mission to be is essentially a homelessness-prevention program. Adoption and relationship-building with adults is the key way to combat homelessness, and here in New York sixty percent of the people in municipal shelters have been in foster care. When they leave the foster system, they have no home to go back to, not only when they're twenty or twenty-one but for the rest of their lives."

"We never ask people to adopt a child. We ask them to learn about adopting children. By and large, since the children we work with in New York City are black and Hispanic children, our major recruitment efforts have been with working-class black families. These people take an eight-week course in adoption to learn what it means to bring a new member into their family who has had a lifetime of separation and loss. Probably seventy-five percent of the people who take the course go on to get certified to adopt kids."

O'Brien, whose small but highly effective office has in the past four and a half years placed nearly two hundred special-needs children aged eight to seventeen, for whom other agencies in New York could not find families, is a strong proponent of the notion that adoptive parents generally have themselves to blame for most of the problems that arise. Moreover, the explanations he gives amount to salvos in a class war: "The features committed good families have in common is they're basically working-class families who understand firsthand what a difficult life is."

"Our kids were dumped around so many times they want to test parents immediately. If they know a tantrum upsets the parent, they're going to go on having tantrums. If the adults can somehow keep from showing the child that the tantrum is bothering them, the tantrums are going to stop. Based on our practice, kids have remarkable resiliency, no matter how much they have been abused, and the majority of them can cope with family living. The typical temper-tantrum kid, most of our meat-and-potatoes working-class families know how to deal with that. Our middle-class families—this is a real class issue—they're into redeveloping the child, making the child something he or she is not."

"The people who have the hardest time are people who are having problems with their own feelings and with what the child is bringing out in them. Figure it this way: God, or whoever put children on this earth, did not put children here to make life easy for parents, and that includes kids we give birth to as well as kids adopted as babies." O'Brien points out that although only 80 percent of his first placements work, nearly 100 percent of his children settle in by the second placement. Downey Side provides short-term therapy for many of its children and refers others for long-term treatment. It also has a support network of adoptive families that help one another

through crises. On occasion the staff intercedes in behalf of families when schools give them trouble.

I spoke at length with three Downey Side employees who had adopted special-needs children with traumatic prior histories. (They had adopted through other agencies before Downey Side was established in New York, and agency staff members may not, in any case, adopt through their employer. These parents were imbued with the Downey Side philosophy, however, and were good exemplars of it.) In comparing them with the five Wediko families I interviewed through Leichtman (two white-collar, three blue-collar), I found no difference in the children's behavior: the stories were equally horrific. One of the Downey Side employees had adopted nine kids who sounded slightly less troubled than the other children; her story resembled Aaron Lazare's, except that her marriage broke up.

The Downey Side parents did not seem to me any more skilled than the Wediko parents, nor did the kids settle down any sooner; and the Wediko parents demonstrated an equal commitment to their difficult children. What did strike me, however, was a difference in the parents' attitudes. The Downey Side parents seemed to have an almost religious belief in their own moral responsibility toward the children: ultimately, they saw the adoptions as private acts of charity. "I really don't think it takes much to parent these kids," says Pat Dudley, an adoptive parent who works as a counselor at Downey Side. "Commitment has to be there to go through hell

and back for the kids. If you're not willing to do that, don't hurt them any more. You have to know if you're strong enough." The Wediko parents, on the other hand, seemed to believe (although they didn't adopt for this reason) that they were performing a public service and that in return society owed them honesty, trust, and whatever support services they needed to maintain their families under stress.

The notion that the children's difficult behavior is only testing, which strong, committed parents can deal with, makes Leichtman livid. "It's incredibly simplistic," he says. "Almost like breaking a horse. The horse will keep bucking and bucking, and you ride it and ride it, and finally it says, 'I can't throw the rider off, and therefore I'll be a good boy and be tame.' One of my standard interventions with these kids is to ask them how many times they'll need to test. They'll say ten or fifteen. I'll say, 'We have to make it a minimum of one hundred and fifty,' and the kids' eyes will get big. I say, 'Give me a number, let's be realistic, how many times do you have to test your parents? Just that you can count on them, that they mean what they say?' Invariably the kids come up with a number over two hundred.

"That's a lot. That means once a day for nine months. That's a pretty good storm you've got to wade through. Most parents don't understand about the length of this, and they also don't understand that every time the child goes through a new developmental era, the testing usually has to recycle. Why? Because the trauma is still with

GULF MEMO

Tell me the way to the wedding
Tell me the way to the war,
Tell me the needle you're threading
I won't raise my voice anymore.

And tell me what axe you are grinding
Where the boy on bivouac believes,
What reel you are unwinding
For the girl in her bed who grieves.

While behind a derrick's girder
He watches the sinking sun,
He asks what he'll do for murder
And what he will do for fun.

Will you read him the ways of war
His Miranda rights in sin,
Will you tell him what to ignore
When he studies your discipline?

He dozes off—but he shakes
In a dream that he is the one
Death finds abed and wakes
Just as the night is done.

Tell me what boats go ashore
Riding the oil-dimmed tide,
Red streamers and black in store
For the boy with a pain in his side.

And tell me where they are heading
Tonight; now tell me the score.
Tell me the way to their wedding
I won't raise my voice anymore.

—Stephen Sandy

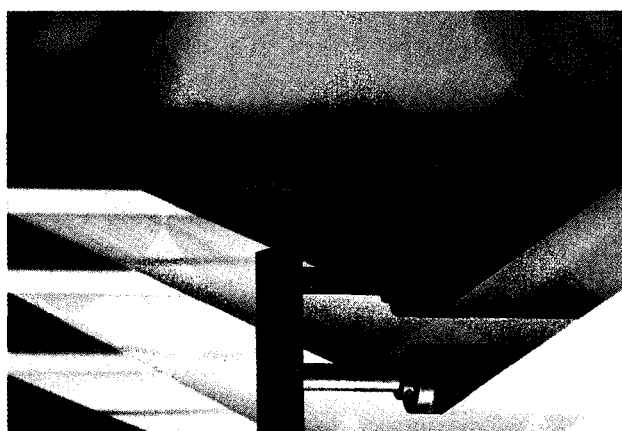
Electricity Can Help Increase America's Productivity Without A Lot Of Energy.

Productivity is key to prosperity. That's why America's electric utilities are using their resources to help find new ways

to maximize speed and efficiency, while enhancing quality.

For example, food producers gain in speed and quality from electric microwave drying processes.

Printers apply electric ultraviolet technologies to expedite the drying of



Electric ultraviolet technologies expedite the drying of ink on paper.

ink on paper. Electric induction heating processes speed up the manufacture of metal and glass products.

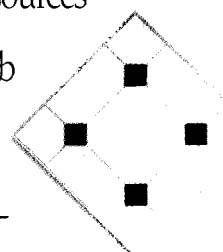
Everywhere, electric technologies are boosting our nation's productivity.

In most cases, speed and quality are improved at lower costs and with less emissions. And, in all cases, with a

considerable savings in energy.

American industry is committed to stepping up productivity. The electric utility industry shares this com-

mitment. We will continue to devote our resources to getting the job done cleanly, quickly and efficiently. For more information,



The building industry uses electric technology to harden the coats of no-wax floors.

tion, contact the Edison Electric Institute at 1-800-438-8334 or, in Washington, at (202) 508-5002.



ELECTRICITY
Taking you into the future.

Producers of such foods as pasta gain in speed and quality from electric microwave drying processes.



Different Schools Of Thought Thrive In The Same Company



Great thinkers of many eras appear in Raphael's classic masterpiece, *The School of Athens*. The legacy of their scholarly achievements still endures as a foundation of modern learning and progress.

Today America's diverse "schools of thought" flourish within a single organization: TIAA-CREF, dedicated to providing financial security to 1.5 million faculty and staff members from 4,800 education and research institutions.

As the nation's largest pension system, TIAA-CREF prudently invests over \$100 billion in assets, providing expert benefit counseling, affordable insurance protection, and retirement income that cannot be outlived.

TIAA-CREF: Ensuring the future for those who shape it.



Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association
College Retirement Equities Fund
730 Third Avenue New York, NY 10017

the child. The child reformulates identity and coping capacities with each new developmental era. You have this undigested part of your life—you were traumatized. The scarring, the disconnection that comes with trauma, gets recycled as the child moves through the various life passages.

"One of the things many adoptive families talk about is the conspiracy of silence, the shame that comes with having a problematic child and somehow the notion that you're responsible. If you were a better parent, more steadfast, more perceptive, more there, more unflappable, more anything, that somehow you'd bring this kid in. Do parents step forward? It's very hard to.

"When people talk about the preference for placement with blue-collar families, I find that very telling. We ask people with fewer resources to take children who are more problematic. These are the people who are cut out of private adoption because they don't have the money. What option do they have?"

LEICHTMAN'S CLINICAL CONCLUSIONS FIND AMPLE support in the psychological literature. *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child*, a 1973 collaboration by Joseph Goldstein, of the Yale University Law School, Albert J. Solnit, of the Yale University Child Study Center, and Anna Freud, of the Hampstead Child-Therapy Clinic, is a landmark effort to combine psychological research on child welfare with recommendations for public policy. In discussing broken attachments, the authors say,

When infants and young children find themselves abandoned by the parent, they not only suffer separation distress and anxiety but also setbacks in the quality of their next attachments, which will be less trustful. Where continuity of such relationships is interrupted more than once, as happens due to multiple placements in the early years, the children's emotional attachments become increasingly shallow and indiscriminate. They tend to grow up as persons who lack warmth in their contacts with fellow beings.

The authors go on to note that children under five whose relationships with a stable parent figure are disrupted often have breakdowns in toilet training and speech. As for school-age children,

Made to wander from one environment to another, they may cease to identify with any set of substitute parents. Resentment toward the adults who have disappointed them in the past makes them adopt the attitude of not caring for anybody; or of making the new parent the scapegoat for the shortcomings of the former one.

"The Deprived Child in Adoption," a 1977 article that appeared in the journal *Developmental Medicine and Child Neurology* and that was written by A. Evelyn Loadman and Kenneth N. McRae, two pediatricians at the Child Development Clinic in the Health Sciences Centre at the

University of Manitoba, is a study of thirty-one adoption "breakdowns" (clinical crises in which a threat of disruption was imminent), with a control group of twelve adoptions that were holding without professional help. The control and adoption-breakdown groups were matched for motivation of the adopting parents, degree to which the adopted child was considered to be at risk, and manner in which placement was carried out. "Common to both groups," the authors note, "was the difficult behaviour of the children which appeared to stem from early experiences of deprivation."

Children who were adopted during their first year of life and those adopted afterward were considered separately. The younger children had had one or two prior foster placements: they had not been neglected, but the "rupturing of the bond and the developmental stage of the child at the time of the move were considered to be crucial." All five infants and eleven of the older children exhibited language delays. Three infants were "withdrawn and unresponsive to the adoptive mother"; two "cried excessively"; "none of the babies gave their mothers early satisfactory clues as to their needs, leading to feelings of frustration and anger on the part of the mothers." The babies were either abnormally active or abnormally passive.

Of the twenty-six older children, twenty had been removed from their birth families because of neglect. Several had moved back and forth from these families by court decree; most had suffered multiple placements. They displayed indiscriminate friendliness (many parents said the children would "willingly have gone off with a complete stranger"); an inability to share attention with siblings, visitors, or the other parent (this became excessive if, say, a family member went into the hospital, and parents were both upset by the selfish behavior and at a loss to deal with it); relentless testing behavior; isolation and withdrawal ("many parents complained bitterly of a 'wall' between themselves and the child"); hyperactivity or lethargy; feeding disturbances; and occasional sleep and toileting problems.

Among the older children in the breakdown group, fifteen adoptions terminated with the support of the clinic; the rest held. The children in the control group showed surprisingly similar behavioral symptoms, and the parents "differed only in not declaring their problem by seeking help." The authors noted "the confusion and inconsistency in the advice given by professionals to the parents." They wrote,

We were impressed by the tremendous need of the parents of both . . . groups for understanding and interpretation of the deprived child's behavior, and by the fact that the pediatricians and social workers involved did not recognize the clinical picture of the deprived child and did not know how to handle these children. . . . the behavior of the infants and children in this study would be difficult for most parents to manage, no matter how

well-informed and capable were the professionals advising them. The reactions of our parents varied according to their own personalities and their child-rearing policies.

The Case of Robert Matteo

TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE TEXTURE OF DESPERATE adoptive situations, I watched tapes of several therapy sessions that Leichtman had held in 1988 with Robert Matteo, a personable, dark-haired boy of twelve, and of the reunion that Leichtman had engineered between Robert and his birth mother. (The names of this family have been changed.) I

went to the bathroom like an animal, on all fours; and he would eat until he choked." The Matteos worried about whether Robert was retarded, but tests showed a normal intelligence, and he had made great progress in the foster home. They were particularly taken by his curiosity and response to nature, and, Connie says, "we knew he had to have been a survivor to get where he was, because he hadn't been given much attention at all before the foster home."

For four years Robert did well, and the Matteos next adopted a daughter. They were also serving as emergency foster parents for the New Hampshire Welfare Department, and when Robert was seven, they received two very difficult children who proved too much for the fam-



also saw tapes of two sessions that Leichtman had with the birth mother alone, to prepare and debrief her.

Robert, now the oldest in a family of three adopted children and occasional foster children, had joined the Matteos at age three and a half. Connie Matteo, forty-five, is an early-childhood teacher; Frank Matteo, forty-four, is a machinist. Robert had been relinquished by his birth mother (I'll call her Thelma) six months earlier, and had then lived in a foster home.

He had been a failure-to-thrive baby and had been hospitalized twice in the first four months of his life, for ear infections and severe dehydration. At three he could say very few words, and, Frank says, "when he first came to the foster home, he didn't know how to hug or kiss; he

ily and had to be returned. From then on Robert—worried, perhaps, that he, too, might be sent away—grew increasingly difficult, provoking his teacher and other children at school. Neither behavior modification nor play therapy kept the problems from getting worse over the next few years. Then, when Robert was ten, Connie Matteo's brother died of cancer. Connie had nursed him for many months before that, and now she went into a deep depression, ultimately requiring eight weeks of hospitalization. Leichtman says, "As his mom became increasingly involved with her brother or incapacitated, Robert was seriously affected. These kids have templates established from early experience. You can see how this would key into the template of his earlier neglect and

loss." Robert, too, began to be depressed, tried to run away, and finally said he had nothing to live for. The Matteos, who were active in adoptive parents' groups, had heard Leichtman speak several times, and they called him straightaway.

In therapy Leichtman learned how deeply haunted Robert was by thoughts of Thelma and the belief that she had kept his younger brother. Robert had some attention-deficit-disorder symptoms, and Leichtman also diagnosed seasonal affective disorder, in which mood disturbance occurs in the winter months. Robert was medicated for depression. "We had gone through just about every intervention we could possibly use," Leichtman says. They tried techniques that help with attachment problems, such as putting the child on temporary "boarder status" or "in a bubble," regimes in which the child follows the rules of the house but is not expected to participate fully in the family's emotional life.

"One Sunday morning we woke up at six-thirty to the sound of an engine," Connie remembers. "I looked out the window and I could see the taillights on the Blazer going on and off. I yelled to Frank, 'Somebody's trying to steal my car!' So Frank jumped out of bed and ran outside to look. The engine was going, and we couldn't see who was in the car."

"It's raining," Frank says. "There I am in my underwear, soaking wet, and I'm ready to put my fist through the windshield: who the hell was trying to steal my car?" At that point the car door opened and Robert emerged. "I said, 'Just get in the house and get out of my way, because I'm ready to kill,'" Frank says.

That is when Leichtman decided to track down Thelma. The social worker had to seek court permission first. Surprisingly, Robert's birth mother was in the phone book.

By the time of the reunion "Robert had been at a standstill, physically, socially, and educationally, for a good two years," Connie says. "Dr. Leichtman said, 'There's no way this boy can go on with his life till he meets the birth mother and takes care of these issues that are consuming him.' We agreed. We said maybe it's a drastic step, but something has to be done to help this kid carry on."

At the first taped session Leichtman asked Robert how long and how often he thought of Thelma, and Robert said about an hour a day for the past four years. Leichtman told Robert that thoughts of his birth mother had gotten him "stuck in mud," and they discussed the problem.

HL: We know that when things have been going really well for you with your adoptive parents, what always happens after a period of time?

Robert: I start to act up and stuff. . . . I get mad at my sister. . . . I just take it out on them . . . just like punishing them, doing things that hurt them . . .

HL: And when you start punishing them, what do you think inside?

Robert: I don't want to get like too close . . . 'cause I kind of like my biological mother.

HL: So if you really throw your cards in with your adoptive parents, and you allow yourself to love your adoptive parents, where you don't hold any more cards back, you say, 'Here are all my cards, I love you,' what happens to Thelma?

Robert: She gets left out. . . . I sort of get mad . . . 'cause I didn't like save a spot, I guess.

HL (very gently): And when you feel you haven't saved a spot for her, what do you do?

Robert (vigorously): Get a spot!

HL (with enjoyment): You get a spot, don't you? And how do you get your spot?

Robert: By acting up, so my adoptive parents don't like me.

[HL asks what Robert does once he has gotten the spot back by beating up on his adoptive parents.]

Robert: Then be good again.

HL: And what happens to that spot?

Robert: It goes gonzo!

A RECURRING THEME IN DISCUSSIONS OF ADOPTEE'S PROBLEMS IS THE PREVALENCE OF BEHAVIOR PATTERNS OFTEN LUMPED TOGETHER UNDER THE RUBRIC OF ATTENTION-DEFICIT HYPERACTIVITY DISORDER.

Robert was stating a theme that Leichtman finds pervasive in his conversations with traumatized adopted children: conflicting loyalties. "This is very different from testing," he says. "Kids test all the time, but it's not the same as the attachment-detachment process, when they act out these loyalty conflicts. I have another interesting boy whose mother was actually dead, and he had to protect the bonding to a dead person."

As Leichtman remembers Robert's fantasy of Thelma,

"She had this lovely house with a Pepsi machine at one end and a Coca-Cola machine at the other and a soft-ice-cream machine in the middle, with a hundred-yard football field as her back yard. He would have this all to himself, with the birth mother giving him a constant supply of quarters."

Robert and Leichtman reviewed the questions Robert would ask Thelma the next day: How do you feel on my birthday? Would you take me back again? And, as Leichtman put it, the question "that makes your head go *boingggg*"—Why did you send *me* away and not my brother? Leichtman told Robert that he had just learned what no one knew before: that ultimately Thelma gave up all her children. They talked about Robert's sadness, and

Isn't it time to stop and start cleaning up

SUPERFUND ISN'T WORKING.

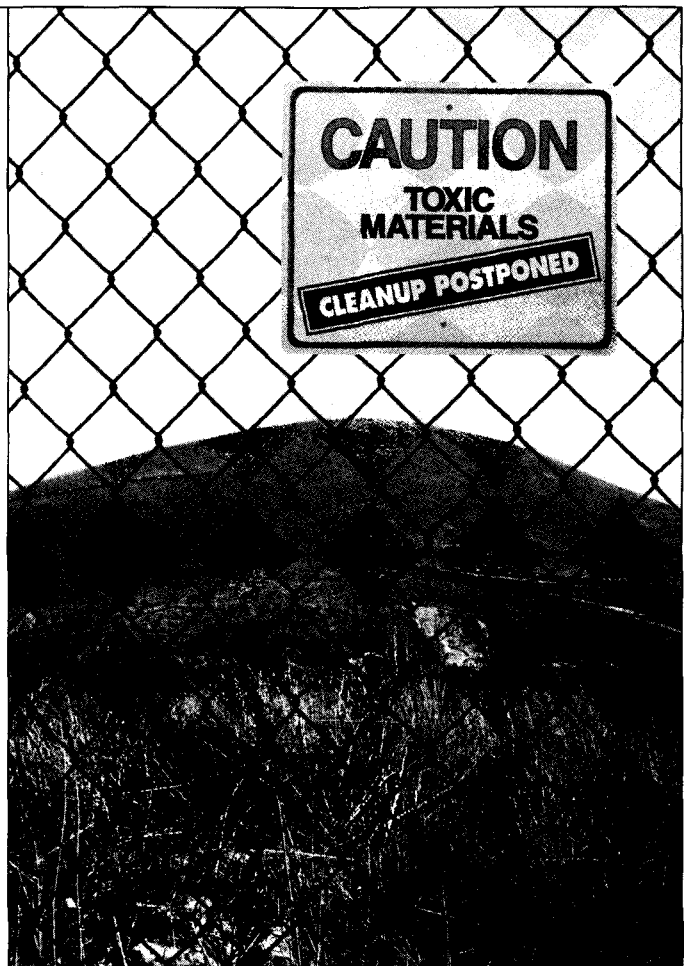
For more than a decade, the Federal Superfund program, designed to clean up America's waste sites, has been a gold mine for lawyers and consultants.

Billions have been spent on Superfund since 1980, but cleanup has been completed at fewer than 5 percent of the nation's 1,200 most dangerous waste sites.

Where has the money gone? An enormous amount has been spent arguing and litigating over who should pay for cleanup. When Congress created Superfund, it envisioned fast, efficient cleanups that would be funded by finding those responsible at each and every site and making them pay. While this sounds good in theory, in reality this approach has buried Congress's vision under an avalanche of litigation and expensive, lengthy negotiations.

WHAT WENT WRONG?

First, many sites were created by waste disposal that took place 20, 30 or 40 years ago, or even longer. This can make identifying everyone connected with a site—finding records to prove who has owned and operated it, who sent what waste, how much and where—expensive and time-consuming.



Second, Superfund holds anyone who has ever owned, used or transported waste to a site liable for the entire cost of cleanup, even if no laws were broken at the time and even if they contributed only a tiny fraction of the waste. This forces those identified at Superfund sites—whether they be large corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals,

p wasting millions America's waste sites?

universities or even individuals—to spend more time and money looking for others to share the costs.

With cleanup costs averaging \$26 million per site and some sites costing in the hundreds of millions, it's little wonder that organizations and private parties spend years in negotiations and litigation. In fact, at some sites, more money is spent on determining who will pay than on cleanup itself. This does a lot for lawyers and consultants but very little for the environment.

Even the Administrator of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) commented, "One of the sad truths about the program is that so much money has gone to people in three-piece suits and not moon suits."

IT'S TIME FOR SOMETHING BETTER: THE NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL TRUST FUND.

Superfund's goal of cleaning up the environment has been badly undercut by this fund-raising system. The result has been unacceptable delays in cleanup and enormous legal and other transaction costs paid for by government, the private sector and insurers. Isn't it time to stop this waste of resources and get on with cleaning up the environment?

At AIG, we think so. America needs a system to promote fast and efficient cleanup, reduce unnecessary legal fees, spread the cost of cleanup broadly, and encourage responsible waste management practices today.

To accomplish this, we have proposed creating the National Environmental Trust Fund (NETF). The NETF would be a special fund, like the National Highway Trust Fund, dedicated only to cleaning up old Superfund sites. It would be paid for by a broad range of businesses and organizations without regard to liability.

YOU CAN HELP.

We've waited long enough and spent far too much money in the courtrooms. We're urging the President and Congress to act now by creating the NETF to improve Superfund.

If you'd like more information about the National Environmental Trust Fund and what you can do about Superfund, please write Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

AIG World leaders in insurance
and financial services.

Leichtman told Robert that the next day they would have a wonderful opportunity to set the record straight, to understand things they hadn't understood for ten years. "No matter what happens," Leichtman said, "you can't make a mistake."

Leichtman also prepared Thelma, trying to impress on her the need to help Robert get on with his life. (Thelma had also met the Matteos.) She was an obese woman in her late thirties with dyed red hair; she looked frightened and sad, and her feet were fidgety. Leichtman was clearly Robert's advocate, although he was pleasant to Thelma. Her eyes glistened as he told her what to expect and said, once again, that "we can't make any mistakes"; Thelma, tearful, mouthed the proper phrases about loving Robert and wanting him to be happy.

For the meeting, at Thelma's house, Thelma had spruced up with a bright yellow blouse and hair ribbon. Conversation began with Robert's telling Thelma about his life, his interest in soccer and animals: Robert and his sister each had a kitten. "You like cats, huh?" Thelma said. "I just had two little kittens, but I gave them to the lady next door, because they're playful and scratch up my furniture and stuff." After this ironic bit of small talk, they moved toward meatier subjects, such as Robert's conflicting loyalties and why Thelma had relinquished Robert. Thelma claimed that Robert's stepfather drank and beat her up. She was afraid Robert would get hurt, and even her mother "hit kids with belts." The only solution was to call the welfare office and hand Robert over. Thelma had four other children, all living with her ex-husbands or their wives, because "I was depressed and on medicine, and it was really hard to handle them and raise them." Robert asked his questions, they agreed to remain in contact, and they exchanged presents: he gave her a Wediko sweatshirt, and she gave him a baseball glove, a gym bag, a birthday card, and the can of Pepsi sitting on the table as he left, which Robert said he would keep forever.

When Robert and Leichtman left Thelma's house, they went to Burger King for lunch. Then Robert vomited and had diarrhea in the car, and went back to Wediko and slept in Leichtman's cabin for many hours.

Shortly afterward, Leichtman went to see Thelma. His main purpose was to make a tape for Robert of "the things you most want him to know about and remember." I saw the tape of this visit. As they discussed the reunion, Leichtman said, "He holds on to this love for you with such ferociousness, almost to the exclusion of other things, like his schooling, his parents. And our goal is to see if we can make a big picture for him, keeping his love for you in place, that allows him to love his family and progress in school."

Thelma talked about her hope that Robert would lead a nice clean life, and admitted to wishing she could relive her own differently. Leichtman started to question her with increasing toughness and irritation, mainly to

have things spelled out for Robert, and perhaps also because therapists can't resist doing therapy. Thelma, it turns out, had been drinking and taking drugs a couple of years earlier, and had stolen \$2,000 for her current husband, whom she now intended to divorce for another man. "I get all these men who drink," she said, and who hit her "while they're drinking and while they're not drinking. . . it's like they're all alike." She was not at all insightful, and very passive. Leichtman established that Thelma's life was too unstable to accommodate Robert's returning, and ended with the hope that this reunion would boost her spirits. (On subsequent visits Leichtman learned that Thelma had married her latest violent boyfriend. When he saw her last, she was out of work, living in a tenement redolent of urine, and deploring the way she always got involved with the wrong people.)

Meanwhile, Robert, back at Wediko, was deeply depressed: he lost all interest in soccer and swimming and spent his time lying in bed and provoking his cabinmates. His manner on the first tape was utterly flat, and he claimed boredom, tossing off the reunion, in Leichtman's phrase, "as spare change." Leichtman went after him for disengaging, finally saying, "I have a hunch that if you really allowed yourself to think it through, you'd be so disappointed you wouldn't know what to do." As they began to watch the tape of the reunion, Robert looked increasingly tearful.

A year before the reunion, when Robert had been at his lowest ebb, Leichtman had used a controversial technique known variously as "rage therapy," "implosion," and "emotional flooding." A leading proponent of this technique is Foster Cline, of Evergreen Consultants in Human Behavior, in Evergreen, Colorado, a physician who specializes in treating severely disturbed children with attachment problems. Cline has written extensively on the theoretical basis for this technique; objections to it come from some psychodynamic therapists who say it's too confrontational or controlling, and some behaviorists who also note that it's unproved by acceptably structured clinical trials with control groups. In essence, Cline's version of this therapy involves holding the child and provoking him verbally and on occasion physically until he lets out the huge reserve of repressed rage that has governed his behavior (or paralyzed him). After the child achieves a catharsis, the therapist shows affection. Leichtman says that similar techniques have been used in Europe for bereaved patients who are unable to grieve. The process—which may last for several hours—suggests the way a plumber uses a snake to clean out a stopped-up sink.

In general Leichtman finds this technique of limited value and desirable only as a last resort in desperate times. "It's something you take out of your armamentarium when the child is absolutely frozen. It's very hard, very confronting, very taxing, not only on the child but on

Templeton Foreign Fund's Record

Illustration of an assumed investment of \$10,000
with income dividends reinvested and capital gains distributions accepted in shares

\$49,325

Total value of investment
12/31/91

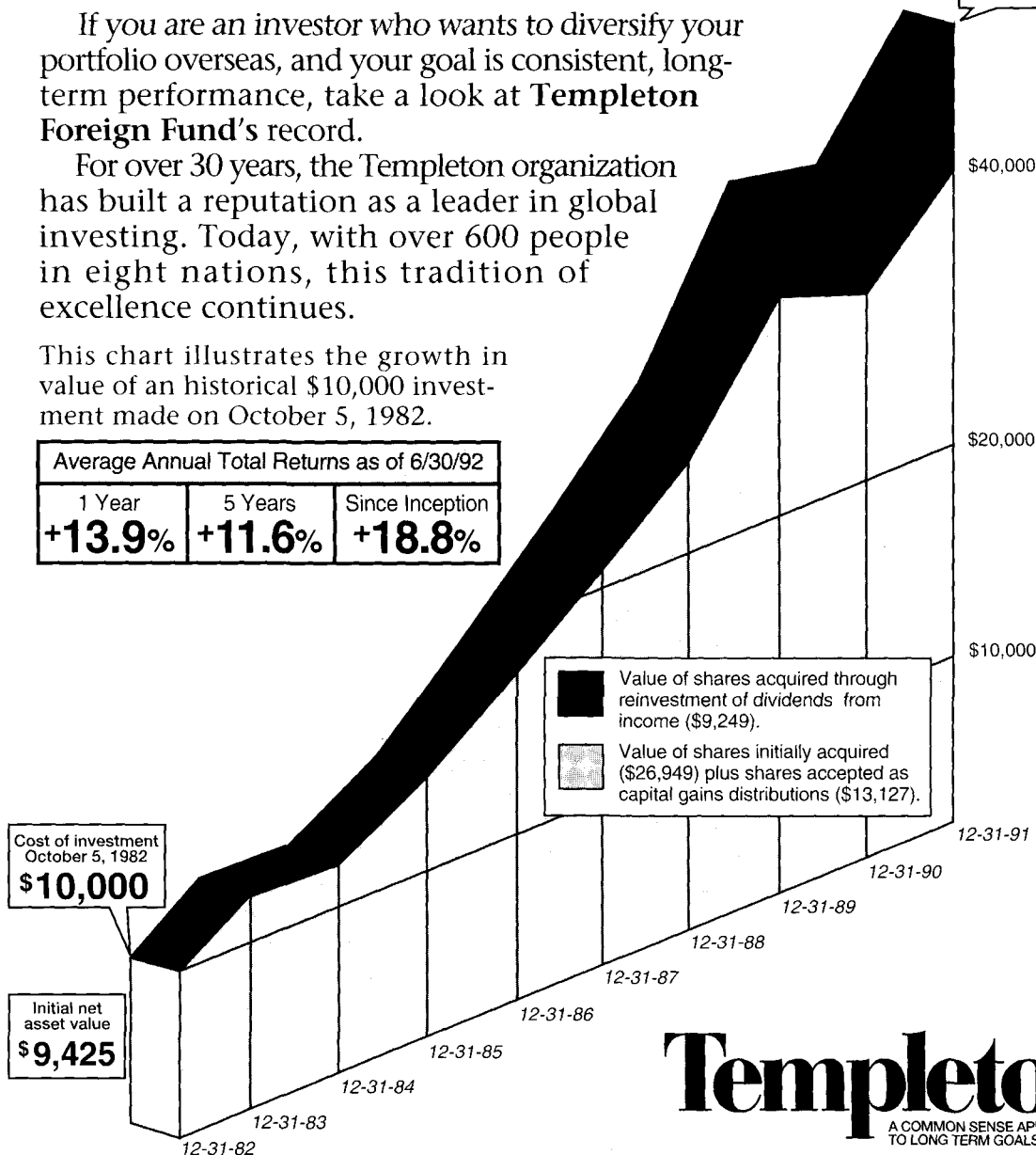
If you are an investor who wants to diversify your portfolio overseas, and your goal is consistent, long-term performance, take a look at **Templeton Foreign Fund's** record.

For over 30 years, the Templeton organization has built a reputation as a leader in global investing. Today, with over 600 people in eight nations, this tradition of excellence continues.

This chart illustrates the growth in value of an historical \$10,000 investment made on October 5, 1982.

Average Annual Total Returns as of 6/30/92

1 Year	5 Years	Since Inception
+13.9%	+11.6%	+18.8%



Templeton
A COMMON SENSE APPROACH
TO LONG TERM GOALS

24 Hours 1-800-325-9950 Ext. 375

You will receive a prospectus containing more complete information, including all charges and expenses. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. ¹Performance results include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains, and the effect of the Fund's maximum 5.75% sales charge. The investment return and principal value of an investment will fluctuate so that an investor's shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their initial cost. Past performance is no guarantee of future results. There are special risk considerations associated with foreign investing.

Templeton Funds Distributor, Inc., P.O. Box 33030, St. Petersburg, FL 33733

the clinician. We'd done a major emotional flooding a year before the reunion, with the Matteos watching. Robert was able to release his anger, but, as is often the case, the relief was momentary. It lasts about a month, and the anger reaccumulates. You always have to suture this affective experience with the child's behavior."

I watched the tape of Robert Matteo's second implosion, a week or so after the reunion, when Leichtman and the Matteos felt the boy had completely shut down. It was harrowing. Robert looked very small, wedged in between Leichtman and Tom Hays, who were trying, in a Pinteresque manner, to get him roiled up, confronting him with his behavior and his evasiveness about the reunion. Robert answered most questions with a shrug and "I don't know," and Leichtman suggested that Robert, who now confessed to thinking about Thelma "half the day," wanted to go back and take care of her. Robert agreed that he could remind her to take her medicine and go to work and could "counsel her" if her boyfriend got violent. Through all this Robert was fiddling with his T-shirt, twisting it up around his neck and chewing on it.

Leichtman—whose manner with kids is normally empathetic and humorous—did a brutal imitation of Thelma and her drunken boyfriend, reminding Robert of the impracticality of a twelve-year-old boy's parenting a weak, whining, dissipated woman ("a big, overgrown baby," as Leichtman put it) and of Thelma's ill treatment of Robert during his infancy.

Robert did not achieve catharsis in this session. Two more sessions released some feelings, but "Robert really never let go with us," Leichtman says, "and we decided we would bring the procedure to a halt." At this point, however, the boy was functioning again: they had achieved a sort of emotional jump start. What proved much more effective was the videotape of the reunion. "The procedure we established," Leichtman says, "was that every time Robert got angry out of context, he and his parents would sit there and watch the video. They watched it six to ten times a month for eight months. Implosion always needs a follow-up."

Frank Matteo says, "While he was watching, I could talk to him about it. Every time Robert would watch the tape, he would find out something different that he'd missed. One time he said to me, 'You know, Dad, she lied to me a lot.'"

Robert—whose periods of successful functioning have been progressively longer—and Leichtman wound up their talk therapy a year after the reunion. In the fall and winter Robert receives imipramine to help him sleep, and two hours of light therapy daily to treat the seasonal affective disorder; he's had a successful stay at an ordinary summer camp. When I met Robert, he showed a realistic perspective on Thelma and a slightly spooky precocity about psychological problems—"the way cancer patients have all this medical knowledge," Leichtman says. The

Matteos do feel that his adolescent rebelliousness is stormier than most kids'. But Leichtman believes that Robert, although he'll need touch-up therapy throughout his life, will be able to hold a job, marry, have children, and not perpetuate the cycle of abuse and neglect from which he suffered in Thelma's care. "These kids are capable of functional, adaptive, purposeful lives in which they can make contributions to society," he says. "Our goal is that they will never do to their children what was done to them."

Although a child's temperament and constitution affect the way trauma will be played out, Leichtman says, many parents who adopt traumatized children are essentially turning their homes into a therapeutic milieu. Rearing these children requires a set of skills beyond those normally expected of parents, and parents should not expect their affection to be returned in the normal way. The children's multiple problems require a complicated, long-term treatment plan; Robert and Harold, for example, have received medication, many years of individual outpatient psychotherapy, family-systems therapy, and residential treatment. The parents risk emotional and financial disaster: marriages sometimes break up, and in addition to paying for services not funded by insurance or the government, parents lose considerable work time. Children whose parents are at work may need supervision to a fairly advanced age, and destructive children will incur expenses that are probably relatively minor but are surely demoralizing.

"There's still a lot of denial about the effects of early trauma, and consequently a lot of blaming the adoptive parents," says Lauren Frey, the post-adoptive-services coordinator at Project Impact. "We typically try to look at adoption as an exit service for kids. You get adopted, and 'See you later.' We don't want to pay for the ordeals after this, because we believe adoption is going to cure you. We need more of a view that adoption is one intervention in the life of a child, the first of many that will have to take place."

Most states offer some subsidies for the adoption of special-needs children, subsidies that are partly reimbursed by the federal government. In general, adoption subsidies don't exceed foster-care payments, and tend to be less. Richard Barth and Marianne Berry report in *Adoption and Disruption* that the average adoption subsidy in California in 1986 was \$3,264 a year.

Frey explains the subsidies in Massachusetts: "The amount is different for every child. The state adoption-subsidy administrator uses a formula to determine eligibility and to define the child's special needs. It's tougher to get an adoption subsidy for children with emotional-behavioral needs, because their requirements are not as concrete as developmentally disabled kids'." Subsidies may or may not include Medicaid coverage, which in any case pays for only a limited amount of outpatient therapy. Parents might or might not be reimbursed for

HUMANITY'S MOST INFLUENTIAL INVENTION

From the first crude scratchings on a clay tablet made some 6,000 years ago...to the most compelling works of today...books have always held the power to instruct and delight, explain and justify, travel through the past and into the future. Now, the Smithsonian brings you a celebration of books in a gloriously illustrated, 320-page account of the written and printed word called...

The Smithsonian Book of Books

A work of art in itself, *Book of Books* is 9-1/4" x 11-1/8" in size, and filled with lively text and glorious illustrations (more than 250 pictures in full, brilliant color). Expert photographers have captured rare collections, handsome libraries, unusual bindings, and spectacular manuscripts from around the world.

In its pages, author Michael Olmert lets you...

❖ See how scribes once wrote on papyrus made of marsh reeds, or chiseled their thoughts into stone and clay.

❖ Look into the workshops of early printers, including that of Johannes Gutenberg of Mainz, who printed his Bible in the 1450's using movable type (a revolutionary invention that changed the course of history).

❖ Discover the overwhelming power of the written word to influence social change. Books have moved people to revolution, reform, and realization.

❖ Learn how books are created by the craftspeople who develop them, using enduring paper, elegant type, and efficient presses.

Uncover the history, fascination, and artistry of books with *The Smithsonian Book of Books*.

Call Toll-Free: 1-800-336-5221

Yes, please send my personal copy of *The Smithsonian Book of Books* at the special price of \$41.96 (\$37.96 for Smithsonian Associates) plus \$4.33 postage and handling. I understand that I may examine my copy for 10 days free without any obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ I am a Smithsonian Associate.

To order, call TOLL-FREE: 1-800-336-5221 (credit card orders only) or mail this coupon to: Smithsonian Books, P. O. Box 2121, Colchester, VT 05449-2121.

Smithsonian Books

code: ZBBABC

work time lost while participating in their children's therapy.

Leichtman takes Medicaid in his clinical practice, and is one of the few experts on adoption problems to do so. "A psychiatric hospital would have to take Medicaid," Frey says. "But it's become much more difficult to get Medicaid beds for children unless the state Department of Mental Health gets involved: this means taking the child to a pre-screening crisis-intake session at the DMH." However, a child sometimes has an emergency need for psychiatric hospitalization, and families under heavy stress may have to decide on a Friday night, when state offices have closed for the weekend, on courses of action that may cost thousands of dollars. As for private health insurance, six weeks of diagnostic observation at a psychiatric hospital used up one Wediko boy's lifetime Blue Cross Blue Shield mental-health benefits. David Brodzinsky, of Rutgers, has treated families whose insurance did not cover fees of \$30,000 to \$100,000 a year for residential treatment. Though they maintained contact with the child, the families were obliged to sever their legal relationship, thus making their child once again a ward of the state.

Fees for a residential treatment center like Wediko might be split between the Department of Social Services and the Education Department (several Wediko families pointed out that this is an incentive for schools to play down a child's problems).

Finally, Frey says, "You need to apply for an adoption subsidy prior to legally adopting your child. We've advocated successfully for families when the child's needs changed, but it depends on the budget and good will of the administrator."

Massachusetts is not unique in sealing all records once an adoption is made final. What this means is that parents who haven't had (or taken) the opportunity to read the case file will not, without a court procedure, be able to find out many details about the genetic history of any condition the child may develop later.

Sealed or incomplete records have resulted in lawsuits in several states, in which adoptive parents, claiming that information about previous abuse or ill health of their

children was not disclosed to them, have sought post-adoptive services, monetary damages, or termination. Neil Cogan, a professor of constitutional law at Southern Methodist University, in Dallas, began one case in federal court by asserting, on behalf of several adopted children, a violation of due process. When this suit lost, he and the parents initiated tort and contract-violation suits, which are still pending; at the same time, he was able to help draft a state law requiring full disclosure of all information that would not identify the parents and providing for post-adoptive services (a \$6 million appropriation over two years, covering support groups, parenting programs, therapeutic testing and counseling, respite care, and residential treatment), which the Texas legislature passed. To receive post-adoptive services in Texas, however, children have to have been wards of that state.

**REARING THESE
TRAUMATIZED
CHILDREN REQUIRES
A SET OF SKILLS
BEYOND THOSE THAT
ARE NORMALLY EXPECTED
OF PARENTS,
AND PARENTS
SHOULD NOT EXPECT
THAT THEIR
AFFECTION WILL BE
RETURNED IN
THE NORMAL WAY.**

THE MOST ENLIGHTENED STATE ADOPTIVE-SERVICES policies at the moment are those of New Jersey. "I used to believe that every child is adoptable," says Rose Zeltser, the acting regional administrator for adoption field operations, who supervises the state's adoption program. "I still think every child deserves the opportunity for adoption and should be assessed for whether they can live in a family. But some kids we've tried in families cannot deal with the intimacy and the divided loyalty, because they've been too damaged by their early experience. It's not fair to the adoptive family or the child to continue the process if the child cannot live in a family setting.

"Institutional care is not an answer for these kids either. They've got to go out in society. You have to teach them how to get control over the rage they feel, express it, get it out, so they don't need to turn it on every adult they come in contact with. For the past several years we've been developing group homes for children prior to placement, because they're so detached that they do not have the capacity to stay in families. These are little kids between the ages of five and twelve. They get intensive milieu therapy before we place them for adoption.

"Traditional therapists did not know how to deal with some of the adoption issues. They tended either to blame the child or blame the family. The whole theory of separation and attachment has to be understood, so when you see the behavior the child is exhibiting, you can help the parent back off from it and start asking, 'Is this me or is this the birth mother?' So we realized if we were going to avoid disruption, we had to offer families support. The beginning of post-adoptive services in New Jersey came at a time when the state had a fiscal surplus and talk began about prevention services for child welfare. People believed the argument that in the long run you're saving money." In 1991 New Jersey's post-adoptive program served 1,250 clients for \$560,000.

"Today when we're placing a high-risk child, the family has to agree to get involved with the counseling ser-

vice right away," Zeltser says. "We're saying that whenever any family adds a child you have a readjustment of the family dynamics, and the kids we are adding have a history. The occurrence of problems is normal. We tell the adoptive parents that we don't know about all the things that probably happened to the child: kids trying to survive in foster care learn to cover up. This child may come into your home and, once he trusts you, share a lot of information with you that may scare you. You need to know you have somebody to talk to. Then the family knows who to call when they see a problem, instead of waiting for a crisis." The state also sends therapists out to adoptive homes for intensive crisis counseling.

New Jersey's pre-placement program is small: it consists of three group homes, each accommodating eight children for an average stay of a year and a half. Most residential programs, Zeltser points out, take a behavior-modification approach that doesn't deal with the emotional problems that bring children into care. The therapeutic approach in the New Jersey group homes is modeled after Forest Heights Lodge, in Evergreen, Colorado, a milieu for boys which resembles Wediko in its joining of emotional and behavioral therapy. For example, staff members are being trained at Forest Heights in attachment-holding therapy, a gentler spinoff of the rage therapy of Foster Cline, with whom the director of Forest Heights used to work. The home I saw, which has been open for four years, is a white clapboard house with a picket fence and cheerfully decorated rooms which might serve as a sitcom set. The regime eschews junk food and TV, and the kids go to plays and concerts and are often read to.

When a child appears ready for placement and is matched with a possible family, the family is asked to volunteer at the home for six months under deep cover: since husbands and wives who worked together would instantly be spotted by the children, they come separately. "They can observe the child's behavior and how the staff handles the child," says Grace W. Sisto, the executive director of the Children's Aid and Adoption Society of New Jersey, which runs the home. "So many people who profess to want to adopt have really no understanding of what they're going to deal with. They're there when the kids are having a fit and when they're well behaved."

CLEARLY, TOO FEW PEOPLE SPEAK HONESTLY ABOUT adoption in the United States, and wishful thinking in the adoption world has caused parents and children considerable grief. Perhaps adoption agencies and others who wish to promote the institution fear that parents who hear too many negatives will not adopt, and in some cases that will certainly be true. But several families I interviewed who had taken on very difficult children (the Matteos, for example) went on to adopt again (and the second child proved to have a sturdier temperament). "People who adopt special-needs children really

are taking on a lifelong task that will require many more types of services than infant adoptions do," David Brodzinsky says. "Yet you'll hear time and time again that despite the complexity it's often a very rewarding experience. If they measure progress not in leaps and bounds but in small steps, they get tremendous satisfaction." Some parents—generally those who seem to feel a calling—will not be deterred by a strong dose of truth, and the children will benefit from the more perceptive handling they'll receive. Other adults will go home childless, and that may be better for everybody.

Innumerable improvements in child-welfare, mental-health, and education policy should flow from an honest approach to adoption. For example, parents who take on special-needs children should not have to fight schools, mental-health institutions, and social-welfare agencies for credibility, and government policy should seek to make their arduous job easier. Children who languish or shuttle back and forth in foster care develop layer upon layer of serious problems. Thus agencies and judges should be more efficient in deciding whether children's birth families are competent to rear them, and if they decide in favor of the birth family, services to shore that family up should be readily forthcoming, so that the child doesn't bounce right back into foster care. Furthermore, new techniques of psychotherapy for traumatized children need to be studied and appraised, to determine which ones work.

Infant adoption, which carries complexities of its own, should not be touted as the ideal solution to unwanted pregnancies (birth mothers grieve for their relinquished babies). Once children who cannot be reared by their biological parents are born, however, they will not go away, and the state will pay either for post-adoptive services now or for shelters and prisons later. As Goldstein, Solnit, and Freud wrote back in 1973, "Each time the cycle of grossly inadequate parent-child relationships is broken, society stands to gain a person capable of becoming an adequate parent for children of the future."

To assume that legions of saintly folk are waiting to adopt the growing number of difficult children who will need substitute care seems foolhardy. Moreover, some children turn out to be simply too badly damaged to adapt successfully to family life. No one would now suggest that old-style orphanages are conducive to restoring children's mental health, but a logical alternative might be small group homes in which a few children live with a couple of trained child-care workers who don't pretend to be Mommy and Daddy; thus the child needn't struggle with an intense relationship that may lead to intolerable loyalty conflicts. Another version of this arrangement is what Leichtman calls a friendship family: ten or twelve kids live in a permanent relationship with Mary and John, their adult friends. These alternatives need more thorough research. Not all children thrive in traditional nuclear families, and an honest view of adoption difficulties dictates that we now explore other options. □

A Short Story



Make Me Work

by Ralph Lombreglia

THE PINK VANITY MIRROR IN ANTHONY'S hand was like the one that enchanted princesses always have, the long-handled oval glass they consult to learn their fortunes. He was supposed to be using it to examine the back of his head; instead, he was turning it this way and that, trying to get the big picture from the wall mirror behind him. Nuong, the owner of Shear Satisfaction, appeared in this panorama in her blue smock and black leggings, a plummy color on her lips, her own hair a flawless black helmet. Anthony was enthroned in her chair, encased in a robin's-egg-blue cone from which his head emerged in ruthless relief. The rest of him seemed not to be there. To his right and left other people sat beneath pastel capes, and their nether parts also seemed to have disappeared. That was the point. The head was what concerned the denizens of this place, only the head, and the reflected scene told you so instantly, the way fairy tales told you things. In Anthony's mind the mirror spoke with Nuong's Vietnamese voice. *Leave heart at home, it said. Matters of head handled here.*

"Flying!" said Nuong herself, lifting Anthony's long hair and tossing it into the air. "Poof!" she exclaimed at the penumbra of fluff that floated back to his shoulders.

"Flyaway," Anthony said, helping her. "I have flyaway hair."

"Flying away!" Nuong affirmed, making her hands into birds flapping skyward. "Wispy! No good! Must cut!" It was a time when formidable men wore ponytails—pigtails at the very least—but today, after ministering to Anthony's hair for two years, Nuong was saying that his fine-textured tresses had become too thin to be worn in any kind of tail any longer.

She brought her pretty face close to his. "Fact of reality, Anything," she said in commiseration (that was how she pronounced his name), and then, holding her index fingers apart to show the length, she said, "I cut this much, okay?"

"That much, Nuong! But that's all there is!"

"Not healthy!" Nuong said. "Must go!" she declared,

and scissors magically appeared in her hand, their silver blades already lunging toward the definitive outward sign of Anthony's remaining youth and hipness. He was an interesting, creative guy, a sound man for TV and films, but after Nuong was done, how would soulful single women know that? How would those rare creatures tell him from the good corporate citizens gripping Cambridge and Boston like a chest infection?

"Don't do it!" he cried out.

Nuong jumped back in surprise. Up and down the sweeping mural of the mirror, disembodied heads swiveled to look at him.

"Let me think about it for a minute, okay?"

"Think?"

"Yes, think, Nuong. Maybe, you know . . . say good-bye."

"Oh! Good-bye! Sorry!" She laughed, and went off to check on a woman whose hair resembled, in its slick coat of red gel, the vital organs of a large animal.

Anthony looked into his pink hand mirror again. Nuong had his chair angled in such a way that he could see part of the street in the big mirror behind him. A college kid

was skating across the four lanes of Mass. Ave. on Day-Glo-blue Rollerblades, wearing electric-camouflage harem pants and a red T-shirt barking MAKE ME WORK in big green letters. He was bullfighting the

cars, dancing with them to whatever he had on his CD player, its wires going into his head. In the present epoch kids like this were Republicans—hard to believe, until you talked to them. This one would make a fascinating corpse when he finally screwed up, but until then he was having a wonderful time. What kind of corpse would Anthony make, he wondered. He was thirty-nine years old, and lately envied the lives of surf bums and fraternity boys. Struck down today by a runaway truck, would his dying thought be "Why didn't I party more?"

The kid leaped onto the sidewalk and coasted to the door of Shear Satisfaction. He was coming in for a haircut, or for something—"haircut" not really covering the situa-

*He'd been at Woodstock, had stolen
a woman from his best friend, and was
now about to lose the definitive
outward sign of his remaining youth*



tion on his head, which was dead-white and shoulder-length on the left, shoe-polish-black and buzzed to an inch or so on the right, with purple highlights like fake gorilla fur. The hieroglyphs carved into the black side were growing back. Maybe that was why he was here—to have his hieroglyphs repaired. Anthony lowered his mirror to check the kid out as he skated through the shop. The kid checked Anthony out too, with obvious contempt.

I was at Woodstock, dude! Anthony said in his mind to the kid. *That's right! Me! The old guy having his tail chopped off! I was there in the mud when it really happened, young cock! Not like this jive you punks are into!*

He raised his mirror to look at the street again. A black

Alfa Romeo had parked in front of the shop. When the driver got out, a spear of ice entered Anthony's heart. It was, unbelievably, a man named Robert, who'd been Anthony's best friend nearly a decade ago, until Anthony had started sleeping with Robert's girlfriend, Sarah.

ANTHONY SLID DOWN IN HIS CHAIR AND HID HIS face behind the mirror. He had to brace his arm against the chair to keep it from shaking. His day had finally come. After stealing Sarah from Robert, he'd avoided his former friend, and not long after that Robert had left town. In all these years Anthony had never seen him again.

Nuong reappeared beside his chair. "Say good-bye yet?"

He couldn't remember what she was talking about. In Anthony's six years with Sarah, Robert had rarely crossed his mind; the knife he'd put in his best friend's back had somehow entered his own brain as well, severing all memories of the man. But Sarah had left more than two years ago, and now Robert often popped into consciousness like a martyred saint, cloaked in the shimmering raiment of betrayal.

"We cut, yes?" said Nuong, tugging on Anthony's failing hair.

"Let me think a little more, Nuong. Please."

"Think more, Anything? You think so much! Maybe go home and think, okay?" she said, reaching to unfasten his cape.

"No, Nuong! Just another minute!" he whispered as Robert, in the mirror behind him, made straight for his chair. He had a gorgeous head of wavy brown hair—hadn't lost a strand in all these years. What was it like for Nuong to work with hair like that? Wouldn't such hair be the Venetian light of her craft, her Stradivarius, the ultimate engagement of her special gifts? Anthony saw that he'd never been more than hackwork for her.

"Oh, hi!" Nuong said to Robert.

Robert ran a hand through his flourishing locks. "Big meeting this afternoon, Nuong. Do I look okay?"

"Need trim," Nuong said.

"How soon till you're done with this one?" he said, and glanced into the big mirror where Anthony's reflected face floated cameolike in an oval frame. Somewhere, someplace, Anthony had seen the smile that bloomed across Robert's features now.

"Can it be?" Robert said. "Is it possible?" He put a finger on Anthony's mirror and pushed it aside, as though setting back the hand of a clock. "Nuong! Do you know who this is?"

"It's Anything," she said. "You know Robert?" she asked Anthony.

Yes, Anthony said, but no sound came out. Instead, the smile came to him: Orson Welles in *The Third Man*, toying with Joseph Cotten on the Ferris wheel.

Nuong tried Robert. "You know Anything?"

"Oh, yes," Robert said. "Yes, indeed. I know Anything very well." He crouched down and clapped his hand on Anthony's knee through the barber's cape. "Anything! It's so great to see you! How have you *been*, old pal?"

"*Been all right*," Anthony said, sounding like a flying insect in a paper bag. His voice box had filled up with used motor oil. "*And yourself?*"

"*Oh, very well*," Robert said, imitating the sound Anthony was making. He straightened up. "Anything is a dear old friend of mine, Nuong."

"Oh! I never know!"

Robert circumnavigated the barber chair. "You've kept your long hair all this time, Anything," he said. "You used

to have so much more of it, though. You're thinning out quite dramatically on top, old friend. I'm sorry to say it doesn't look very good worn at this length." He turned to Anthony's stylist. "What do you think, Nuong?"

"I tell him same thing!" she said.

"Is Anything a Shear Satisfaction regular?" Robert asked her. "A steady customer of our humble enterprise?"

"Good customer," she answered, nodding her head.

The sludge drained from Anthony's vocal chords. "Our humble enterprise," he repeated, looking back and forth between them.

Nuong smiled shyly and took Robert's arm. "My husband," she said.

A ROBIN'S-EGG-BLUE BARBER'S CAPE IS STRANGELY like a force field from science fiction. Someone in charge must lift it from your body before you can move. Anthony sat without arms or the power to leave his chair, his head laid bare like a monkey offering its brains for supper. The monkey had it better.

Robert spoke to Nuong in a foreign language.

"You speak Vietnamese now?" Anthony said.

"I married a woman from Vietnam. I wouldn't bother to learn her tongue?"

"It's rude to speak a language when someone can't understand it."

"Bad habit we have."

"What were you saying?"

"I was offering Nuong the male perspective on your situation."

Perspective, Anthony thought, as Nuong gathered his hair in her hands. He'd recently done the sound for a nature film, yet another documentary about eagles and hawks. The public appetite for predation was apparently insatiable. Like all such films, this one had been told from the predator's point of view. But what about the point of view of the prey? he wondered now. What about the rabbits and rodents into whose lives those raptors plummeted like hydrogen bombs? Wasn't their story interesting? Wasn't it noble? So why did no one ever tell it? He heard a metallic whisper behind him, like a closing door. When Robert stepped into view, he had a ponytail in his hand.

Anthony marveled at how recognizable it was, even apart from his head. Seeing his ponytail was like an out-of-body experience. It was he, but it was over there. "Put it back!" he told Robert.

Robert chuckled through his teeth. "Wonderful," he said.

"What?"

"I said, I'm afraid that won't be possible." He started playing a rhythm against his palm with Anthony's hair, the way a drummer brushes a snare. It seemed complex and Latin—a samba or a cha-cha.

SPANISH
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$265.00

FRENCH
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$265.00

GERMAN
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$265.00

ITALIAN
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$265.00

JAPANESE
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$285.00

**Mandarin
CHINESE**
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$285.00

RUSSIAN
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$285.00

**Brazilian
PORTUGUESE**
30 Cassettes
+ Triple Bonus
\$265.00

Learn Foreign Languages... Incredibly Fast!

Conversing in a foreign language is a major social and business asset...and brings new life to the worlds of travel, entertainment, and relationships. The technique of *accelerated learning*, as conveyed by these proven foreign language courses, allows anyone to comfortably converse in a new language within 30 days.

Accelerated learning, developed by famed learning expert **Dr. Georgi Lozanov**, is based on the premise of involving both hemispheres of the brain in the education process. The analytical or logical left side of the brain, when properly activated with the musical or artistic right

side of the brain, both increases the speed and heightens the retention of learning. Utilizing these untapped mental capacities of your learning ability is the basis of this unique, highly effective course.

You will learn the language as stresslessly as a child does, by hearing new vocabulary and phrases in alternately loud, whispered, and emphatic intonations, all accompanied by slow rhythmic music in digital stereo. This perfect combination of music and words allow the two halves of the brain to work together to dramatically facilitate your assimilation of the new language.

The first 15 (memory) tapes of this 30-tape package help activate the learning capacities of the brain. The second 15 (study) tapes are the very same tried and proven tapes used by the **Foreign Service Institute** to train career diplomats. This marriage of two concepts literally gives you two courses in one, providing the best of both worlds in language instruction.

Best Value! With a total of 32 cassettes plus study materials, this program represents the best

value available today in language instruction. Compared to other programs, the **Accelerated Learning Series** outperforms them with twice the audio and 20 times the study material.

To correctly converse in a foreign language, you must understand the meanings and intent of the native speaker. If, after 30 days of listening to the study and memory tapes, you are not comfortably understanding and conversing in your new language, return them for a full refund.

TO ORDER: Phone or send your check, money order or Inst. P.O.

TOLL-FREE 24 HRS: VISA · M/C

1-800-85-AUDIO

Rush Orders PHONE 9-5 PDT:

1-818-799-9000

You may FAX your credit card order or company P.O. to:

1-818-792-7815

INTERNATIONAL ORDERING INFORMATION

"New!" Now, for your ordering convenience, you may call our order desk toll-free 24 hours a day from any of the following countries via **AT&T International 800 Service**.

BELGIUM	11-6599	NETHERLAND	06-022-4612
DENMARK	8001-0578	SINGAPORE	800-1625
FRANCE	05-90-1368	SPAIN	900-98-1120
GERMANY	0130-81-1139	SWEDEN	020-793-626
ITALY	1678-70-179	SWITZ	046-05-9632
JAPAN	0031-11-1907	UK	0800-89-7452

"American Managers with Language Skills Open More Doors"

Wall Street Journal Editorial

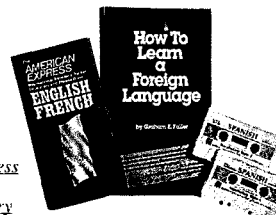
"Company and marketing executives will find after 1992 that it is a handicap not to be fairly conversant with at least one other major European language - and preferably two or three..."

-The London Times

Triple Bonus !!

You'll also receive:

- Two 90-minute Vocabulary Tapes
- The 100-page *How To Learn A Foreign Language*
- The *American Express International Traveler's Dictionary*



Memory Tapes

Study Tapes



- ☐ FRENCH \$265.00
- ☐ SPANISH \$265.00
- ☐ GERMAN \$265.00
- ☐ ITALIAN \$265.00
- ☐ PORTUGUESE (Brazilian) \$265.00
- ☐ JAPANESE \$285.00
- ☐ RUSSIAN \$285.00
- ☐ CHINESE (Mandarin) \$285.00

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Credit Card No. Exp. _____

Signature (Card Orders Only)

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Need It Tomorrow? Ask Operator for Express Service



Or Write To:
PROFESSIONAL CASSETTE CENTER
408 SOUTH PASADENA AVENUE
SUITE 4 DEPARTMENT ATL
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA 91105 U.S.A.

Please add \$11.00 shipping & handling
California residents add 8 1/4% sales tax.
All Funds Payable in U.S. Dollars

¡Tambien tenemos cursos para aprender ingles!
Llame o escribanos para los detalles.

If you've ever thought...

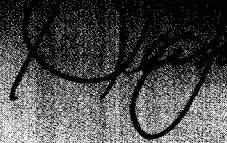
"OUR 22 YEARS OF PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE STACK THE ODDS IN YOUR FAVOR."

"I'll swear on a stack of our own publications, we can produce a better company magazine for you. We'll do it all from scratch. Or help you cut costs on your current publication, without sacrificing quality. In fact, you'll more than likely see a marked overall improvement.

Our confidence stems from 22 years of experience in producing award-winning publications for a wide range of companies, including Delta Air Lines, Sheraton, USAir, Howard Johnson, Butler Aviation, Preferred Traveler and Northwest Airlines, to name but a few.

The point is, in these trying times for publishers, when even the best are fearful, faltering or failing, you can lean on our experience at any production level you choose. Our involvement can be total, or we'll work with you on a consultant basis.

Let's face it, deciding to publish a company magazine —*any* magazine—is a big step. And, needless to say, a costly one. With so much at stake, it makes sense to stack the odds in your favor and put our hard-earned expertise to use. At the very least, it's well worth a few minutes of your time to give me a call and talk things over. Or clip your business card to this ad and mail it today. Because tomorrow you could be over budget!"



Seymour Gerber
Founder and President
Halsey Publishing Co.

hp 600 Corporate Drive, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33334
Toll-free (800) 523-6809; Tel: (305) 776-0066; Fax: (305) 493-8887

The stacked volumes represent a portion of Halsey Publishing Company's production of corporate and in-flight magazines over the past two decades.

Anthony raised his mirror to see the back of his head. He had the soup-bowl cut worn by deranged men in the street.

"Not finished!" Nuong exclaimed, taking the mirror away. "Not to see yet!" she said, and began her hypnotic lifting and snipping.

"So tell me, Anything," Robert said after a moment. "How's Sarah?"

Anthony jerked his head and Nuong's scissors pierced his ear.

"Anything!" Nuong cried. "Sorry! Not move when cutting hair!" She was nearly weeping with distress, frantically dabbing the side of Anthony's head with a towel.

"Nuong, get some bandages from the back," Robert said.

She ran off to do that. Robert folded the bloody towel into a pad, poured witch hazel on it, and put it against Anthony's ear. It stung wickedly. "It's nothing," Robert said. "A scratch. Problem is, this part of the ear is a fairly vascular area. Unlike the lobe. Have you ever considered an earring, by the way?"

"No."

"It might offset the disadvantage on top. Hold this for me, will you?"

Anthony held the towel against his ear. Slowly, lightly, Robert began massaging his shoulders.

"I have no idea how Sarah is, and you know it," Anthony said.

"I know nothing of the kind," Robert replied, amusement taking flight from his voice like the hawk that Anthony's film crew had startled off its prey. The bunny remained on the ground, mauled but alive. "You and Sarah aren't together anymore? When did that happen?"

"Two years ago."

"You stayed together that long!"

"A second ago you were surprised we weren't together now."

"Are you with somebody else?"

"I have dates."

"Dates!" Robert seemed to marvel over the concept. "But no Ms. Right?"

"Not yet," Anthony said. At the moment he had a bad crush on an assistant director he'd met doing a toothpaste commercial, a dirty-blond from Santa Monica who wore denim shorts and hiking boots on the set and barked directions at everybody through a bullhorn. She could bark anything she wanted at Anthony, but all she'd ever told him was to get his shadow out of the shot.

His entire career consisted of concealing all evidence of himself. In a perfect job, Anthony was the man who wasn't there.

"So who left whom?" Robert asked.

"It wasn't that simple."

"Nonsense, Anything. Of course it was."

"She left me."

"For another guy?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. Happy now?"

"On the contrary. I'm sad. The leopard never changes her spots, does she?" He massaged more deeply. "She'd done that before, you know."

"I know, Robert."

Nuong returned with gauze and adhesive tape. She and her husband bandaged Anthony up. "You look like Van Gogh now," Robert said when they were done. "Women will love that."

Nuong spun Anthony around. His right ear was a big white nodule on his head. The right shoulder of his cape was spattered with blood. His ponytail dangled from the breast pocket of Robert's suit like the tassel on a Shriner's fez.

"Why don't you just stick a scissors in my throat and get it over with?" he said.

Nuong backed away in alarm, but Robert strolled calmly around the chair, musing on his old lost friend, biting his lower lip reflectively. "The haircut's too bourgeois, isn't it?"

In protest, Anthony averted his face. His gaze fell on the kid with the skates. The kid was in one of the shampooing chairs at the rear of the shop, having his head prepped behind a portable room divider. All Anthony could see were the Rollerbladed feet and the freaky ballooning pants. The feet wiggled like giant tropical fish to the jive on his CD machine.

Robert saw Anthony looking and ambled over for a look himself; then he returned, speaking more Vietnamese to Nuong. She answered with sounds like small birds escaping her mouth. They cackled like this for a minute—the male bird and the female bird tweeting and hopping and nipping each other's breasts.

This vignette of their coupling evoked one from Anthony's life, an incident that occurred not long before Sarah broke up with him. He had come home late one night from a difficult shoot, and knocked over a table lamp as he entered their room. Sarah shot up in bed and screamed, "I feel like a big onion!" and then fell back into deepest slumber. Anthony, who'd been exhausted, lay awake half the night. He never mentioned the remark, but after she left, it became the crucial detail, the emblematic, haunting thing. What had it meant? That her life with him was smelly? That it made her cry? That it consisted of layers? Layers of what?

"You like that?" Robert asked, jutting his chin to indicate the kid.

"Don't be absurd," Anthony said.

"I didn't think so." He stepped behind the chair. "Sit still this time."

The massage had relaxed Anthony, and now the relaxation climbed his spine and flowered in his head like fate or justice. He closed his eyes and sat still as Robert worked on his head with the clippers. With each buzzing pass of the tool, another extraneous onion layer fell away from his life. It felt good, like being loved by someone.

After a long time Robert spun Anthony around in the chair. “*Voilà*,” he said.

Anthony opened his eyes. The rest of his hair was gone. In its place was a dark, lustrous nap—his under-fur shorn of the feeble growth it had struggled in vain to nourish. He touched it and felt a thrill. It was healthy and thick. He’d forgotten the basic shape of his head; now it bodied forth, all presence and strength, the cranium of a hero. Why had he walked around all these years with that dead straw hanging from his skull?

The answer echoed back—because he’d been fearful and vain.

Into the inviting pelt of his temples Robert had carved symbols, but not the chevrons and lightning bolts every teenager had. Instead, Anthony had mathematics—multiplication, subtraction, addition, division. He had equals and square root. He looked like a magician or a wizard from a book. If this was his punishment, it wasn’t good enough. His newness and mystery canceled out the sting of reproof. How could it be atonement if it didn’t hurt?

Nuong hovered nervously nearby, trying to assess Anthony’s mood. “Easy haircut to have,” she said hopefully. “Shampoo and go away.”

“He’s happy, Nuong,” Robert said. “He likes it.”

Anthony looked up into his old friend’s eyes. “Math was my best subject.”

“I know, Anything. You told me years ago, remember?”

“I wonder why I never followed up on it.”

“Because you’re a deeply flawed person.”

At the register Anthony offered Robert money from his wallet. “Pay the lady,” Robert said. Anthony took another look at himself. It was like the old days on LSD, when you went to the bathroom at a party and your face melted in the medicine-cabinet mirror. “Can I ask you something?” he said to Nuong. “The first time I came here, you told me your husband was a lawyer. That was the only reason I never asked you out.” He had discovered Nuong just after Sarah left. “You mean you weren’t really married back then?”

“I always marry Robert,” Nuong said.

Anthony turned to him. “You’re supposed to be a lawyer.”

“I am a lawyer,” Robert said.

“How the hell did you get into cutting hair?”

“I just put up the money for the store. You’re the first hair I’ve ever cut.”

THE PLUSH PASSENGER SEAT OF ROBERT’S ALFA was like a person in itself, and in this person’s lap Anthony rode, in a car that was magical compared with his own old wreck of a thing, the same yellow hatchback he’d had eight years before. Coming out of Shear Satisfaction, Robert had seen the hatchback on the street and walked Anthony to it in disbelief. “How do you expect to get a

new girlfriend driving a car like this?” he’d said, tapping the crumbling rocker panel with his toe.

“The type of woman I like doesn’t care about cars,” Anthony said.

“Oh. And what type is that?”

“The alternative, nonmaterialistic type.”

Robert snorted gleefully. “There’s no such person, Anything! Women love cars. Yes, your women from Cambridge with their Ph.D.s. When they get together by themselves, what do you think they talk about? The kind of car a guy drives! Why do you think they’re not making a commitment to you? They’re waiting for a man with a decent automobile.”

He steered the Alfa out of Cambridge and toward Boston’s North End—Paul Revere’s neighborhood in the olden days, but for most of this century a small working model of Italy. They were going to Caffé Vittoria, scene of the crime of their friendship, as Anthony thought of it now, located right around the corner from the building where Robert and Sarah had lived. They’d often hung out together there, the three of them. Robert claimed to have an appointment there today. Anthony had been back to the venerable café a few times in the past eight years, always against his better judgment, to make Sarah happy. She loved Caffé Vittoria, but it was the one place that twisted the knife in Anthony’s brain, dispelled his Robert-amnesia until he found himself staring at the door, convinced that his double-crossed friend was about to walk in—Robert, who didn’t even live in Boston anymore but who could, like the monster in *Frankenstein*, materialize the instant Anthony stepped into their old haunt.

Robert was not Italian. He was a Presbyterian from flesh-colored Ohio, but his inner life had begun when he discovered the dusky peoples of Europe and the Levant. He adored everything about the North End, including its mistrust of anyone without an Italian name. Anthony, possessor of such a name, lived in Cambridge. He had always tried to acquaint his friend with the other side of the Old World, the noncharming side that screamed and beat you up and then smothered you after that. Robert only scolded him for failing to honor his heritage.

They were taking a route that Anthony didn’t know—under the Expressway and down grubby streets across from the Boston Garden—and suddenly, before Anthony was ready, they were there. They parked and walked together up Hanover Street, aorta of the North End, past new espresso shops and restaurants Anthony didn’t recognize. In the window of the world-famous Mike’s Pastry, where life itself had a sweet ricotta filling, he caught their reflection—a male fashion model escorting a telephone installer from Mars. The old guys from Central Casting were in a cluster on the curb, hats and pinkie rings and shouting mouths. They shouted at Robert, and he shouted back, and then they saw Anthony and fell ominously still. Out of the public eye, with Robert not

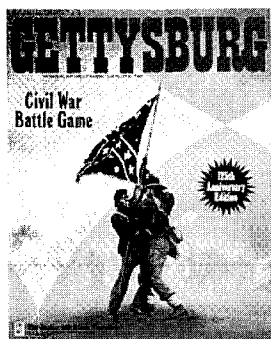
HISTORY COMES ALIVE!

The Smithsonian Institution presents its American History Series! Games that re-create events drawn from America's heroic past. Simple, fast-playing, yet challenging strategy games that cover well-known episodes in American history!



D-DAY #733 \$21

A highly-competitive game of chess-like strategy for "students" of great military campaigns! Puts players into the shoes of the respective commanders. The "chesspieces" represent actual armor, infantry, and air formations present during the historic campaign. Well illustrated and highly-informative Battle Manual accompanies authentic gameboard map. Play is learned in 10 minutes from one sheet of Rules. For 2 players, ages 10 & up.



GETTYSBURG

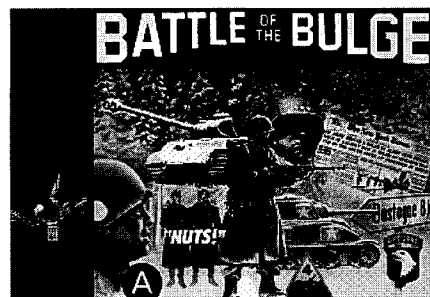
#731 \$20

The most highly-discussed, talked about, and debated American Civil War battle ever, now brought to life in game format. Here, YOU determine which generals were good, which made controversial moves, and who were simply bad tacticians. The Smithsonian version

of GETTYSBURG puts you squarely in the shoes of Generals Lee and Meade to make all the battlefield moves deemed necessary to win. For 2 or more players, ages 10 & up. Enjoyable played solitaire, too!

BATTLE OF THE BULGE #732

\$21 First in the Smithsonian series! An authentic re-creation of the largest sustained land battle fought by US forces during WWII. Includes historically-accurate full-color terrain game map. Battle Manual contains extensive historical background information and data. One sheet of Rules gets participants into play quickly, easily. For 2 players, ages 10 & up.



MIDWAY #734 \$26

Commemorating its 50th anniversary, MIDWAY re-creates the military situation in the Pacific of Spring '42. This "hands-on" approach to history gives players the vicarious experience of being there in person . . . to plan the strategy, plot the moves, schedule the attacks, everything the real leaders had to consider. Features realistic game map, playing pieces, profusely-illustrated Historical Manual, and one sheet of Rules. For 2 players, ages 10 & up.



GUADALCANAL #735 \$35

Covered are the 1942 actions that set the stage for the rest of the Pacific War. As Allied player, you must decide how best to deploy your forces to cover exposed Henderson Field against the Japanese player with a more powerful surface fleet. Either side can win! Can YOU re-create or change history? Your decisions make the difference! For 2 players, ages 12 up.

COMING SOON . . .

MUSTANGS #736 . . . WWII aerial combat over Europe!

All Games Authenticated by The Smithsonian Institution!

All Smithsonian American History Series games include both an introductory level version and a second more sophisticated version for those wishing the ultimate in realism.

See them at better game, hobby, book, and comic shops everywhere. If not available locally, feel free to order direct.



The Avalon Hill Game Company

DIVISION OF MONARCH AVALON, INC.
Dept. 00 • 4517 Harford Road, Baltimore, MD 21214

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE, ZIP _____
Please indicate method of payment: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Charge
☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA DO NOT SEND CASH
ACCOUNT NUMBER _____ Exp. Date _____

Qty.	Game Title	Price	Qty.	Game Title	Price
—	#731 Gettysburg	\$20	—	#734 Midway	\$26
—	#732 Battle of the Bulge	\$21	—	#735 Guadalcanal	\$35
—	#733 D-Day	\$21	—	#736 Mustangs (Available Spring '93)	
If order totals:		ADD	If order totals:		ADD
\$20.01 to \$25.00		\$4.00	\$50.01 to \$75.00		\$7.00
\$25.01 to \$35.00		\$5.00	\$75.01 to \$100.00		\$8.00
\$35.01 to \$50.00		\$6.00	\$100.01 to \$125.00		\$9.00
			\$125.01 & Over		\$10.00

CANADA & MEXICO—Double the above. ALL FOREIGN—Triple the above.

For quick credit card purchasing
call TOLL FREE 1-800-999-3222 • Ext. 00

around, they would have leaped on him like lions. Anthony knew this because he was virtually their son. But today they let him move on to the jewel of North End cafés, where he peered through the glass for a minute as though looking across time for his former self. Robert held the door and Anthony stepped inside.

A guy behind the counter was steaming milk for cappuccino, raising and lowering the metal pitcher with a flourish. Over his shoulder he saw Robert coming in. "Roberto!" he called out. "*Paisan!*" Then he saw Anthony and forgot what he was doing, and the hot milk foamed all over his hand.

"Nice haircut, huh, Rocco?" Robert asked, buffing Anthony's head with his palm as if he were caressing a large brown nut.

Rocco gripped his scalded hand in a towel. "Yeah, real nice!" he said, and his laughter was just like milk, the way it foamed out of him.

They walked on into the room. It was all the way it had always been, an Italian spaceship parked on a knoll above Boston Harbor. The golden tin ceiling spread like daybreak over the marble-topped tables. Gilded wrought-iron railings bordered stairs down to the dungeonlike basement room and up to the mezzanine, where spotlights shone on the painted diorama of a painfully blue harbor rimmed by mountains. Sinatra was singing "They Can't Take That Away From Me" on a fluid-filled jukebox that bubbled and pulsed through the color spectrum like a giant Lava lamp. He'd been singing "I've Got You Under My Skin" the last time Anthony was here; he sang many songs in Caffé Vittoria. The jukebox was actually an urn containing Sinatra's soul, along with the spiritual essence of Tony Bennett, Jerry Vale, and Vic Damone, all watched over by a black-robed Cardinal Law in a frame on the wall.

Several tables on the main floor were empty, but Robert liked the mezzanine. Anthony opened the small menu and stared at the categories of drinks—the coffees, digestifs, grappas, and cognacs. "*Paisan*, huh?" he said.

Robert poked him in the chest. "I've been inducted." "Into what?"

The inductee's smile collapsed. "What do you mean, into what? Into the Order of the Sons of Italy."

"You're kidding me."

"No, Antonio, I am not."

"How the hell did you manage that?"

"I told you. I was inducted. The citizens of the North End have taken me to their breast."

A waitress appeared at the table, a fortyish woman from a long line of Mediterranean forebears. Her hair was dyed a black not found in nature, but neither was it the black of the Rollerblade boy. Extreme though it was, hers still meant to convey the idea of human hair. "Grappa," she said to Robert.

"Yes, Isabelle, thank you. And a Galliano for Antonio here."

"I don't drink sweet things like that," Anthony said.

"He forgets," Robert told Isabelle. "When his teeth were coming in, Dad would rub Galliano on his gums to ease the pain."

Anthony looked up in surprise. "When did I tell you that?"

"This was when he was a baby," Robert added.

"Oh, good," Isabelle said. "I thought you meant recently." She turned to Anthony. "Got a tooth coming in today?"

"No. I'll have a beer."

"In this hallowed place, Antonio?" Robert said. "A beer? Have a Galliano. For old times' sake. For back when Dad used to soothe your gums."

"You two are brothers?" Isabelle asked. "You don't look anything like each other. Who takes after Dad?"

"All right, I'll have a Galliano."

"You didn't put up much of a fight," Isabelle said.

"You should have seen him in the hair salon," Robert said.

"I wasn't gonna say anything." She wiggled Anthony's good ear. "You could use a little something here. Complete the look. Silver, maybe with a stone." Then she slid her pencil behind her own ear and went away.

"That's Isabelle," Robert said. "Great lady."

Anthony asked, "Did you meet Nuong because she cut your hair?"

"Yeah, as a matter of fact I did. Isn't that great?"

It was so great that it struck Anthony dumb.

"What's the problem?" Robert said. "You don't like Nuong?"

"No. I've always liked her a lot. I didn't like her much today, though."

"Ha! Perfect. You always were a fickle person."

"I thought you always liked me."

"I did, Antonio. I still do. That's the point. I'm the rational, consistent one. You're the emotional loose hubcap. You're the runaway truck."

Anthony looked away. His eyes fell on Robert's handsome jacket. "That's an expensive suit, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes."

"You've done well for yourself. The suits, the car, a store for your wife."

"Most of my clients are prosperous people with a knack for major blunders. Those billable hours add right up." He tickled the addition sign on Anthony's head.

Down on the main floor a tall, gray-haired man called up to Robert. He was at the foot of the mezzanine steps, honoring the jukebox with coin.

"Hi, Pasquale," Robert said, waving back. "That's Pasquale," he told Anthony.

Pasquale pushed some buttons on the throbbing machine, and Sinatra's "Witchcraft" began to play.

Anthony breathed deeply and said, "I'm sorry I slept with Sarah."

"You slept with her?" Robert said. His lips twitched

How to Be Religious Without Losing Your Mind



Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted, unlettered, and irrational, that the price of salvation is checking your mind at the Pearly Gates. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, rationalism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

Contrary to stereotypes, this religious renaissance does not imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, and human dignity; nor does it signify a hostility to science, only an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the sacred. Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Kierkegaard, Newman, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Niebuhr, Gandhi, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Merton, Schumacher,

Thomas More, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, Martin Luther King, Flannery O'Connor, Mother Teresa, and Archbishops Romero and Tutu.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by the *Los Angeles Times* as "influential," by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky," by *Utne Reader* as "surprisingly original," by *Library Journal* as "brilliant," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world."

We publish Protestants, Catholics, Anglicans, Eastern Orthodox, Jews, and an occasional non-believer. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Robert Bellah, Christopher Lasch, Jean Bethke Elsh-tain, Daniel Bell, Robert Coles, Irving Howe, Walker Percy, Norman Lear, John Lukacs, J.M. Cameron, Henri Nouwen, Avery Dulles, Gordon Zahn, Will Campbell, Stanley Hauerwas, Richard Mouw, and Sheldon Vanauken. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy ideological pigeonholing. We'll keep you on your toes!

Whether or not you're Catholic, if you yearn for a sane, intelligent, and nonglitzy exploration of the religious dimensions of our lives and our world, we invite you to get to know us.

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . \$14 (regularly \$19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription \$12 (regularly \$16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription \$23 (regularly \$35)

- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription US\$17 (regularly \$22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. . . . \$3.50

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 562
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706



PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP CODE

An invitation to subscribe to the leading intellectual journal in the United States.

Where can you find Garry Wills writing on the myth of Ross Perot, and John Richardson describing the hype of the Guggenheim Museum? Only in the pages of *The New York Review of Books*, where today's best writers and scholars discuss the most important issues in current affairs, literature, history, science, and the arts.

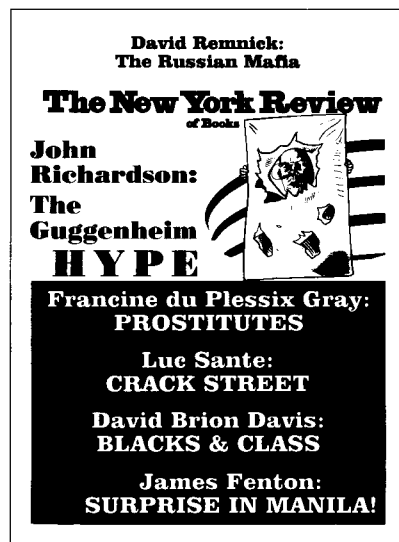
In issue after issue, *The New York Review* publishes criticism and commentary by such celebrated writers as John Updike, Nadine Gordimer, Václav Havel, Norman Mailer, Joan Didion, Theodore Draper, E. H. Gombrich, V. S. Naipaul, Murray Kempton, Gore Vidal, Robert Hughes, Diane Johnson, Charles Rosen, and many others.

Now...a full year's subscription at a significant saving off the regular rate. You'll receive:

21 Issues at the special rate of \$22.95 (a saving of almost 50% off the regular newsstand rate).

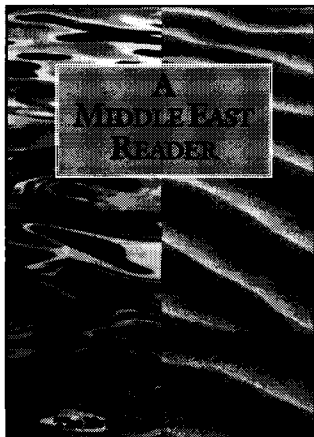
A Free Book—*A Middle East Reader*, a handsome paperback collection of *New York Review* articles that provide a better understanding of the explosive politics in the Middle East and the role taken by the United States. Contributors include Bernard Lewis, Arthur Hertzberg, Avishai Margalit, and Samir al-Khalil. It is yours as our gift to you.

A Risk-Free Guarantee: a refund of any remaining portion of the subscription is guaranteed at any time—but you keep all issues received and *A Middle East Reader*.



The New York Review of Books

Subscriber Service Department, PO Box 420380, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0380



YES, you may enter my subscription to *The New York Review of Books* for a full year (21 issues) at the special rate of \$22.95, a saving of almost 50% off the regular newsstand rate. With my paid subscription, I will also receive *A Middle East Reader* at no extra charge. (Note: I understand this low rate will only apply for my first full year's subscription.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ \$22.95 enclosed.* Or charge my ☐ Am Ex ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa. ☐ Send Bill.
Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____

For immediate service on credit card orders call: 1-800-829-5088

* Check or money order must be made payable to *The New York Review of Books* in US Dollars drawn on a US bank. Offer good for new subscribers within the US and Canada only. Canadian subscribers, please add \$16.05 for postage and GST. Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first copy. May not be used for gift subscriptions.

A2JAMX

and fluttered on his face, independent of his other features. It was disturbing to see. Even Orson Welles didn't do that. "Were you tired?"

"I'm saying I'm sorry, Robert."

"Hey, can I ask you something? I'm just curious. Who seduced whom?"

"She seduced me, I guess."

"You guess? I always had the impression that Sarah intimidated you, Antonio. In fact, I had the distinct idea that she scared you to death. It must have been something when she came on to you. Fourth of July, huh?"

Isabelle arrived with their drinks. Anthony was playing dead, hoping the bear would go away. Robert raised his glass in a toast and sipped his grappa. "It was over between Sarah and me before you slipped in," he said.

"It was?"

"Absolutely. Finished. Had been for some time."

"I didn't know that," Anthony said. "She never told me." His hand was trembling, but he got the Galliano to his lips.

Robert winked. "I didn't say she knew."

Once, this would have been the most fascinating information in the world. It was amazingly irrelevant now. "Are you saying you're not mad at me because I slept with her?"

"Sarah was a woman, you were a man. Should I be mad at nature? Besides, you behaved honorably toward Sarah. You practically married her, for God's sake."

"It's a great relief to hear this, Robert."

"Sure. Glad I could clear it up. One thing, though. You were not a man of honor with me, Antonio. Your closest friend. In relation to me, man to man, you behaved like a worm. No, you behaved lower than that. What's lower than worms?"

"Slime, I guess," Anthony said.

THEY FELL SILENT IN THE BLUE LIGHT coming off the Amalfi Coast or whatever it was painted on the wall. Three or four tables away a man's voice said, very slowly, "Your . . . personality . . . bums . . . me . . . out." No one said anything back. When Anthony lifted his face to see who these people were, a beautiful woman was looking down at his head.

"Check out the man's hair!" she cried.

"Hello, Celeste," Robert said. "You're late."

"I know, I know, I know!" she said.

"Celeste, this is Anything. Anything, Celeste."

"*Anything!*" she exclaimed. She was possibly the most exuberant person Anthony had ever met. "Really? That's great! What a great name! You mean, like 'Whatever'? 'All options open'? 'Total potential'?"

"Yeah, I guess," Anthony said.

"He guesses!" she said. "He doesn't know!" She pulled out a chair and sat down. "Why do I feel I'm interrupting something?"

"I'm afraid I've been giving Anything a little scolding," Robert said.

"Welcome to the club, Anything," Celeste said, slapping Anthony on the back. She was wearing a dazzling vest with colorful yarns and bits of metal woven into it. Also a white silk blouse, a tiny red skirt, and the translucent black stockings women never wore anymore. The world's great religions could probably be traced to the feeling Anthony had upon seeing her legs.

"So what time is it?" she said, and reached for Robert's Rolex.

He pulled his arm away and hexed her with his fingers. "Whatever you do," he told Anthony, "don't let her near your watch." Then he looked at the Rolex himself. "It's three-forty-five. You were supposed to be here at three."

"We weren't even here at three ourselves," Anthony said.

"I know that, Anything. Don't contradict me. I was allowing for Celeste's affliction."

"I can't wear watches," she explained, showing her wrists, each bereft of any timekeeping device. "My body stops them."

Anthony laughed.

"It's not a joke," Robert said. "She's afflicted."

"One in a thousand people has it," Celeste said. "Our bodies put out a magnetic field or something."

"I've never heard of this," Anthony said.

"The old-time jewelers all knew about it. If you were one of these people, they didn't even try to sell you a watch. It wasn't gonna work, and that was that."

"Well, then, it must not apply to battery-powered watches," Anthony said. "Most watches today run on batteries. Just go get yourself one of those."

"Nope, it applies to them, too. I even tried one of those calculator-watch combinations—the thin little business-card type? Got it to balance my checkbook with. The calculator part kept working, but the clock stopped dead." She looked at Anthony's wrist. "I could stop your watch right now."

He took off his rubberized quartz chronograph, good to a hundred meters below the surface of the sea, and held it out by its strap.

"What did I just get finished saying?" Robert said.

Celeste extended her hand. "You have to put it on me."

"That's part of it?"

"Sometimes."

He fastened his watch to her wrist. If the jolt he got when he touched her skin didn't stop the thing, nothing ever would. He looked. The second hand was still going.

Celeste leaned back to look Anthony over. "So what kind of trouble are you in, Anything? Besides wardrobe trouble, I mean."

"Who said I was in any?"

"You're getting scolded by Roberto here. That means you're in trouble. Big trouble, probably. Believe me, I know. So what did you do, snuff somebody?"

"It was personal," Robert said. "Anything is an old friend of mine."

"Robert!" she said. "You have an old friend like Anything and you never even mention him?"

"He's been away. He just got back."

"Where did you get back from, Anything? Pluto?"

"The really funny thing," Robert went on, "is that Nuong has been his stylist for years, and I didn't even know it."

"I love stuff like that!" Celeste exclaimed. She returned to Anthony's head. "So what's all this you got up here? Addition? Subtraction? What's this one?"

"That's infinity," Robert said. "When did you drop out of school? Kindergarten?"

"Math was never my best subject. Wow, infinity," she marveled, touching Anthony's buzzed temple. She turned to Robert. "Nuong knows how to do all this? That little slip of a thing? What else does she know how to do?"

Robert and Celeste laughed naughtily through their noses.

"Don't worry about Nuong," Anthony said. "She knows plenty."

"I'll bet, Anything, if she's been working on you."

"Our country dropped bombs on her hut when she was growing up. She lived through that."

Robert and Celeste sat there frozen for a moment. "She grew up in an apartment building," Robert said finally.

"Okay, we bombed her apartment building," Anthony said. To Celeste he said, "Robert helped."

"The hell I did."

"I meant with my hair."

"Oh, that. Yes, I did help with that."

Celeste leaned close to Anthony on her elbows and traced his multiplication sign with a fingertip. "If you really, you know, *liked* a girl . . . would you put her initials on your head?"

"Of course he would," Robert said. "The pity is, there's no one special in his life right now." He drew closer to Celeste. "Anything has recently undergone a terrible heartbreak."

"Not that recently," Anthony said.

"Recently enough. The pain is fresh."

"I'm so sorry," Celeste said. She put her hand on Anthony's hand. "A disappointment like that can make a person brittle."

"I'm not brittle."

She laughed. "You're reliving the goddamn war in Vietnam."

Isabelle arrived to serve Celeste a drink she hadn't ordered—Sambuca poured over three black espresso beans.

Celeste sipped this beverage. "I guess you've been told you look like Vincent van Gogh."

"He has," Robert said.

"It's a cruel look. Interesting, but cruel."

"Anything in a nutshell."

"He wasn't a cruel person, though. I've read up on this. He was a sweet guy who just happened to look cruel by accident. That was his tragedy."

"He was insane," Anthony said.

"So goes the rap. You believe whatever you read, Anything? I love Van Gogh's paintings. I think his paintings are, like, the epitome of everything."

"There you have it, folks," Robert said.

Celeste laughed and punched him in the chest.

"Let's see your stuff," he said.

She had an oversized black leather bag, which she hoisted to her lap and opened to produce a pile of fabric swatches—rich, colorful fabrics with exotic patterns woven into them.

"Celeste owns a wonderful boutique up the street," Robert said. "I buy all my clothes from her. See these?" he said, fingering the swatches. "These are the *most choice* fabrics"—he kissed his fingertips—"the newest weaves from the best Italian textile designers. You'll never see these anywhere else in America. Celeste has a connection for these things."

They were gorgeous fabrics; even Anthony could see that. "Are you having a suit made?" he asked Robert.

Celeste gaped at him. "You'd make a suit out of these?" She touched some of the pieces and turned to Robert. "Maybe he has something?"

"No, he does not have something. These are fabrics for draperies and sofas, Anything. Nuong and I are redecorating Shear Satisfaction. Celeste's helping us."

"Oh," Anthony said. He watched as they leafed through the samples. "The blue one's my favorite," he threw in after a while.

Celeste backhanded him in the biceps. "That's my favorite too! I wasn't gonna tell him till the end, see what he said."

"The blue's nice," Robert said. "A little bright. I tend to favor the grays."

"Tell me," Celeste said, smoothing Robert's padded shoulder. "Everything's gray with this guy," she told Anthony.

"Roberto!" a man's voice called out.

At the foot of the mezzanine steps a middle-aged man with a big gut was beckoning Robert with his arm. His pants seemed to defy gravity, staying up despite being worn far below whatever could be considered his waist. The men in Anthony's family wore their pants this way too. Celeste looked to see who it was. The man winked and waved hello to her. Then he saw Anthony's head and his smile disappeared. He squinted and craned his neck at their table. Anthony looked away.

"What are you doing with that goombah?" Celeste asked Robert.

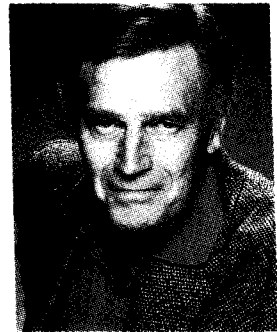
"Don't say that around here!" Anthony whispered.

"Oh, I know that guy," she said.

Robert extricated himself from beneath the small café

**INTRODUCTORY
\$1.00 OFFER**

The World's Great Philosophers *Talk To You*



**Charlton Heston
Narrates *The
Giants of Philosophy***

\$1⁰⁰ Trial Offer

Every 4 weeks you'll receive almost 3 hours of enlightenment and entertainment. You can receive the first selection, *Plato*, at the special price of \$1.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling — a savings of \$13.95. All selections are guaranteed, and you have the right to return the current album, for any reason, within 15 days. Try the Audio Classics to stimulate your mind, broaden your horizons, and enrich your life.

"Moderation in all things."

"I think, therefore I am."

"The unexamined life is not worth living."

"And it is this that everyone understands to be God."

In *The Giants of Philosophy*, you'll survey 13 of the world's greatest philosophers (plus others who worked with or against them). You'll see how each philosopher created a complete and coherent system of thought, including their views on ethics, metaphysics, politics and esthetics. You'll learn about their epistemology — how we know what we know. And you'll learn how each thinker related to his times and to the work of other philosophers over the centuries.

The sophisticated, complex and subtle ideas of great philosophers are now available in a dramatized format that entertains and informs. Yet like all Knowledge Products productions, the full substance and content of these ideas are presented in clear and understandable language. Each presentation invites the intelligent listener to ponder the great ideas without struggling through an academic or simplified writing style.

DRAMATIZED PRESENTATIONS

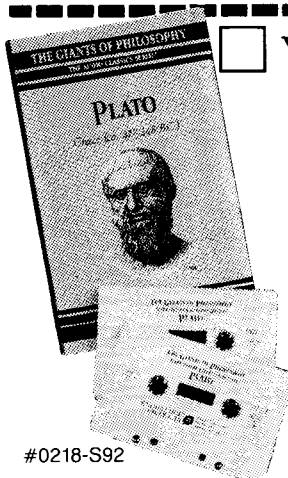
The Audio Classics are not simply readings of great books — they are dramatized condensations of philosophy, politics, economics, war, and other timeless topics. You'll hear about the lives of classic authors and great historical leaders, the influences on their work, the criticisms and praises of observers, and much more.

Each presentation combines the skill and imagination of talented actors with the narration of leading American journalists like **Charlton Heston**, **Walter Cronkite**, **Louis Rukeyser** and **George C. Scott**. The Audio Classics Series™ is an efficient, enjoyable way to acquire knowledge. You can listen to these cassettes again and again with fresh insights and renewed enjoyment each time!

THE AUDIO CLASSICS SERIES™

Hear *The Giants of Philosophy* pursue answers to life's most provocative questions. From later cassettes in the Audio Classics Series, you'll discover the insights of *The Giants of Political Thought*, relive the creation and adoption of *The U.S. Constitution* (narrated by Walter Cronkite), more keenly understand economic progress and conflict in *The Great Economic Thinkers* (narrated by Louis Rukeyser), and explore the roots of crisis and conflict in *The United States at War* (narrated by George C. Scott). Every tape in the Audio Classics Series recreates a fragment of history, brimming with the importance of our past, present and future.

**CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-876-4332
TO START YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY!**



☐ **YES!** Send me, for \$1.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling, *Plato*, and begin my no-risk subscription to the Audio Classics Listening Library. I will receive an album of two cassettes every month, and you'll charge my credit card \$14.95 plus \$2 shipping and handling (\$6 outside the U.S.) for each album. If I'm ever displeased, I have the right to return the current album within 15 days and owe nothing. I may drop out of the program at any time without penalty. Sales tax must be added for residents of TN and IL.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

☐ Charge my credit card.

☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

EXPIRATION DATE _____

ACCOUNT NUMBER _____

SIGNATURE _____

**KNOWLEDGE
PRODUCTS**

Customer Service Center • Box 305151 • Nashville, TN 37230



#0218-S92

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

table. "Anthony, this is my man," he said. "I gotta go." Anthony pointed to Celeste. "I thought this was your man."

"Oh, thanks a lot," Celeste said. "*Anthony*."

"Give him a lift home, okay, sweetheart?" Robert said, kissing Celeste's cheek. He gave her a business envelope and shook Anthony's hand. "Great to see you, pal. Call me, okay?" He put the fabric samples under his arm and went down to meet the man. They walked to the front door and out to the street.

The envelope had a window through which Anthony saw his ponytail. Celeste put it in her bag without looking at it.

"*Anthony*," she said again, and stroked his engraved temple once with her palm. "So that's the name your mama gave you, huh? Never suspecting you'd do things like this to yourself."

"Yeah, that's the name she gave me."

Celeste shook her head. "We go through so much for you bums."

Contrition with women came easily to Anthony, because of the nuns. He hung his head the way he used to as an altar boy. He had an overwhelming urge to tell Celeste something true about his life. He said, "Would you like to know something? I went to Woodstock."

She looked as though he'd started speaking Vietnamese. "No kidding. Recently? The movie? The town? What? What are you telling me?"

"The event. The thing. Woodstock. I was there."

"You were there."

"Yeah."

"And you feel I should know this."

"I thought you might find it interesting."

"You're telling me you're an older man."

"No! That's not what I meant!"

"Woodstock," Celeste said. "I think I saw the movie. Maybe I just dreamed I saw it. Hey! You mean if I saw the movie *Woodstock*, you'd be in there?"

"I might be. I don't know. I've never seen it."

"You were *at* the freaking thing, and you've never seen the movie?" She shook her head. "You're a wonder, Anthony. A real wonder. Anthony what, by the way?"

He told her his family name. It was a long, complicated one. His people were the only people in the whole United States with that particular name.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!" Celeste said. "That's gorgeous! *That's* your name? You have to do something with that name, Anthony! When you have a name like that you're supposed to pass it on! Give it to babies!"

Anthony laughed. "You should talk to my mother."

"Don't say that, buster, 'cause I might. I might look up her number and give her a little report on you."

Isabelle brought the bill. She and Celeste wiggled fingers at each other.

"You don't have to give me a lift," Anthony said. "I can get a cab."

"I don't mind. For some weird reason, I trust you. Are you from another planet?"

Anthony thought about it. "No."

"You can tell me. I believe in that stuff."

"I'm not."

"Well, I'll still give you a lift. But it'll have to be to my store, down the street. I don't have a car. Wish I did. I love cars. You have a car?"

"Yeah, but it's in Cambridge. I'll just get a taxi, thanks."

"Oh, no, you gotta come back to my store. I want you to try a few things on. I have some new things I think would look great on you. This isn't a sales number. I just wanna see. You have the physique for nice clothes, Anthony."

"Celeste, I'm not really into stuff like Robert wears."

"No, no, no, Anthony! I'm talking about *clothes*, fashionable clothes. The newest things from Milano! You think I'd put you in Robert's suits? He's a . . . *suit*, for God's sake. The man is, like, *so straight*. I do what I can do, but he's all business. 'Lighten up!' I tell Robert, but it does no good. He won't even wear, like, an adventurous *tie*."

"Did you meet Robert because he shopped in your store?"

"Not exactly."

"You live here in the North End too, I guess?"

"Do I live here in the North End? I grew up across the street, Anthony. Hey, know what? I have a VCR, and some eggplant parm in the fridge. Why don't we rent *Woodstock* and see if we can find you in it? Wouldn't that be a riot? Plus, we'd get to hear all that weird old music again."

"I still like a lot of that music."

"Oh, brother. Sorry, no offense."

Anthony paid the bill, tipping Isabelle handsomely, and they got up to leave. From the edge of the mezzanine he surveyed the ancient spectacle of Caffé Vittoria spread out below him. At this moment it captured the whole point of human life. Celeste's arm appeared in front of his face. She was showing him her wrist. His watch had stopped—the second hand was not moving.

Her pleasure in this was a stunning thing. "Now you believe," she said.

"Yes, I do," Anthony answered, and he did, in something, though he wasn't completely clear on what. "Hey, hold on," he said. "I just had a thought. When a person such as yourself—"

"An afflicted person."

"When an afflicted person gives a watch back to a person like me—"

"A normal person." She snorted and cracked up.

He stared at her for a minute. "Does it start working again?"

She took his arm and led him onto the stairs. "Who said I was giving it back?" □

The Real Story of Anita Hill



FREE
With Your
Order

Do you think Anita Hill was telling the whole truth when she testified against Clarence Thomas? If so, you haven't read the March issue of *The American Spectator*, America's most exciting conservative monthly magazine. In a major investigative article, award-winning reporter David Brock reveals what really happened in the Hill/Thomas affair.

- Who was the mastermind behind the plot to sabotage Clarence Thomas?
- What Senate aide spent weekends with Anita Hill at his apartment?
- Who leaked the Anita Hill story to the press?
- Who almost certainly committed perjury in testifying against Thomas?

Now the full story can be yours free, with a subscription to *The American Spectator*. We will send you a free copy of "The Real Anita Hill" by David Brock when you order a one-year (12-issue) subscription.

Isn't it time someone reported the truth about other stories shaping public debate? *The American Spectator* does. Recent articles include:

- Michael Fumento on Magic Johnson and AIDS
- Peter Collier on brownshirt Oliver Stone
- P.J. O'Rourke on America's new enemies, foreign and domestic
- James Ring Adams on the revived Medellin Drug Cartel
- Daniel Wattenberg on the Real Hillary Clinton.

Don't miss these and other investigative reports ignored by the mainstream media. Subscribe today. We are so convinced that you will enjoy the *Spectator* that we will unconditionally guarantee your satisfaction—if unhappy with the *Spectator* for any reason, simply cancel for a full refund on all unmailed issues.

Send for your trial subscription and FREE Anita Hill report today.

Send to: *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia, 22216-0549 or call 1-800-592-1133.

YES, please rush me, via first class mail, my free copy of "The Real Anita Hill" by David Brock and enter a one year trial subscription (12 issues) to *The American Spectator* for \$35. I understand that if I am unhappy with *The American Spectator* for any reason I may cancel and receive a refund on all unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card #: _____ Exp. Date: _____ Signature: _____

Name: _____ Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ zip code: _____

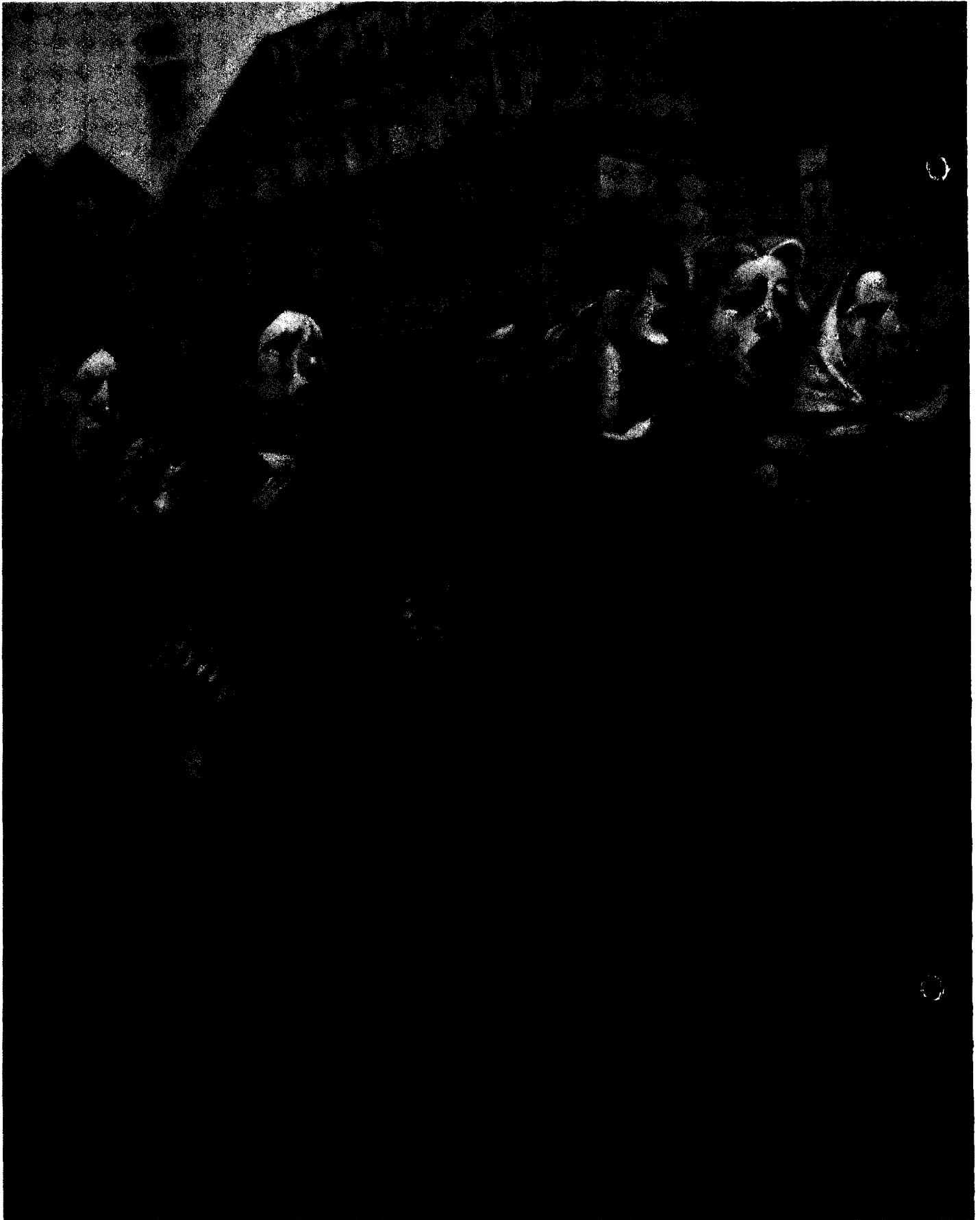
"The Real Anita Hill" report will be sent via first class mail within five business days. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for subscription to begin.

Sorry, we can accept only checks and credit card orders for this special offer



25th
Anniversary
1967-1992

NATLNI



It complicates our received idea of totalitarianism to learn that there were successful protests in Nazi Germany. This is the story of three of them: protests that forced changes in policy, including, in one very special case, the release of Jews slated for the death camps

DISSENT IN NAZI GERMANY

BY NATHAN STOLTZFUS



ON APRIL 1, 1943, THE American Legation in Bern sent this dispatch to Washington: "Action against Jewish wives and husbands on the part of the Gestapo . . . had to be discontinued some time ago because of the protest which such action aroused." The protest to which this dispatch referred had been a street demonstration a month earlier in Berlin. The demonstration was remarkable for the courage of the people who participated in it, for the sheer fact of its occurrence, and above all for its outcome. For it marked the single instance of group protest by Germans of the Third Reich in behalf of fellow citizens who were Jewish—and it worked. This article, which is based on more than two years of research and interviews in the former West and East Germanys, seeks to tell the story of that protest, and two others of other kinds. The story, known to only a few close students of the Third Reich, raises a question that goes far beyond it: If nonviolent mass protest by Aryan Germans worked in Berlin in 1943, could it have slowed or stopped the destruction of German Jewry?

That question, of course, is provocatively abstract. Whether or not it *could* have, history shows only that the mass of Germans either did nothing or supported the Nazi regime. It is important to say this at the outset of an article about why a handful of Germans protested.

On the Rosenstrasse

UNTIL EARLY 1943 THE NAZI regime had exempted from the Final Solution Jews married to Aryans. But during a mass arrest of the last Jews in Berlin, beginning on February 27, 1943, a change was made. Unannounced, the SS burst into Berlin's factories at daybreak that Saturday morning and arrested all Jews. Simultaneously the local Gestapo, assisted by the municipal police, kidnapped Jews from their homes. Anyone on the streets wearing the Star of David was carted off without explanation and taken with other Jews to huge "collecting centers" in central Berlin, in preparation for large-scale deportations to Auschwitz.

This was the most brutal chapter of the expulsion of Jews from Berlin. The Gestapo referred to it simply as the *Judenschlussaktion* (final roundup of Jews). Meant to be a precedent-setting action against Jews married to Aryans, it employed special national forces. Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring converted the riding stable of his air force in central Berlin into a collecting center. Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler participated in planning the action and made Adolf Eichmann's deputy, Rolf Günther, one of the three executive managers of it. Adolf Hitler himself authorized a two-day loan of the Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler, the SS division originally created for his personal protection. The Führer was reportedly offended that so many Jews still lived in Berlin, and Joseph Goebbels, as the Nazi Party regional



Above, Elsa Holzer, one of the protesters, and her husband, Rudolf. As a Jew, Rudolf was imprisoned on the Rosenstrasse. Below, a love letter smuggled to Rudolf by Elsa inside a sandwich. Facing page, the yellow badge worn by Rudolf Holzer.

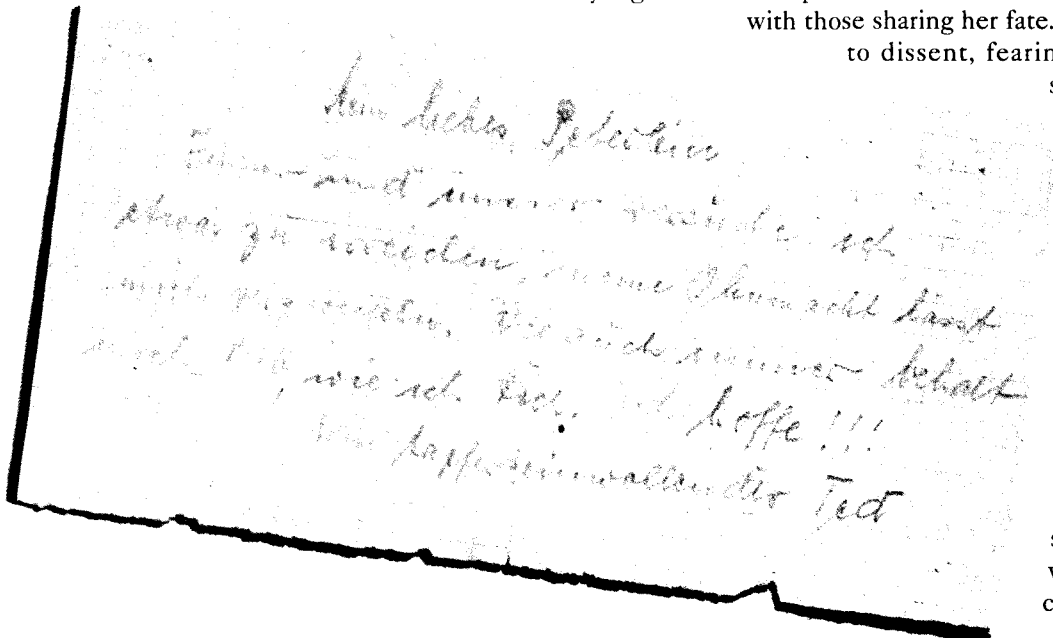
and night for a week they staged their protest, and the crowd grew larger.

On different occasions armed guards commanded, "Clear the streets or we'll shoot!" This sent the women scrambling into surrounding alleys and courtyards. But within minutes they began streaming out. Again and again they were scattered by threats of gunfire, and again and again they advanced, massed together, and called out for their husbands, who heard them and took hope.

The square, according to one witness, "was crammed with people, and the accusing, demanding cries of the women rose above the noise of the traffic like passionate avowals of a love strengthened by the bitterness of life." One protester described herself as feeling deep solidarity with those sharing her fate. Normally people were afraid to dissent, fearing denunciation, but in the

square they knew they were among friends. A Gestapo man, impressed by the display, announced to the Jews, "They are calling for you out there. They want you to come back—this is German loyalty."

The headquarters of his section of the Gestapo was just around the corner, within earshot of the protesters. A few bursts from a machine gun could have emptied the square. But instead the Jews were released. Goebbels decided that the simplest way to



end the protest was to give in to the protesters' demands. "A large number of people gathered and in part even took sides with the Jews," Goebbels complained in his diary on March 6. "I ordered the [Gestapo] not to continue Jewish evacuation at so critical a moment. We want to save that up for a couple of weeks. We can then go after it all the more thoroughly."

But the Jews married to Aryans remained. They survived the war, officially registered with the police, working in officially authorized jobs, and officially receiving food rations.

The protest by Aryan women on the Rosenstrasse was the culminating act of allegiance to their families. It followed naturally in a trajectory of acts of resistance to measures of the state intended to tear their husbands and children from them. The Nazis prohibited sexual relations between Aryans and Jews. *Rassenschande*—literally "racial shame"—was their name for this crime. In July of 1938 the government eased the divorce laws to enable Aryans married to Jews to end these incriminating unions. At the same time, many of them began receiving orders to appear at Gestapo offices, where they were pressured to divorce. A decree in October of 1941 went further. It made "friendly relations" of any kind with Jews punishable by imprisonment. A decree of 1942 made it a crime even to supply newspapers to Jews. Aryans married to Jews were forbidden to take civil-service jobs, were blocked in their work and professional careers, were given radically reduced rations yet were expected to work, were treated as pariahs by their neighbors, and were even forbidden to seek refuge in the same air-raid shelters as their neighbors. One woman, an Aryan married to a Jew, was told when she went to the Aryan air-raid shelter, "The air that you breathe out, we can't stand to breathe in." Yet, in the face of these immense legal and social pressures to abandon their spouses, about 93 percent of the Aryans married to Jews remained married. The Rosenstrasse protest was just one more overt step in their battle of wills with the regime.

Totalitarian Politics

THE ROSENSTRASSE PROTEST HAD POWERFUL repercussions, reaching beyond March of 1943 and beyond Berlin. Goebbels reported in his diary on March 6 that by releasing Jews he was merely deferring deportations a few weeks, but on March 18 Himmler recorded in his telephone diary the decision reached after a conversation with the Gestapo chief, Heinrich Müller: "No deportation of privileged Jews

[those related to Aryans]." About the same day twenty-five Jews from intermarriages who on March 6 had been sent from the Rosenstrasse camp to Auschwitz work camps were released. The Berlin Gestapo, not wanting to risk information leaks about Auschwitz, forced these twenty-five to sign statements that swore them to secrecy concerning their Auschwitz experiences, and on the basis of trumped-up charges of spying, spreading rumors, and breaking the rules of the concentration camp, they were then put under "protective custody" and sent to the Grossbeeren "work-education camp," near Berlin. Goebbels declared Berlin *judenfrei* on May 19. He was under pressure to get this done and apparently preferred lying to risking another protest.

On May 21 Rolf Günther responded to a question from the German police in Paris, who had been waiting to hear from headquarters about what to do with French Jews in intermarriages.

The treatment of intermarriages cannot be resolved for foreign areas now, the deputy wrote, because it is not yet solved in the Reich. The policy for the Reich had to be applied first to Berlin, because about half the intermarried couples lived in Berlin, and because it was in keeping with the Nazi sense of propriety that precedents for the Reich were set in its capital.

Also on May 21 Himmler's deputy Ernst Kaltenbrunner issued a memorandum ordering the immediate release from concentration camps of all intermarried Jews except those interned on criminal charges. He turned to

Himmler's order that every Jew be removed from the Reich by June 30, and listed four categories of Jews that had often been spared up until this point, including those considered irreplaceable by weapons industries. The first three categories were now to be deported. But the fourth—Jews in intermarriages—was not: "I order expressly that Jewish intermarriage partners are in no case to be sent. There may also be protective custody arrests and deportations only when they have committed real offenses. In so far as Jewish intermarriage partners have been deported on general grounds [that is, strictly because of their Jewish identity] they are to be successively released."

On December 18, 1943, Himmler himself ordered the deportation of Jews whose Aryan spouses had died or divorced them. He decreed, however, that no such Jew would be deported if he or she had a child or children who might stir up unrest as a result.

Apparently the exemption of a German Jew from Nazi genocide depended on whether an Aryan somewhere in German society was likely to make problems for the Nazi



regime by threatening both the secrecy surrounding the Final Solution and the high morale needed for waging war. (The longer and more total the war, the more the leadership feared public dissent and its deleterious effect on patriotism.) The salvation of a German Jew, it seems, depended not on marriage to an Aryan per se but on whether a German Aryan might care enough to risk career and possibly life itself by joining with National Socialism's victims, rather than with National Socialism.

The Nazi Party stressed that the source of its political power was the conscious decision of the people to support it. In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler wrote that mass popular support was the distinguishing characteristic of the Nazi Party, and by 1932 no other Weimar party was as successful at the polls as Hitler's. Once in power, the party maintained support by making concessions to the masses. The regime temporarily restricted imports for arms production in order to forgo food rationing, and retreated on plans to mobilize labor when workers protested and women refused to report to work. Even the destruction of Jews married to Aryans, it seems, had to come second to the needs of this internal politics.

The Cross Over the Swastika

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS were the locus of Nazi efforts to usurp the place of traditional Catholic leadership and dominate German Catholics through their own organizations. By late 1936 the Nazi dictatorship, impatient with the failure of the Church to abandon traditional Christian allegiance for the new Nazi faith, made a bold attempt to win the struggle for ideological domination by forcibly replacing Catholic symbols with Nazi ones. When the Nazi regional leader from Oldenburg, in Protestant northern Germany, issued a decree, on November 4, 1936, ordering the removal of crucifixes (and pictures of Luther) from public schools throughout his district, his action resulted in what secret police reports called a "storm of indignation" in the town of Cloppenburg, a Catholic enclave. Prelates of the area supported the protests "with all means," and cried that godless Bolshevism was threatening the fatherland. A

special nine-day church service of entreaty and penance was held, church bells were rung in protest every evening, and families began holding their own devotional ceremonies at home. Children went to school wearing crucifixes around their necks; numerous protest commissions sprang up, demanding that officials rescind the decree; and church officials complained bitterly to the government. To the consternation of officials in Berlin, the "grave unrest" caused by the crucifix decree spread even into Nazi Party circles. Nazi administrators put office resources at the disposal of protest groups; the Nazi Women's Organization refused to carry out certain orders; even members of the Hitler Youth failed to cooperate.

On November 25 the Oldenburg leader called a meeting at a large auditorium in Cloppenburg to announce that the Nazis were backing down. Such a public announcement suggests that those in charge considered the problem to be widespread, and not to be solved merely by punishing organization leaders.

The police reported that Catholic activists were telling each other that "all regulations of the state would remain unsuccessful if the Catholic people stand together united." The clergy had begun to think of collective action as a tactic for resisting Nazi infringements on church traditions.

The success of what became known as the Spirit of Cloppenburg was an important precedent for a struggle in 1941, when Catholics again forced the retraction of a crucifix decree, this time in southern Germany, by using various forms of noncooperation and public protest. On April 23 of that year the Bavarian minister of education, Adolf Wagner, ordered that crucifixes be removed from his district, that the usual school prayer be dropped in favor of Nazi slogans or songs, and that by the end of the summer holidays Christian pictures be replaced by "pictures suited to the present time." When the local population—and many local functionaries—protested, Wagner stepped up his timetable. This only caused more protests. Two weeks later Wagner was forced to rescind the decree, but in the hope of saving face, he did so secretly.

The result was explosive civil disobedience by devout

OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES	
OFFICIAL DISPATCH	
DATE April 1, 1943, 5 p.m.	
FROM AMERICAN LEGATION, BERN	
TO OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES SECRETARY OF STATE, WASHINGTON	
DISTRIBUTION	
(FOR ACTION)	(FOR INFORMATION)
SI	DONOVAN, SECRETARIAT, SO, GEB. MAGRUDER
INCOMING MESSAGE	
RECEIVED	
#2045.	
A source which is considered trustworthy has reported that action against Jewish wives and husbands on the part of the Gestapo, reported in my telegram no. 1597 dated March tenth, had to be discontinued some time ago because of the protest which such action aroused.	
HARRISON	
STATE DEPARTMENT PARAPHRASE	
TOR 4/7/43 9:30 am	
OPERATOR'S RECORD	

Now enjoy brilliant college lectures in your home or car

With audio and video recordings by **SUPERSTAR TEACHERS™** — professors most admired by America's students.
Produced in cooperation with The Smithsonian Institution Resident Associate Program.

A new venture, The Teaching Company, is searching America's leading colleges and universities for SuperStar Teachers™ — professors whose lecture courses are rated highest by the students themselves in independent course evaluation guidebooks.

In cooperation with The Smithsonian Institution Resident Associate Program, top-rated professors thus identified are being brought to Washington, DC, where their famous lecture courses are delivered before rapt audiences and recorded in audio and video.

Each taped lecture series is a condensed eight-lecture version of the professor's one-semester course in the subject.

Audience reactions at the taping sessions have been ecstatic. Written evaluations included comments like, "I didn't want it to end!" and "Had me on the edge of my seat!"

Here are the first courses now available for enjoyment in your living room or car, or while exercising, commuting or taking your daily walk.

POWER OVER PEOPLE:

CLASSIC AND MODERN POLITICAL THEORY.

Dennis Dalton, Ph.D., Professor of Political Science, Barnard College/Columbia University. The impact on the world of Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, Rousseau, Marx, Freud, Hitler, Gandhi. The Columbia-Barnard Course Guide said about Professor Dalton's lectures: "It's a good idea to arrive one-half hour early to get a seat. We're not joking."

Course No. AI-B448. Audio or Video.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND:

AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY.

Richard Gerrig, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Psychology, Yale University. One of Yale's most dynamic and popular teachers uses enthusiasm, wit, and provocative examples to teach you how psychology governs the way we live and how the mechanisms of the human brain help shape that psychology. "The man is incredible." — Yale University Student Evaluations.

Course No. RP-B639. Audio or Video.

HEROES, HEROINES

AND THE WISDOM OF MYTH.

S. Georgia Nugent, Ph.D., Professor, Classics Department, Brown University. With a searing wit and warm vitality, Professor Nugent gives you a startling and unique new understanding of myth plus a reawakened interest in the legends that haunt our dreams. You'll examine the invention of sexuality and learn how different myths addressed the notions of womanhood. "Her lectures were masterpieces..." — Brown student evaluations.

Course No. RP-B640. Audio or Video.

COSMIC QUESTIONS:

ASTRONOMY FROM QUARK TO QUASAR.

Robert P. Kirshner, Ph.D., Professor of Astronomy, Chairman of the Astronomy Department, Harvard University. At the cutting edge of current exploration of the origins, age and future of the universe, Dr. Kirshner's lectures take you on a mind-altering journey from the subatomic to the cosmic in search of modern answers to some of our most ancient questions.

Course No. SC-B145. Audio or Video.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN MIND.

Alan Charles Kors, Ph.D., Professor of History, University of Pennsylvania. Foundations laid by great 17th Century thinkers: Bacon, Locke, Descartes, Newton, and Pascal. "Makes history come alive!" — student evaluation guidebook.

Course No. AI-B453. Audio or Video.

A MODERN LOOK AT

ANCIENT GREEK CIVILIZATION.

Andrew Szegedy-Maszak, Ph.D., Professor of Classics, Wesleyan University. An encompassing view of the art, history, and literature of the astonishing ancient civilization that has had such a profound effect on the development of the entire Western world. Student consensus in campus courses guidebook: "Superlatives, superlatives, superlatives!"

Course No. AI-B421. Video only.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, HISTORY: THE LIVE DRAMA AND VITAL TRUTH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Peter Saccio, Ph.D., Willard Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College. An accomplished actor as well as teacher, Dr. Saccio has the rare ability to act out Shakespeare's lines with power and authority, and then to probe beneath the dazzling brilliance for meanings hidden to us by three centuries of changes in language and customs.

Course No. LI-B263. Audio or Video.

GOD AND MANKIND: COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS.

Robert Oden, Ph.D., Headmaster, Hotchkiss School; formerly Professor and Chair, Department of Religion, Dartmouth College. When Dr. Oden taught this subject at Dartmouth, his course was invariably held at 8 a.m. in the dead of the New Hampshire winter — and was always full!

Course No. RP-B616. Audio or Video.

IS ANYONE REALLY NORMAL?

PERSPECTIVES ON ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

Drew Westen, Ph.D., Department of Psychiatry, Harvard University; recipient of University of Michigan's Golden Apple Teaching Award. In these fast-paced lectures, Dr. Westen explains, contrasts and integrates the contributions of Freudian analysis and cognitive/behavioral psychology in light of their most rigorous test: explaining and healing mental disorders.

Course No. RP-B658. Audio or Video.

PHILOSOPHY AND HUMAN VALUES.

Rick Roderick, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. A radical critique by a challenging lecturer. Explore the human condition through the works and lives of Socrates, Augustine, Kant, Hegel, Mill, Marx, Nietzsche and Freud. "It will change your life." — Duke Teacher/ Course Evaluation Book.

Course No. AI-B469. Audio or Video.

★ OUR NEWEST ADDITIONS ★

THE OLD TESTAMENT: AN INTRODUCTION.

Robert Oden, Ph.D., Headmaster, Hotchkiss School; formerly Professor and Chair, Department of Religion, Dartmouth College. Whether treated as theology, literature or history, the Old Testament has influenced the life of virtually every westerner, no matter what their faith. Dr. Oden skillfully guides you through biblical history from the Garden of Eden to the Exile to the mystery of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Course No. RP-B333. Audio or Video.

THE NEW TESTAMENT: AN INTRODUCTION.

Elizabeth McNamer, Ph.D., Eastern Montana College. This remarkably accessible course offers an extraordinary opportunity to understand the historical and social forces of theology. You'll learn about the world in which Jesus lived and preached, of Paul and his journeys, and the writings of Mark, Matthew, Luke and John. Dr. McNamer's exhilarating lectures are just as gripping for those whose interest is intellectual as for those for whom it is a subject of faith.

Course No. RP-B313. Audio or Video.

To order, mail coupon below or call

1-800-832-2421

Ask for Operator 429.

Fax 1-319-582-2003



THE TEACHING COMPANY

DEPT. 429 / P.O. Box 3370 / DUBUQUE, IA 52004

Please send me the following SuperStar Teachers College Lecture Course(s), each consisting of eight 45-minute lectures on audio or video cassettes in handsome storage cases.

VIDEO PRICES: One course, \$149.95. Two courses, \$129.95 each. Three or more courses, \$109.95 each.
AUDIO PRICES: One course, \$89.95. Two courses, \$79.95 each. Three or more courses, \$69.95 each.

COURSE NO.	AUDIO OR VIDEO?	PRICE

\$5 per course, shipping & handling:

Sales tax if in VA (4.5%) or IA (4%):

TOTAL:

☐ Check enclosed (to The Teaching Company).

☐ Charge to my: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

CARD NO.

EXP. DATE

SIGNATURE

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

SHIPPING ADDRESS

PHONE

CITY & STATE

ZIP

☐ Check here if you're not ordering now but would like a copy of our catalog with additional information on courses and our Rental Option Program.

villagers which was "greater than at any previous time during the Third Reich in Bavaria," the historian Ian Kershaw wrote in his account of this region. Mothers of schoolchildren used a variety of tactics to mobilize popular opinion and noncooperation with the regime. Kershaw continued,

The most frequent tactic used by the activist mothers was to send a delegation to the head teacher, the mayor, the local Party leader, and the [district magistrate], with a threat to remove their children from school until the crosses were replaced. In many instances a school strike began and successfully persuaded the local authorities that the time had come to bow to the pressure. . . . Any form of unwillingness to concede on the part of the local authorities led to demonstrations by angry groups or crowds of people, prominent among them the women of the village.

Other methods of resistance used in this "mother's revolt" included petitions threatening school strikes; criticism that while Germany fought "godless Bolshevism" in Russia, godlessness was rearing its head at home; and threats of resignation from the party and the women's organization. Exploiting their intimate link with the war front, women encouraged one another to write to their husbands about their struggle. The replies they received—recording their husbands' dismay and falling morale—were then used as ammunition in the fight for crosses. One wife claimed to have received a letter from her husband saying that the news had made him decide to stop concealing how horrible conditions at the front really were. According to Kershaw, women were prominent in this civil disobedience because of their close ties to school and church. Once women took the initiative, others joined in their fight, on the Rosenstrasse as well as in these schools.

The Euthanasia Protest

ALL ROADS TO POWER START WITH THE PEOPLE, the Führer had written. In the interest of maintaining power, the Nazi dictatorship released Jews and rescinded crucifix decrees. Also responding to the force of popular opinion, Hitler ordered a

stop to "euthanasia"—as the Nazis called the murder of the insane and deformed—by gassing. In nineteen months, from January of 1940 to August of 1941, euthanasia claimed some seventy thousand victims. But the doctors and bureaucrats grew careless: families of those murdered received two urns of ashes, persons who had long ago had appendectomies were reported to have died of appendicitis, and asylum staff members, tongues loosened at the local pub, let slip the tale of their ghastly work.

The purpose of Hitler's order was to stop public protests against euthanasia rather than euthanasia itself. In the final forty-four months of Nazi Germany euthanasia claimed an additional thirty thousand victims. The gassing of the insane and deformed stopped, but was re-

placed by a decentralized effort, more difficult to blame on the regime. Trustworthy doctors, nurses, and caretakers were told that it was not undesired to kill such people through overdoses of medication and starvation diets. Patients were fed potato peels, thistles, and dandelions. Suffered in the chill of poorly heated or unheated rooms, this fare led to death by intestinal catarrh, diarrhea, and lung infection—all "natural causes." Overdoses of medication, especially in combination with starvation rations and cold, also resulted in death only gradually, so that death could again be characterized as natural.

Another measure to minimize protests was the selection of victims without German families. Many of the thirty thousand later victims

were not Germans but forced laborers from the east. They were the "*Untermenschen*," racially inferior persons who, no longer fit for work after falling ill, or falling apart, were killed by starvation or poison. Many others of the later victims were orphans and juvenile delinquents in concentration camps—Germans with no families or with very weak family ties. Without family members among the *Volk*, they had no voice among the *Volk*, and so would never occasion a protest.

Like the removals of crucifixes in 1936 and 1941, the euthanasia by gassing was stopped as a direct consequence of the force of popular opinion. But the fight against euthanasia was primarily conducted by religious leaders such as Catholic bishops, especially Clemens Au-

Vergeßt sie nie!

Ehret die Frauen in reichem Maße,
Die zu uns hielten in Schmach und Not.
Die furchtlos in der Rosenstraße
Demonstrierten trotz Gestapo-Verbot.
Gemeinsam war vor Verfolgung das Beben,
Treue ist doch kein leerer Wahn.
Ihnen verdanken wir unser Leben
Und alles, was sie für uns getan.
Trotz allem Druck konnten sie kein Wanken,
Für das, was sie litten, keine Reue!
Wie sollen wir es ihnen danken?
Für soviel Liebe, für solche Treue!
Euren Anteil kann niemand bestreiten,
Ihr gabt uns Kraft und Sonnenschein.
Ein Dankmal der Liebe für alle Zeiten
Pflanztet ihr uns ins Herz hinein!

Julius Schanzer

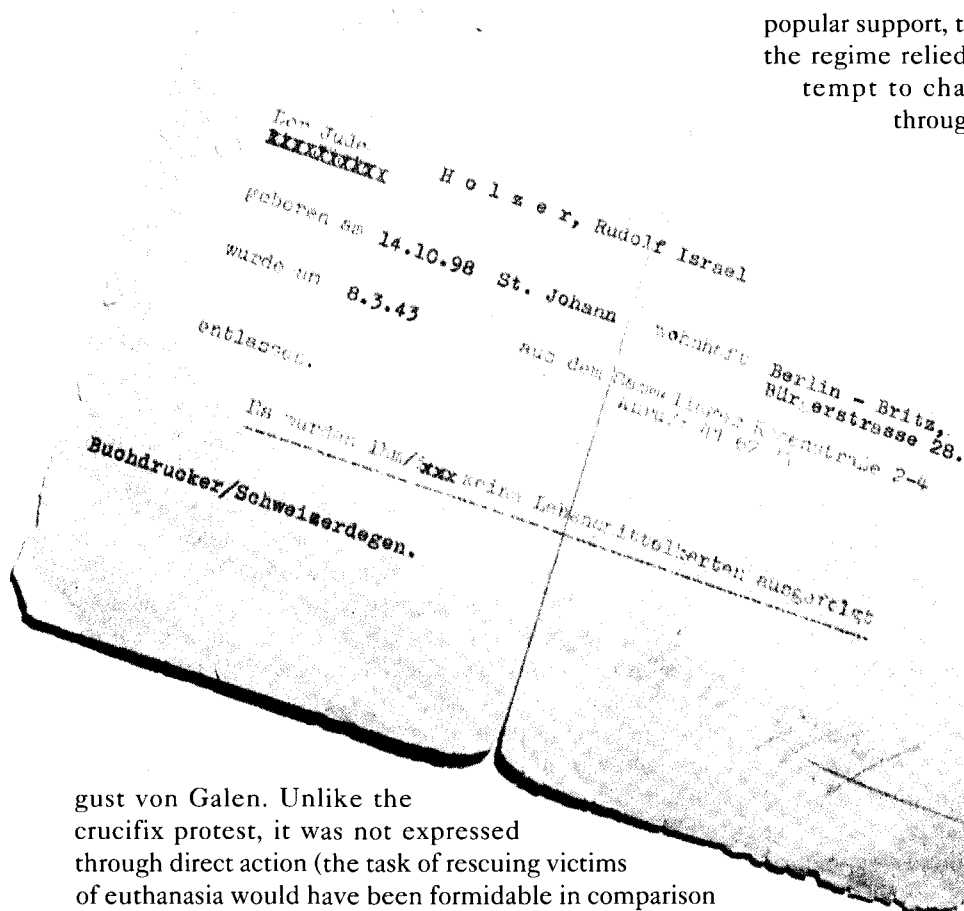
popular support, the cornerstone of Nazi power. Whereas the regime relied on public support, its totalitarian attempt to change Germany's racial composition through murder would elicit public wrath and social unrest—unless it could be carried out in secret.

German officials first acknowledged the existence of troublesome rumors about euthanasia in late 1940. When the party's local group leader in Bruckberg wondered how he could combat rumors that inmates of a nearby asylum were being killed, the party regional leader instructed him that it was better to say nothing at all than to draw attention to an action that the general populace would denounce. In a letter to the Reich's Chancellor on March 4, 1941, Franz Schlegelberger, the acting Minister of Justice, warned that rumors were mounting because the boundaries of

the murder program were unknown. Who was to be killed, and why? Fears mounted that euthanasia would extend to those injured in the war, old people incapable of working, and political opponents. Schlegelberger argued that the rumormongers could not be prosecuted, because this

would only spread reports about the program, with consequent unrest. Trials held in secret would be just as problematic as public trials, the minister wrote, because the regime would still have to explain "the particular elements of offense [which] would unfurl the entire problem."

In July and August of 1941 Von Galen preached three blistering sermons from his pulpit in Münster-Westphalia against the lawless power of the Gestapo, warning his congregation that no one was safe from arbitrary arrest and punishment, and that, according to the logic of a program that sacrificed those who were of no obvious productive use to the war effort, the state could soon be administering euthanasia to wounded soldiers at the front as well as to cripples, the old, and the weak. Walter

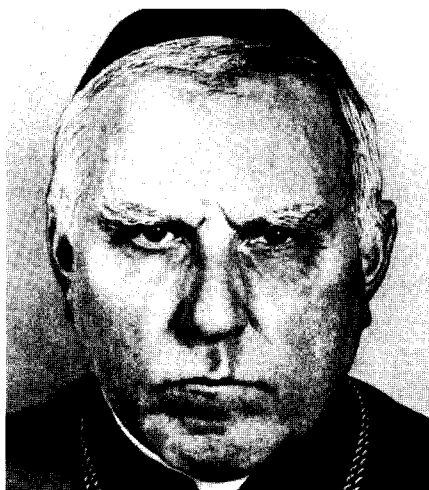


gust von Galen. Unlike the crucifix protest, it was not expressed through direct action (the task of rescuing victims of euthanasia would have been formidable in comparison with replacing Hitler's visage with the cross). Collective civil disobedience was not important in the fight against euthanasia, nor were mass protests.

But the leaders who condemned euthanasia from the pulpit were effective only because they represented the public will. The regime was probably not much worried about a few letters from a bishop here or there: isolated individuals could be threatened into silence or imprisoned, and their letters could be burned. Von Galen was not executed, because the public loved and respected him. And he made public what the regime meant to keep secret.

Because popular opinion was powerful, the regime wished to carry out both euthanasia and the Final Solution behind the backs of the people (euphemisms for murder were just the outside veil of the regime's cover-up). Nazi policies for breeding a "racially pure" and plentiful German population meant the sterilization and destruction of *lebensunwerten Lebens*, "life unworthy of life." Racial hygiene, the cornerstone of Nazi politics, eventually began to threaten

Facing page, "Never Forget Them!"—a poem by a survivor of the Final Roundup, about the women who demonstrated. Above, Rudolf Holzer's release papers. Below, Bishop Clemens August von Galen, who publicly protested euthanasia.



Tiessler, an official in the party chancellery, suggested to Goebbels that Von Galen be hanged. But Goebbels told Tiessler that only Hitler himself could condemn the bishop to die, and said, "If something against the bishop was done, one could forget about receiving support of the people of Münster for the rest of the war"—perhaps, he went on, even the population of the entire region of Westphalia. Many soldiers at the front derived their will to fight from their Catholic beliefs, and others less devout would be demoralized if their relatives at home lost their faith in Germany's cause. The soldiers' morale would understandably be undermined if a bishop were executed for warning that they, too, if wounded, might be targets of a state that killed all those it deemed useless.

As soon as Von Galen spoke out, he had public awareness on his side. If he were arrested, the public would know immediately both about his arrest and about the reason for it. Von Galen helped to form the opinion that protected him. He gave the many whispered fears about euthanasia public voice. Now that euthanasia was being publicly discussed, it had to be ended.

According to the writer Conor Cruise O'Brien, Hitler backed away from confrontation with the German churches "because he thought this was bad for the morale of Germany's armed forces." O'Brien concluded that the churches "might well have" forced the Nazi regime to stop the Holocaust if they had "spoken out against the persecution of the Jews with the same vigor as they had shown in the case of 'Euthanasia.'" The scholar J. P. Stern agrees. He writes that it "seems beyond any doubt that if the Churches had opposed the persecution of the Jews as they opposed the killing of the congenitally insane and sick, there would have been no 'Final Solution.'"

"Us-ism"

THE CIVILIAN ACTIONS THAT FORCED STATE concessions in widely varying political circumstances and that represented a spectrum of threats to Nazi power shared certain fundamental qualities essential to their success. First, successful acts of noncooperation or protest at least appeared to have been undertaken collectively by an integral part of society, rather than demonstrating isolated disaffection. People were executed for offenses as minor as telling an anti-Nazi joke—when they acted individually.

Second, successful actions were nonviolent. Nonviolent actions avoided the appearance of treason and

failed to legitimate the crushing violence of the Nazi regime. Police violence generally had the potential to be ineffective or counterproductive against broadly based opposition, rooted in social customs and traditions. If the protesters on the Rosenstrasse had come armed, the police would have *had* to shoot them, Leopold Gutterer, who was Joseph Goebbels's deputy from 1941 to 1944, told me in a recent interview. Gutterer also said that it was important that the protesters had acted for all to see, risking their lives, making public confessions of their loyalty to their families, rather than acting behind the back of the state, in the manner of traitors: "They were as persons there; anyone could recognize who they were; they demonstrated openly and risked their existence."

Third, then, opposition that succeeded in reversing Nazi policies was overt as well as broad-based and nonviolent. The state controlled the press and radio, but public noncooperation and direct action, rumors, public preaching, and open protest were all forms of communication difficult to control. Goebbels needed to clear the streets of protesters to stop others from getting the same idea, according to Gutterer. Publicly expressed opposition not only drew attention to secret programs and demonstrated dissent but also potentially transmitted knowledge about a politically powerful means of dissent. Certainly secrecy, rather than publicity, was a key condition for saving many Jews, including those hiding in the German underground. But in the incidents discussed here, public opposition led to the public reversal of the offensive decrees and programs.

Those on the Rosenstrasse who risked their lives for Jews did not express opposition to anti-Semitic policies *per se*. They displayed primarily what the late Primo Levi, a survivor of Auschwitz, called "selfishness extended to the person closest to you . . . us-ism." In most of the stories I have heard of Aryans who risked their lives for Jews to whom they were married, they withdrew to safety, one by one, the moment their loved ones were released. Their protests bring home to us the iron limits, the tragically narrow borders, of us-ism.

In his *Question of German Guilt*, Karl Jaspers argues that what we see in the crimes of the Nazis and in the silent complicity of the German people—as well, we might add, in the us-ism of the protesters—is "the human essence" in "its German form." That is a disquieting observation. While not absolving the Germans of guilt for the greatest crime in history, it leaves us squarely on the moral hook, reminding us of the inescapable responsibility of peoples for the conduct of their governments. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

ALGERNON SWINBURNE AND VICTOR HUGO

SWINBURNE WAS A slight, carrot-topped Eton school-boy when he began seriously reading Hugo. During holidays he would roam the beach of his native Isle of Wight, declaiming Hugolian verse across the waves. On the other side was France, from which his hero had been banished for advocating the republican cause—with himself as its leader—in opposition to Louis-Napoleon. The young English aristocrat was himself a fervent republican. Hugo was fifty, Swinburne fifteen.

Life brought disillusionment to Swinburne, but the master's example never failed him. It was as if he sought to out-Romantic Hugo—in poetry, drama, fiction, life itself. Hugo and the sea—these were the constants in his often erratic existence. One September Swinburne was visiting a friend on the Normandy coast, and while bathing was carried far out by a treacherous current. Rescued by a fishing boat and wrapped in sailcloth, he was a fantastic apparition, his red hair dripping seawater

down his long pale neck as he intoned Hugo's poems to a bemused crew all the way back to shore.

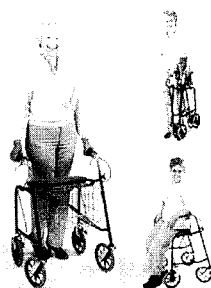
The tale spread; perhaps it was then that Hugo first learned of his disciple. A meeting in Guernsey, site of the rebel poet's exile, never materialized. Then the Second Empire fell. In November of 1882 Swinburne, his fiery head dulled with time, was invited to Paris by a white-bearded Hugo for the anniversary celebration of his play *Le Roi s'amuse*. Both men had grown quite deaf. Hugo gave a dinner party; much as he tried, Swinburne understood not a word of the toast in his honor. When he in turn lifted his glass to his host and then dashed it to the ground in extravagant homage, Hugo thought only of the broken goblet. Still, a bond had been forged. Later, at the theater, neither man could hear the actors, but both already knew the dialogue anyway. "*Êtes vous content?*" Hugo asked in a moment of rare simplicity, and Swinburne replied from his heart that yes, he was.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

The Collection

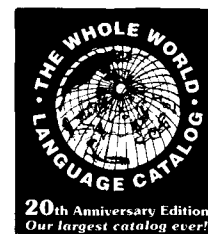
A COMPENDIUM OF CATALOGUES

AUTUMN 1992



1. AMERICAN WALKER

Do you or a loved one need help walking? With our line of wheeled walkers, you will gain a great sense of security and independence. Shop, stroll, garden, and travel with complete confidence. Fully guaranteed. Free.



2. AUDIO-FORUM

We offer foreign-language, self-instructional book/cassette courses. Choose from 230 courses in 79 languages. Comprehensive courses developed for State Department personnel. Brief courses for travelers and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving. Price of catalogue applied toward order. \$1.00.



3. BARNES & NOBLE

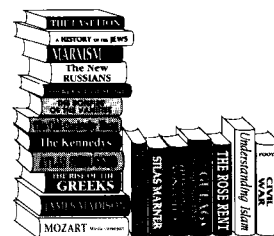
"The world's largest bookstore" brings you hardcover book bargains, current paperbacks, rare and out-of-print editions, records and tapes, videocassettes, and desk accessories. Savings up to 80% off publishers' prices. 30-day guarantee. U.S. only. Free.



4. THE BEST CATALOGS IN THE WORLD

We feature over 275 prestigious catalogues. Treat yourself to fabulous selections on fashion, fine food, music, video, crafts, home-decor, and more. Discover the catalogues you want for home-shopping convenience. 64 color pages. Single issue, \$3.00; three seasonal issues, \$5.00.

Audio Books

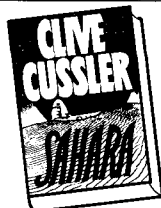


5. BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS

Low prices on over 400 unabridged recordings of timeless books; specializing in history, biography, politics, economics, philosophy, religion, and literature. Available for purchase or 30- and 45-day rentals. Call (800) SAY-BOOK. Free.

BOOKS ON TAPE

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



6. BOOKS ON TAPE

More than 2,500 best sellers on cassette, all full-length. Rentals by mail. Pre-paid delivery, return. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call (800) 626-3333 for brochure. Free.

BOSE Express Music

7. BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC

The first complete record store in a catalogue. Shop from home for any CD, tape, or video in print. Find over 50,000 rock, jazz, and classical titles. Receive our 320-page catalogue, one year of updates covering new releases and specials, and \$50 in merchandise credits. One-year subscription applied toward order. \$4.00.



8. THE CHOCOLATE CATALOGUE

Taste a 300-year tradition of fine chocolate confections. The Bissinger family has hand-crafted chocolates, truffles, berries, petit fours, and more using the finest ingredients and family recipes. We also offer such novelties as gourmet chocolate pizza, seasonally decorated sugar cubes, and custom mints. Holiday catalogue, free.



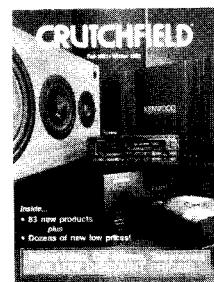
9. CO-OP AMERICA CATALOG

Order organic gift baskets, Native American jewelry and crafts, woolen sweaters from Ecuador, organic cotton clothing, calendars, books, holiday cards, recycled-paper giftwrap, and more. All from companies that care about the earth and its peoples. \$1.00.



10. CRATE & BARREL

The Crate & Barrel offers a unique collection of contemporary home furnishings including dinnerware, stemware, barware, gourmet culinary equipment, tabletop, Christmas items, children's accessories, and other exciting items for your home as well as gift ideas and a full bridal registry. (We ship only in the U.S.) \$2.00.



11. CRUTCHFIELD STEREO AND VIDEO

The country's most complete consumer-electronics catalogue features components from top brands in home and car stereo at discount prices. Over 100 pages of photos, descriptions, comparison charts, and consumer tips. Telephones and security products, too. Catalogue, \$1.00.



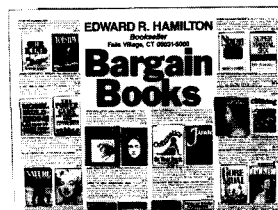
12. DAEDALUS BOOKS

Fine literary remainders for the discriminating reader. Save up to 90% on an irresistible compendium of books from our catalogue. Many of the year's best, and all valuable additions to your library. Call Daedalus Books, (800) 395-2665. Free.



13. DAVIS & CO.

Explore the past through our distinctive selection of fine merchandise and books of historical interest, from the ancient world to the New World Order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call (800) 370-1066. Free.



14. EDWARD R. HAMILTON, BOOKSELLER

Save up to 80% on publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports, reprints—up to 8,000 titles each month, including 600 to 1,500 new arrivals. Over 40 subject areas—an exceptional selection at great prices, from Edward R. Hamilton. Free.



15. ETHEL M. CHOCOLATES

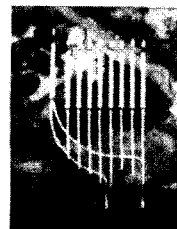
We feature a wide variety of luscious premium chocolate-assortment gifts made from the freshest ingredients, exquisitely packaged, and shipped Federal Express. A unique Christmas gift. Ethel M. Chocolates catalogue, free.

Good Vibrations



16. GOOD VIBRATIONS

Tasteful, informative, and irreverent, our catalogues offer the best erotic toys, books, and videos for men and women. Confidentiality guaranteed. Woman-owned and operated. Price of catalogue applied toward first order. \$5.00.



The Source for Everything Jewish

17. HAMAKOR JUDAICA

America's largest, most diverse collection of Jewish giftware by mail offers ritual and ceremonial items, books, CDs, cassettes, videos, limited-edition prints and sculpture, and Kosher gourmet foods. \$2.00.

HEAR

MUSIC CATALOG

18. HEAR MUSIC CATALOG

We offer a hand-picked selection of the best in jazz, rock, blues, folk, country, and bluegrass. Guest editors like Rickie Lee Jones, Lyle Lovett, and k.d. lang choose their favorite albums. No more taking chances or wading through record bins. Free CD with every order. Full-color catalogue, \$2.00.

TALL & BIG MEN

THE KING-SIZE CO.

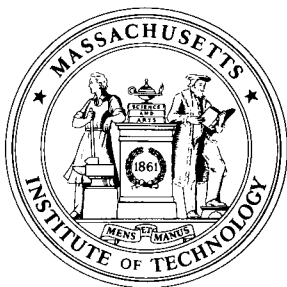
19. THE KING-SIZE CO.

We feature quality clothing and shoes for tall and big men. Brand names and the best selection of shirts, pants, jeans, jackets and more. Tall sizes to 5XL and big sizes to 8XL. Footwear from sizes 12A to 16EEE. 100% guaranteed. Call (800) 456-4334 for our catalogue. Free.

The Lighter Side

20. THE LIGHTER SIDE CATALOGUE

"They who laugh, last!" Over 1,000 light-hearted gifts that lift the spirit and tickle the funny bone. Novel clothing, jewelry, videos, books, collectibles, and more. Add glee and gaiety to your holiday shopping and giving. \$2.00.



21. MIT MUSEUM SHOP

The MIT Museum Shop features computerized jewelry, architecture kits, and fascinating puzzles to captivate great minds of all ages and interests. Send for our full-color catalogue of books, games, and technological whimsy. \$1.00.



22. MUNYON & SONS

We have been selling the finest reproduction bronze sculptures since 1977. Our western catalogue features 38 bronzes after Remington, Russell, and Fraser. Our primary catalogue features more than 300 bronzes in all sizes, motifs, and price ranges. Call (800) 289-2850. Western catalogue, free; primary catalogue, \$10.00.



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS BOSTON

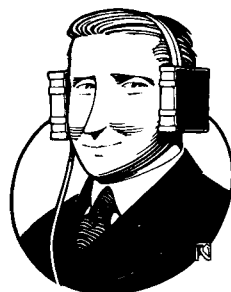
23. MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

Explore our beautiful 96-page color catalogue of exclusive gifts adapted from objects in our renowned collections. We offer unique jewelry and scarves, art books, prints, notecards, sculpture, and educational toys for children. \$2.00.

PBS HOME VIDEO

24. PBS HOME VIDEO

Enjoy the very best of public television—Masterpiece Theatre classics, Agatha Christie thrillers, Bill Moyers specials, quality children's videos, programs on politics, finance, nature, diet, and health. Wonderful gifts! 36-page catalogue, \$1.00.



25. RECORDED BOOKS

The sound of best sellers! Listen to unabridged Recorded Books on cassette while you drive. Bestsellers, mysteries, histories, classics, and more. Call (800) 638-1304 and ask about easy rentals by mail. Introductory catalogue, free.

SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP

Founded in 1920
by
Paramahansa
Yogananda



26. SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP

For over 70 years, Self-Realization Fellowship has offered a program of self-development based on scientific methods of meditation and balanced living. Our booklet *Undreamed-of Possibilities* provides introductory information. Free.



27. SIGNALS

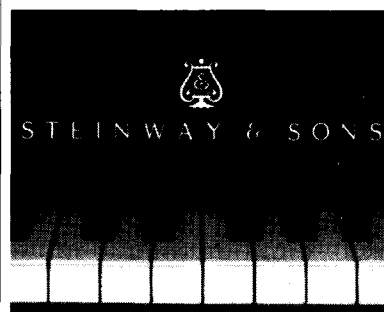
A Signals catalogue exclusive! Fans of the PBS series *Rumpole of the Bailey* will recognize "She who must be obeyed" as Hilda, Mrs. Rumpole herself. A unique selection of quality videos, audios, books, clothing, jewelry, toys, and games. \$1.00.

Smith & Hawken



28. SMITH & HAWKEN

Clothes that work: shirts, pants, skirts, shorts, jackets, and footwear dedicated to function, not fads. To receive our catalogue, call (800) 776-4445, department 29D. Free.



29. STEINWAY & SONS

The piano chosen by 90% of the world's performing artists. An extraordinary musical instrument and enduring investment, handmade without compromise since 1853. Color brochure of grands and verticals, \$5.00.



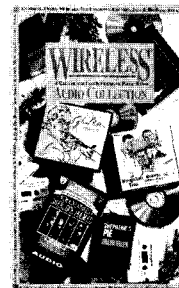
30. THE VIDEO CATALOG

We feature a wide selection of your favorite British comedies and dramas, performing arts and documentaries, children's classics, family entertainment, and more hard-to-find videos for the discerning viewer. \$1.00.



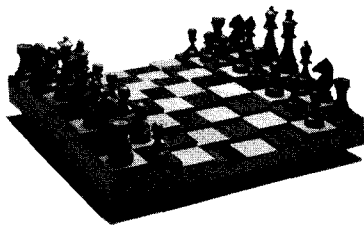
31. WINTERSILKS

Rich silk for you, or a gift for a friend. WinterSilks offers exclusive silk long johns and sportswear at 10-40% off normal retail prices. Merchandise is fully guaranteed. For a one-year subscription, call (800) 648-7455. Free.



32. WIRELESS AUDIO COLLECTION

Audio cassettes and compact discs you've always wanted, but couldn't find. From classical music, big band, jazz, country, folk, to children's, self-improvement, vintage radio broadcasts, and more. \$1.00.



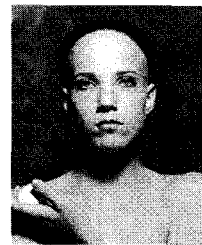
33. WORLD WIDE GAMES

We take fun seriously with mind-bending puzzles, fascinating games, and other gifts that amuse, amaze, and teach. We offer challenging three-dimensional chess, unique chinese checkers, jigsaw puzzle frames, authentic pachinko machines, cross-country exerskiers, Christmas ornaments, and more. Color catalogue, \$2.00.



34. XANDRIA COLLECTION

Our 36-page catalogue features the most exclusive collection of personal pleasures, dedicated to communication and sensual well-being. Open the doors to new pleasures with a continued tradition of excellence. Our money-back guarantee: confidentiality, quality, 100% satisfaction. Must be 21 years old. Price applied toward first order. \$4.00.



35. YELLOW SILK: JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS

"As stunningly visual as it is literate. As intensely passionate as it is tender. Your mouth will water; your heart will overflow. For body and mind, *Yellow Silk* defines erotic." *Yellow Silk* is a 10-year-old, prize-winning, full-color quarterly. Single issue, \$7.50; four issues, \$30.



Okefenokee Romp

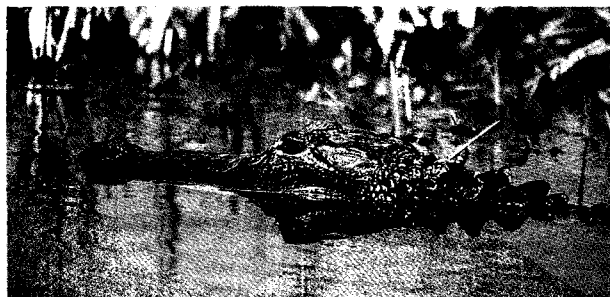
Paddling through a place where the alligators grow as big as canoes

by Roy Blount Jr.

I SHOULDN'T say this, because it puts me on shaky legal ground, but I like to think an alligator ate my notes. Ate the small pocket notebook, that is, in which I recorded many of the impressions and travel tips that came to me as my friends Vereen, Slick, and Hal and I canoed, this past April, through the Okefenokee, whose name derives from the Creek for "Land of the Trembling Earth."

Certainly my notebook was not without food value, because the last time I remember writing something down in it was right after I had scaled and gutted a string of bluegills, stumpknockers, and catfish

that we had caught on red wigglers and an artificial bug called a Yellow Sally, and you know how your hands get when you clean fish. Wherever I had touched the paper, it wouldn't take ink at all well. I wasn't about to wash my hands in the black, unripply, vividly reflective water off the side of the shel-



ter, because we knew for a fact that down there lurked an alligator, six or seven feet long, named either George or Georgette.

Most of the shelters along the Okefenokee canoe trails are roofed wooden platforms set on piles. They are among the few surfaces in the swamp that don't quiver or give. The Okefenokee, which occupies almost seven hundred largely unspoiled square miles in southeast Georgia and north Florida, is generally referred to as a swamp but strictly speaking is not one, because it is too far above sea level and because a swamp is stagnant. Water flows constantly, though

very slowly and circuitously, through various channels in the Okefenokee, which is Pogo's home and which is way down upon the Suwannee River. The water looks black from above (a sample in a clear bottle is tea-colored; the fish that live in it are sepia), and tastes slightly like Scotch whisky, because the Okefenokee is a peat bog. The clumps of soil from which huge cypress trees grow (also the hooded pitcher plant, the golden trumpet, the bonnet lily, the neverwet, the sweet pepper bush, and the lather leaf, or poor man's soap) are in fact islands of peat that float above the sandy bottom.

The platforms are spaced along the trails so that canoe parties can spend the night on them. Each of these shelters has a logbook in which parties have left their comments. I wrote many of these comments down in my notebook. Some I recall roughly as follows:

At the Maul Hammock shelter, "This place is yellow-fly hell." Followed by: "The flies live here. We are visitors. We come to see all the inhabitants, not just the cute ones."

At Maul Hammock, "We are making this trip with two over-sixties people. We don't recommend this."

At the Big Water shelter (the next night), "The 'over-sixties' are hanging in there."

Big Water was where George or Georgette lived. It seems to be a tradition that male commenters call him George, female ones Georgette. It is a violation of federal law to feed Okefenokee alligators. And I dare say it is bad practice to encourage them to look to human beings for sustenance. As Slick put it at the Maul Hammock shelter, "If an alligator can climb on a log, an alligator can climb up here in our sleep."

"-ing bags," Hal added.

But I halfway accidentally let George or Georgette get a catfish head. I couldn't help myself—he or she begged and begged. Later a local man advised us that alligators lie around with their mouths wide open "in lieu of perspiring." They lack sweat glands, so that's how they cool off, by gaping. But George or Georgette gaped in an extremely insistent way, resting his head on the edge of the shelter and looking up at us with her good eye. There could be little doubt that he or she had figured out what campers find appealing.

IT WASN'T George/-ette who got my notebook, because I still had it the next morning when we set off on the last leg of our thirty-one-mile trip through what would be, if it were a swamp, the largest freshwater swamp in America. The notes disappeared in the confusion after Slick's and my canoe rammed the log another alligator was lying on. Slick, in the back, was trying to take this alligator's picture, and I—in the front, and therefore some fifteen inches from the alligator when we hit the log—evidently did not do the right thing with my paddle.

In fact, this trip was the first time I had been in a canoe without falling out. I mention this because I don't want you to get the idea that you have to be a crack outdoorsman to get back up into some of the most unusual country you can see in America.

There are seven different two- to five-day Okefenokee canoe routes. Unless you love sweaty, buggy nights, this is not the time to take any of them. It is time, however, to make plans for the fall. November, when the cypress needles will be turning golden and the sweet-gum leaves red, is one of the two best months of the year. (April, when I went, is the other; March is nearly as popular.) To make a fall trip, you will have to start applying for a permit soon.

Here's how that works. You call the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge, near Folkston, Georgia, and tell Karen, the cordial person who answers, that you want to canoe the Okefenokee. She will tell you that you're welcome if your party is no larger than twenty people and ten canoes. (Five dollars per person per night. You can rent canoes and camping equipment inexpensively at the Suwannee Canal Recreational Concession, near Folkston.) But if you want to embark on, say, November 1, you must call for a reservation first thing in the morning exactly sixty days ahead of that date. First thing in the morning means 7:00 A.M. And, as Karen warns you, a lot of other people will be calling then too. You ask her if it makes any difference that you're planning to write a story about the experience for a prominent national magazine. She says no. She says she has congressmen asking her whether it makes any difference that they are congressmen, and no is what she tells them. First come first served.

So you and all the other members of

Hop a freighter to South America.



Sorry, this is not the freighter you see in old movies on the Late Show. Instead of the crew's mess, there's a dining salon with vintage wines, salmon en-croute and white glove service. Instead of bunk beds, there are spacious suites and staterooms with private baths and picture windows. Still, M/V Americana is a freighter, carrying cargo between the east coast of the United States and some of the most colorful, seldom-seen ports in South America.

For the freighter adventure of a lifetime, call your travel agent or send for a free brochure describing our 44/45-day cruises from \$7875 to \$14,310 per person (shorter segments available).

Please send a free copy of the M/V America brochure to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

My travel agent is: _____

IVARAD
Lines

Newport Financial Center, 111 Pavonia Avenue
Jersey City, NJ 07310-1755

DEPT. A992

201-798-5656

1-800-451-1639 (Outside NJ)

*Coming
Next
Month
In*
**The
Atlantic**



**GRAVEDIGGER OF
THE REVOLUTION**

by Richard Brookhiser

“When the conservative movement first encountered George Bush,” the author writes, “it had been developing for more than twenty-five years. Its view of its own history was of a long trek from the wilderness to the threshold of power”—culminating in the presidency of Ronald Reagan. Bush was simply an “*ex officio*” member, by virtue of being Reagan’s running mate, and in 1988 conservatives “hoped guardedly” for the best from a Bush Administration. But after the past four years, their disappointment with the President is compounded by a sense of betrayal.



EDITING LIVES

by Peter Davison

“The biographer’s genius lies in having the sympathy and imagination to create the story of a life about which the subject’s ghost would say, ‘That’s as close to me as anybody else could be expected to know.’” An essay, drawn from long experience, on the art of telling someone’s story.

your party who can speak intelligibly at that time of day will have to start dialing at 6:59 EST, with fingers crossed. (If you think this is awkward, wait until you have to make a pit stop in terrain where the only place to stand is either your canoe or a patch of mush and roots.) The Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge does not have call waiting. You will get a great many busy signals, and when you finally get through, you will most likely be told that all the trails are taken for that day. So you’ll have to try again the next day, for November 2. We were lucky to get the trail we wanted—“the red trail,” Kingfisher Landing to Maul Hammock, Big Water, and Stephen Foster State Park—on the third day of calling.

Yes, there are simpler ways to see a bit of the Okefenokee, year-round. You can visit Okefenokee Swamp Park, near Waycross, Georgia, which features interesting wildlife exhibits, including a canoe-sized stuffed alligator with a sign next to it that says,

OLD ROY. He is here to touch and feel and to pose with you for pictures. When Roy died in the summer of 1972 of old age he was about 90 yrs old and had lived in Okefenokee Swamp Park for almost 20 yrs. He had been placed in captivity because he had developed the habit of attacking the boats of fishermen and helping himself to their strings of fish. Roy was 12’10” long, weighed approximately 650 lbs and had a girth of 70 inches. Named for Roy Moore, manager of Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge from 1951 to 1955.

Also at the Waycross site you can line up for brief tour-boat excursions with rote commentary. (“Do any of y’all know who Oscar is besides Oscar the Grouch, Oscar Mayer Wiener, and Oscar de la Renta? He’s Oscar the alligator, and sometimes you can see him just around the corner here . . . maybe not this time.”)

More to be recommended are the guided boat tours out of the Suwannee Canal Recreational Concession, which take you far enough to see lots of gators and birds. Two of these tours, by reservation only, go out at night. You can also rent motorboats there and take them eleven or twelve miles up into the swamp—and make a lot of noise, and incur the disdain of us deep-swamp canoeists who are returning from way

back up in there where we could entertain the notion that we might conceivably never get back out again.

I’VE BEEN fascinated by the Okefenokee since I was a boy, partly because of Pogo and partly because of the movie *Swamp Water*, which was directed by Jean Renoir in 1941 and starred Walter Brennan and was remade in 1952 as *Lure of the Wilderness*, again starring Walter Brennan. The movies were based on the novel *Swamp Water*, by Vereen Bell Sr., the father of my fellow explorer Vereen. In the movies the swamp is a fearful thing that only a few swampwise souls dare venture into. One false step and you’re swallowed by quicksand.

As it happens, the quicksand was a Hollywood concoction: the Okefenokee footing never goes so far as to suck you down. And when I asked Jim Petty, one of the concession’s guides, whether people still get lost forever in the swamp, he said, “That’s just something you read about.”

But you do feel when you paddle back up in there that the world as you know it has disappeared. There are stretches where you have to fight your way through lily pads, and there are stretches where you glide over water that looks like black glass with trees and flowers laid onto it by some kind of photographic process, and you dip your paddle and its blade disappears as the flora’s mirror images swirl around the handle. And there is the cypress-lined Big Water, which feels a bit like a cathedral, only less busy.

To get into all that, you have to go through Karen. Because the reservations system keeps the trails strictly apportioned, your party won’t see anybody for the whole trip but yourselves—and turtles and sandhill cranes and egrets and great blue herons and white ibises and anhingas (also known as water turkeys). And occasional water moccasins, but they flee canoeists: if anything, you’ll wish you could get better glimpses of them. Furthermore, the Okefenokee alligators have never been known to eat people; they prefer turtles, frogs, and fishy travel notes.

Late at night you can hear them grunting, though. Alligators and frogs. *G’nuh*. Big old bull alligator. *Gunk*. Maybe an alligator, maybe a frog. *Pweep pweep*. Frogs.

I recommend it. □



Borscht-Belt Trombone

The great jazz trombonist Roswell Rudd makes music in the Catskills

by Francis Davis

ROSWELL RUDD, a trombonist now in his late fifties, will, regardless of what he accomplishes or fails to in his remaining years, always be identified with the jazz avant-garde of the 1960s, so indelible was his mark on it and its on him. Last summer I heard him sing "The Beer-Barrel Polka" as a member of a show band in a Borscht Belt resort and sound as though he was having a good time doing it. It would heighten the incongruity if I could say that I just walked in on this. But I didn't. I was looking for Rudd, and I knew exactly where to find him, thanks to *Down Beat*.

Toward the back of each issue that music magazine runs a feature called

"Pro Session," in which a recorded improvisation is transcribed and analyzed for the edification of readers who are themselves musicians. The subject of "Pro Session" in December, 1990, was the pianist Herbie Nichols's 1955 recording of his own "Furthermore." The transcription and analysis were supplied by Rudd, who was identified as "a trombonist currently working in the Catskill Mountains at the Granit Hotel [in] Kerhonkson, N.Y."

There was no mention of Rudd's having thrice been voted best trombonist in the magazine's own International Jazz Critics Poll (in 1975, 1978, and 1979), or of his having finished no worse than seventh as recently as 1987,

strictly on reputation: his last New York concert had been in 1983, and he hadn't been featured on a new jazz release since his appearance on one track of *That's the Way I Feel Now* (1984), the auteur record producer Hal Wilner's double album of novel Thelonious Monk interpretations. And there was no hint of how long Rudd had been in the Catskills—the last I'd heard, he was teaching in Augusta, Maine, at a branch of the state university—or of what on earth he was doing there.

Much of the romance of jazz improvisation is in its evanescence, and as if in keeping with that quality, jazz musicians themselves tend to disappear. Years ago when a musician vanished from the scene, it was usually for one of two reasons: drugs, or steady work either making TV-ad soundtracks ("jingles") in the recording studio or playing in the orchestras for films or

Broadway shows, depending on which coast the person in question called home. Today when someone goes a few years between records or concerts, it's assumed that he has grown weary of improvising an income for himself and his dependents and has accepted a university teaching position or taken a day job.

But few musicians ever disappear completely or put their horns away for good, even after learning the hard way that there's very little chance for a big payoff in jazz. Pop musicians and their fans are often puzzled by this, for the same reason that screenwriters, even unproduced screenwriters, are puzzled by novelists, and even more by poets (at least a novel is of some value as a "property"). Publication is almost anticlimactic for most poets. They just have to write. It's the same with most jazz musicians. For the best of them, jazz isn't just a craft; it's a calling, and one that they can never completely stop heeding.

What about those of us who merely listen to jazz? Like serial monogamists, most of us find ourselves drawn to a certain type. Mine seems to be the Missing Person—the great player who has dropped out of sight. Browsing in record stores these days, or listening to many of the bland new releases sent to me to review, I feel as many voters say they do when forced to choose between candidates for whom they have little enthusiasm: there must be something better than this. That's when I

Create the Ultimate Cup Of Coffee



Start with our Green Mountain Coffee Roasters Coffee. It's *freshly roasted* in small batches *just hours* (not weeks or months!) before we rush it to you. The difference in flavor is *extraordinary*.

We guarantee it!



Call 1-800-223-6768
for a **FREE \$5 GIFT
CERTIFICATE** and a
brochure of 50 delicious
gourmet coffees or mail the
coupon below.

**G • R • E • E • N
MOUNTAIN
Coffee**

33 Coffee Lane
Waterbury, VT 05676
1-800-223-6768

☐ Yes, please rush my FREE \$5 certificate
and catalog of all 50 gourmet coffees.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



5992

• 1 (800) 334-0492 •

Jumbo Peanuts from North Carolina

**In Season
Farm-fresh
Cholesterol-free**

**5 lb. Boxes @ \$8.70 & 10 lb. Boxes @ \$15.80
Salted-in-Shell or Roasted-in-Shell**

If you choose to mail your order, write:

Nuts D'Vine

Dept. LT92, P.O. Box 589, Edenton, NC 27932

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats (510) 420-1550
1311 AT 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

THE AMERICAN HEART
ASSOCIATION
MEMORIAL PROGRAM®



WE'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE

American Heart Association 

begin to think of musicians like Roswell Rudd, unforgettable but apparently forgotten, and wonder what on earth has become of them.

IT WASN'T difficult to talk my woman friend into spending a weekend in the mountains. When we pulled into the parking lot of the Granit Hotel and Country Club, at around three o'clock in the afternoon one Saturday last July, a band we later identified as the Sherri Orchestra—not the band with Rudd—was playing "Tea for Two" as a cha-cha next to the outdoor swimming pool.

As we rounded the lobby on our way into the Golden Tiara Nite Club for pre-dinner cocktails, we heard a bossa nova above the chatter of those already helping themselves to hors d'oeuvres. It was Burt Bacharach's "The Look of Love," being played (we surmised) by David Winograd and the Granit Orchestra, the seven-piece combo that would be backing the comedian Nipsey Russell and the singer Karen Saunders at the Tiara's "Broadway Showtime" in just a few hours. Before we could spot the musicians, a trombonist broke free of the ensemble just long enough to let loose three staccato blats. He then smeared Bacharach's melody into a lopsided glissando before blending back into the other horns.

I think I would have recognized that sound anywhere, and the absurdity of the setting only intensified my delight. It should have bothered me that nobody else was paying Rudd much attention. But sometimes it's better that way—anybody who loves jazz so much that he has become somewhat possessive about it (and somewhat resigned to other people's hearing it as background music) will know what I mean. I didn't even mind when, during the band's version of Kool and the Gang's "Celebration," an *alter kocker* doing an awkward lindy hop in front of the tuxedoed musicians admonished "No, no, rock-and-roll," clapping his hands on the wrong beat as Rudd stretched the funk rhythm slightly out of shape. More important, Rudd didn't seem to mind either.

THIRTY YEARS ago, when Rudd was a new face in jazz, the critic Martin Williams praised him for combining "the robust earthiness of a Kid Ory plus all the refinements jazz

trombone has been through since and including some of the latest developments in [jazz] as a whole." The comparison to Ory—the trombonist in Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, and a rallied-around figure in the Dixieland revival of the 1940s—was no idle hyperbole. Rudd, while still an undergraduate at Yale, had recorded two albums of Dixieland as a member of a ragtag collegiate outfit called Eli's Chosen Six. This was before he obtained citizenship in the New York avant-garde through his association with Steve Lacy, Archie Shepp, Bill Dixon, and Cecil Taylor. An ironic consequence of Rudd's apprenticeship as an Ivy Leaguer playing Dixieland, a style that demands of its horn players a vocalized approach, was that he became the first (and, until the emergence of George Lewis, Ray Anderson, Craig Harris, and several Europeans in the seventies and eighties, the only) trombonist capable of matching split tones and glossal outbursts with saxophonists who were bidding their horns to speak in tongues.

This is how innovation usually spreads in jazz: one or two or as many as three or four players make breakthroughs on their horns, and the rank and file play catch-up. In that fashion J. J. Johnson became the ne plus ultra of bebop trombonists by negotiating Charlie Parker's and Dizzy Gillespie's harmonic abstractions and fleet eighth-note runs with his slide. (His West Coast counterpart was the sadly overlooked Frank Rosolino.) In the case of many of Johnson's less imaginative followers, though, as in the case of those who sought to emulate Tommy Dorsey's unperturbed lyricism, this meant ignoring the trombone's potential for mirth. Zipping around on their horns as though the instrument were a darker-toned and only slightly unwieldy trumpet, they sounded like fat men running up stairs with huge bundles. They were ill suited to free improvisation, although many of them tried their hand at it.

Rudd achieved his primacy in free jazz without sounding as though he were consciously emulating Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, or any of the other pace-setting saxophonists of the 1960s. He simply reversed the process begun by Johnson, reacquainting the horn with

the whoops and hollers, the horse-laughs and elephant snorts, that had been part of its jocular vocabulary before bebop.

Thanks to his sprung time and his knack for locating dissonances between positions on his slide, he was able to do this without sounding like an old-timer who had wandered into the wrong gig. Even on dirges (his forte, as such composers as Michael Mantler and Carla Bley quickly realized) he often sounded as if he were shouting or laughing or cursing on his horn, with or without a plunger stuck in its bell to facilitate such vocal effects.

The other keepsake of his Dixieland experience which made Rudd such a valuable asset in free jazz was his commitment to collective improvisation. The problem with much bebop is that the musicians playing it are simply blowing on the chord changes rather than taking full advantage of the melody and rhythm. The problem with free jazz is that even though the chord changes have been dispensed with, the musicians are still just blowing. The New York Art Quartet, the band Rudd led with the saxophonist John Tchicai for a short time in the 1960s, was notable for many virtues, not the least of them the contrapuntal chatter that Rudd and Tchicai kept up behind each other's solos. Rudd's presence in a band of more than four or five pieces practically guaranteed attention to color and dynamics. It also guaranteed levity. He brought a touch of John Philip Sousa to one of Archie Shepp's best small groups in the late 1960s and, a decade or so later, gleefully played the ham in the midsize ensemble led by Carla Bley, a composer who doesn't so much select musicians as cast them to type.

Rudd's sense of himself as first and foremost an ensemble member was so unshakable that when an Italian label invited him to make a solo album, he chose to overdub himself singing and playing piano, bass, drums, and even extra trombone parts. That was in 1979, on *The Definitive Roswell Rudd*, an eccentric tour de force that proved to be his last opportunity to date to record an album of his own compositions. Three years later he made *Regeneration*, featuring three pieces by Thelonious Monk and three by Herbie Nichols, for another Italian label. It was his last complete album.

Why it takes legwork to flatten your stomach.

You can't reduce stomach fat by exercising abdominal muscles alone.

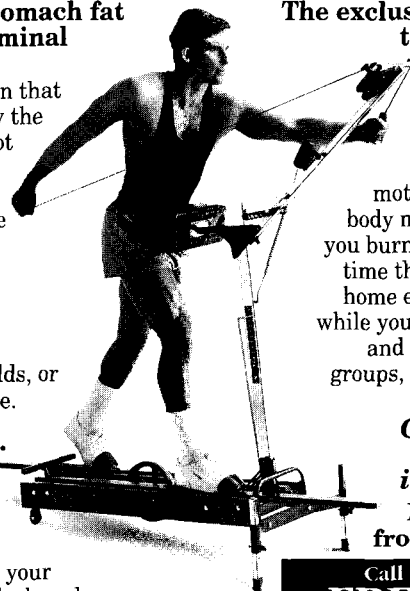
Research has shown that exercises that work only the abdominal region are not effective. They simply don't involve enough muscle mass to burn the calories necessary to trim fat. Instead of flattening, they merely strengthen underlying muscles, providing no reduction in girth, fatfolds, or total body fat percentage.

Free information.

Call or write us today. We'll send you a free brochure and video that describe how NordicTrack can flatten your stomach and make you look and feel your best.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

"The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser."TM



The exclusive NordicTrack[®] total-body aerobic exerciser is the most effective way to flatten your stomach.

The total-body motion involves *all* major body muscles. Which means you burn more body fat in less time than with any other in-home exercise machine. And while you're at it, you're toning and defining those muscle groups, as well. So you feel as good as you look.

Call today for a 30 day in-home trial!

Models priced from \$299 to \$1,299.

Call or write for a **FREE VIDEO & Brochure**

1-800-328-5888 EXT. 11012

NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. #11012, Chaska, MN 55318
©1991 NordicTrack. A CML Company All rights reserved.

LA FRANCE EN CASSETTES!

Champs-Élysées[®]

It's been called the most exciting authentic material available for intermediate and advanced students of French. It's *Champs-Élysées*, the monthly audiomagazine for people who love France and the French language. Produced in Paris by Georges Lang, one of Europe's best-known broadcasters, each hour-long edition brings you interviews, music, and conversation about current events, travel, and the arts. A word-for-word transcript comes with each tape, complete with a French-English glossary and cultural notes. Study supplements, priced separately, help build listening comprehension with exercises based on selected program segments.



Send check or money order to Champs-Élysées, Inc.
Dept. AN8, P.O. Box 158067, Nashville, TN 37215-8067

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ 5 editions (\$69) | ☐ 11 editions (\$118) |
| ☐ with study supplement (\$89) | ☐ with study supplement (\$162) |
- Extra postage: Canada & Mexico, \$4. Tennessee residents add 8.25% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Outside the U.S. call (615) 383-8534 • Credit card orders may be faxed to (615) 297-3138

ORDER BY CREDIT CARD INSIDE THE U.S. 1-800-824-0829



The Interactive Telecommunications Program—Only “Imaginers” Need Apply



New York University is an affirmative action/equal opportunity institution.

The Master's Program in Interactive Telecommunications, acutely aware that the world is still in the early stages of a far-reaching revolution in telecommunications, is committed to demystifying technology in order to create and distribute new applications of electronic media.

Most important, our program's emphasis is on people—not technology.

For it is people—the “imaginers,” the artists, the creative thinkers—who have traditionally shown us new ways to look at the world.

We expect our student “imaginers,” when they address the technology applications of our future, to challenge the ethical questions, the aesthetic requirements, and the empowerment issues.

Our hands-on approach emphasizes collaboration rather than competition. We seek to cultivate a creative environment where exploration, analysis, and risk may occur. The result is that our students synthesize ideas with the tools of personal computers, video, sound, graphics, animation, and text in new and truly innovative ways.

Clearly, our students aspire to more than just honing a skill. Their backgrounds are eclectic and reflect a broad range of experience that includes programming, editing, management, the visual arts, and the humanities.

No matter how diverse their backgrounds, however, they all share an excitement for the possibilities that the emerging technologies offer and a passion to work on the frontier of a rapidly growing and evolving discipline.

For more information, call (212) 998-1880, or Fax us an information request at (212) 998-1898.

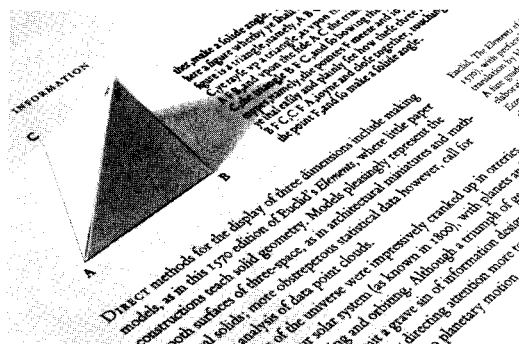
“A remarkable range of examples for visual thinking. A real treat for all who reason and learn by means of images.” RUDOLF ARNHEIM

“The book itself provides a model of good design—each beautifully printed page a harmony of space, type and illustration. . .” NEW YORK TIMES

“Spectacular, reminiscent of E. H. Gombrich's *Art and Illusion*.” BALLAST QUARTERLY

“An incredibly beautiful, true, refined and luscious book.” DENISE SCOTT BROWN and ROBERT VENTURI

A three dimensional fold-up from the first English translation of Euclid's *Geometry*, published in 1570



ENVISIONING INFORMATION

by EDWARD R. TUFTE

Over 400 illustrations with exquisite 6- to 12-color printing throughout. Finest examples in technical, creative, and scientific presentations: diagrams, legal exhibits, computer graphics, charts, maps, and use of color. Moneyback guarantee. \$48 per copy postpaid. Also available: *The Visual Display of Quantitative Information*, \$40 per copy postpaid.

Send check to: Graphics Press Box 430-M Cheshire, Connecticut 06410

THE PEOPLE seated next to us at dinner turned out to be Catskills regulars, a couple in their early fifties, who informed us that the Granit was strictly Grade B, right down to the entertainment. “The Concord gets Paul Anka, the Granit gets Robert Merrill,” the wife complained. “If you don’t have to ask if somebody’s still living, they’re too big for the Granit.”

Maybe so, but I doubt that any other Catskills resort boasts a band capable of jamming so euphorically on “Mack the Knife.” To my surprise, Rudd wasn’t the only musician in the band with impressive credentials: the lineup also included Bobby Johnson, about whose trumpet solo on Erskine Hawkins’s 1945 recording of “Tippin’ In,” Gunther Schuller wrote (in his landmark book, *The Swing Era*) that it was “so admirably conceived and executed” that “one assumes the presence of one of the great trumpet stars of the period.” Johnson sang a few numbers in a swaggering voice reminiscent of Jimmy Rushing’s and still played with effortless grace, despite appearing to be in his early seventies.

I actually enjoyed the show. Karen Saunders, a fine young singer whom I had never heard of, sang a convincing “The Man I Love,” with Rudd supplying a virile plunger obbligato on the slow intro. And Nipsey Russell broke up the band with a joke about a bygone Harlem jazz club where “they had an intermission every twenty minutes, to wheel out the dead and injured.”

Rudd is closer to average in height and build than the yawp of his horn would lead you to expect. A caricature of him would emphasize his watery hazel eyes and his auburn-and-gray beard. He was born in Sharon, Connecticut, in 1935. Despite his Hotchkiss and Yale education, he doesn’t come from money. A small inheritance from his mother was all that enabled him and his wife to relocate to the Catskills in 1982, two years after Rudd was denied tenure by the University of Maine. Both Rudd’s parents were teachers in private schools, and his father—a record collector and an avocational drummer—introduced him to jazz. One of his father’s records made an especially vivid impression on him: the Woody Herman Orchestra’s recording of “Everywhere,” featuring the tune’s composer, Bill Harris, on trombone.

“It just killed me,” Rudd told me. “I

think a lot of it had to do with it being his own composition. It wasn't like he had to bring his musical personality to bear on somebody else's form. The song was *his*, and I knew that right away." (Rudd later reinterpreted Harris's ballad—half smoldering romantic reverie, half drunken Army reveille—as the title track on his first LP, in 1966.) The other family member who helped to steer Rudd toward music was his grandmother, "a Methodist church lady who was the director of her choir and who, on the out chorus of the hymns, would improvise a descant in a high, pneumatic voice and just soar over the whole choir."

Rudd spoke with excitement about his grandmother (whom he once compared to the trumpeter Cat Anderson, the high-note specialist in Duke Ellington's band) and a number of other musical topics, including the marching bands in which he played French horn as a teenager ("Your section was integrated into the other sections . . . almost a Wagnerian kind of thing"), Greenwich Village jam sessions in the early sixties ("There would be as many as ten horns up there, and as a guy would be soloing, the other horns would be riffing behind him, harmonizing the riffs, and it would be like Duke Ellington used to do, only happening spontaneously"), and a love for battered up-right pianos, with their weird overtones, which he inherited from Herbie Nichols, the maverick pianist who was a mentor of sorts to him ("The last one I had, in Maine in 1982, just collapsed from the tension of the strings on a rotten frame").

Rudd's talk about music—which is probably all he would ever talk about if he had his choice—made it obvious that he wasn't burned out on jazz and merely going through the motions. After talking with him, I still don't know the complete answer to how he got where he is. The long and the short of it is that jazz brought him little fortune and only marginal fame. As tastes in jazz became more conservative, he found himself stigmatized, despite his consummate musicianship, as an avant-gardist supposedly incapable of doing anything but making noise on his horn. He was already teaching part-time at Bard and working on and off for the folklorist Alan Lomax when the offer came to join the faculty at Maine, in 1976. In Augusta his efforts to integrate

raga and other improvisational world music forms into a jazz curriculum displeased his department head, who, one assumes, wanted a real teacher, not a gifted eccentric. After relocating to the Catskills, where a friend had a handyman's special for sale, he worked sporadically in area clubs for a few years before successfully auditioning for David Winograd at the Granit, in 1986.

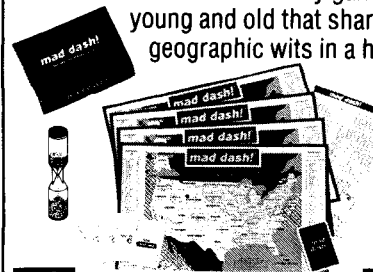
RUDD'S WIFE, Moselle Galbraith, likes to joke that he's too "white bread" for the Catskills. But even though the only stretch of green visible from the Granit's lobby is the golf course, Kerhonkson itself is rural, and Rudd says he has always felt most at home in rural settings (his fondest memory of Maine is its green summers, which he says "just *ragged* with life"). A self-described "WASP: White Anglo-Saxon Pythagorean," Rudd is the sort of easygoing bohemian who gets along just fine with people of any race or nationality. He was one of very few whites welcomed into the inner circle of militant black musicians amid the tumult of the 1960s. "At that time, in New York, a major topic of discussion was the reality of being black and playing this music versus the reality of being white and attempting to play it from a black perspective," Bill Dixon, a black trumpeter and composer now tenured at Bennington, recalled during a recent conversation we had about Rudd. "But Roz fit right in because of his musicianship and, I would have to say, his personality."

Told how Rudd was now making his living, Dixon said, "It just proves that being a wonderful musician isn't enough anymore. But you know, in one sense he's fortunate." Dixon meant that Rudd could be driving a cab or painting houses or working as a plumber, a carpenter, or a camp counselor—all jobs that Rudd has held at one time or another.

In some ways he is a better musician now than he was before. His sight-reading has improved, and he and his six bandmates have had a lot of practice in paring down big-band arrangements that some of the Granit's headliners bring along with them. He has come to place a higher value on showmanship. "No matter how tired they might be, or how few people are in the audience, the performers here go on stage and deliver," he told me admiringly.

Geography is fun!

Now there's a lively game for young and old that sharpens geographic wits in a hurry!



mad dash!™ gives two

players just 3 minutes to blaze a trail across America using colorful maps, special state cards and a sand timer. Players race to build a trail of neighboring states, exploring new routes cross-country in every play of this intriguing duel. Order the game for adult amusement or to help children (ages 8 and up) learn about their country. It's frantic family fun whether you know geography—or wish you did! Your cost (inc. shipping) is just **\$12.95. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.** (If not delighted, return game in 30 days for \$12.95 refund.)

VISA, MC orders: call 1-800-827-5725.

Or mail this coupon, enclosing \$12.95 per game.

Send **mad dash!**™ to:

30-day Money-Back Guarantee

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

Please mail check or money order to:

ITOS Enterprises
Dept. T9
R.D. 3, Box 300
York, PA 17402

SABER TOOTH CAT



For a catalog of exquisite full size museum quality fossil replicas, send \$2.00 to:
**SKULLDUGGERY • 624 South B Street
Dept TH2 • Tustin, CA 92680 • (714) 832-8488**

AUTHORS

The publisher rejecting "Casino Royale" told Ian Fleming: "James Bond will never sell." Orwell's "Animal Farm" was rejected since, "Animal stories don't sell in the U.S.A."

Don't let this happen to you. Contact:

THE ADELPHI PRESS (Department A.72.)
4/6, Effie Road, London, SW6 1TD, England

FREE CATALOG!

New Hearing Aids

• All Models • Huge Savings • No Salesman Will Call



Try Before You Buy!

Write: **BETTER HEARING**
20266 2nd St., Brookport, IL 62910
1-800-257-6868



You deserve to know the facts about . . .

"Land for Peace"

Can it solve the problems of the Middle East?

There has been much emphasis for years, intensified in recent months, on the "land for peace" formula to solve the long-simmering problems of the Middle East. Translating this slogan into plain English means that Israel should surrender Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza to the Arabs. They would establish a Palestinian state. Once that happened, it is thought that peace and tranquility would soon come to the troubled Middle East.

What are the facts?

■ The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

■ Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself and had really never been questioned before the days of the Israel-Arab conflict. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. Instead, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their three unalterable "no's": no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel.

■ In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installations of Sharm-el-Sheik, which safeguard Israel's access to its port of Eilat;

and the oil fields that Israel had developed and which had made Israel self-sufficient in its energy requirements. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

■ One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible, intolerable, a blasphemy and a case for "jihad" (holy war). No compromise, no concession is ever possible. The way the "Taba issue" was finally resolved further illustrates the Arab belief that the "land for peace" principle is basically a one-way street.

■ The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to the Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza regions. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But there is no peace, and no peace will come about by Israel's giving up this area of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use this land as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the "Palestinians." It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank" to Israel for the sake of peace. Not one of these countries has even hinted that they would make peace with Israel if Israel yielded the administered territories to the Arabs. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the over 40-year-old Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

\$ _____

A /25

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

The drawbacks to the job begin with the nagging feeling that a musician of Rudd's stature belongs somewhere else, doing something better. As the last member of Winograd's band to have been hired, he is the first to be laid off when business at the hotel is slow, as it was this past winter. A number of prominent musicians live in Woodstock or other nearby towns, but there is no local jazz scene to speak of—unfortunately for Rudd, whose essentially passive nature makes him one of those musicians able to blend easily into an existing scene but unable to start one around themselves. Bandleaders he worked with years ago still call him occasionally with offers to go to Europe for a few weeks, but because he is reluctant to leave his job unprotected and his wife uncared for (she is often ill), he routinely turns them down. He has said no so often that some musicians have wrongly concluded he's just not interested.

This June, however, Rudd surprised everybody—possibly including himself—by accepting an offer to bring a quintet to Italy, for the Verona Jazz Festival. (His travel costs were defrayed by Arts International, an organization that provides assistance to American performers invited to participate in festivals overseas.) Rudd was scheduled to play outdoors, but rain forced his concert into an auditorium with no amplification. Nevertheless, Rudd returned in excellent spirits. "It was beautiful to play some music," he told me, implying a distinction between what he had performed at the festival—several of his own recent compositions, plus his arrangements of a few of Herbie Nichols's tunes and Kid Ory's "Creole Trombone"—and his nightly fare at the hotel.

He also said something that struck me as trivial at first but that I later realized summed up the unaccustomed elbow room on the trip: "At the hotel, I'm sitting behind a music stand all night. It felt good to stand up, to do my little dance as I played. I have the set on video. It'll be a chance to see myself in flight."

One gig hardly amounts to a comeback, but there might soon be others, including a foreign tour by the re-assembled New York Art Quartet, featuring Rudd, John Tchicai, the drummer Milford Graves, and the bassist Reggie Workman. In the meantime, Rudd is at least playing music, even if it's only "The Look of Love." □

Books



Lolita Reconsidered

A new reading of a scintillating novel whose vileness has grown with the years

by Martin Amis

LIKE THE SWEAT of lust and guilt, the sweat of death trickles through *Lolita*. I wonder how many readers survive the novel without realizing that its heroine is, so to speak, dead on arrival, like her child. Their brief obituaries are tucked away in the "editor's" foreword, in nonchalant, school-newsletter form:

"Mona Dahl" is a student in Paris. "Rita" has recently married the proprietor of a hotel in Florida. Mrs. "Richard F. Schiller" died in childbirth, giving birth to a stillborn girl, on Christmas Day 1952, in Gray Star, a settlement in the remotest Northwest. "Vivian Darkbloom" has written a biography. . . .

Then, once the book begins, Humbert's childhood love Annabel dies, at

thirteen (typhus), and his first wife, Valeria, dies (also in childbirth), and his second wife, Charlotte, dies ("a bad accident"—though of course this death is structural), and Charlotte's friend Jean Farlow dies at thirty-three (cancer), and Lolita's young seducer Charlie Holmes dies (Korea), and her old seducer Quilty dies (murder—another structural exit). And then Humbert dies (coronary thrombosis). And then Lolita dies. And her daughter dies. In a sense, *Lolita* is too great for its own good. It rushes up on the reader like a recreational drug more powerful than any yet discovered or devised. In common with its narrator, it is both irresistible and unforgivable. And yet it all works out. I shall point the way to what I take to be its livid and judder-

ing heart—which is itself in prethrombotic turmoil, all heaves and lifts and thrills.

Without aping the explicatory style of Nabokov's famous lectures (without producing height charts, road maps, motel matchbooks, and so on), it might still be as well to establish what actually happens in *Lolita*, morally. How bad is all this—on paper, anyway? Although he distances himself with customary hauteur from the world of "coal sheds and alleyways," of panting maniacs and howling policemen, Humbert Humbert is without question an honest-to-God, open-and-shut sexual deviant, displaying classic ruthlessness, guile, and (above all) attention to detail. He parks the car at the gates of schoolyards, for instance, and obliges Lo to

fondle him as the children emerge. Sixty-five cents secures a similar caress in her classroom, while Humbert admires a platinum classmate. Fellatio prices peak at four dollars a session before Humbert brings rates down “drastically by having her earn the hard and nauseous way permission to participate in the school’s theatrical programme.” On the other hand, he performs complimentary cunnilingus when his stepdaughter is laid low by fever: “I could not resist the exquisite calorificity of unexpected delights—Venus febriculosa—though it was a very languid Lolita that moaned and coughed and shivered in my embrace.”

Humbert was evidently something of a bourgeois sadist with his first wife, Valeria. He fantasized about “slapping Valeria’s breasts out of alignment” or “putting on [his] mountain boots and taking a running kick at her rump,” but in reality confined himself to “twisting fat Valechka’s brittle wrist (the one she had fallen upon from a bicycle)” and saying, “Look here, you fat fool, *c’est moi qui décide*.” The weakened wrist is good: sadists know all about weak spots. Humbert strikes Lolita only once (“a tremendous backhand cut”), during a jealous rage, otherwise making do with bribes, bullying, and three main threats—the rural fastness, the orphanage, the reformatory.

It is true that Humbert goes on to commit murder: he kills his rival, Clare Quilty. And despite its awful comedy, and despite Quilty’s worthlessness both as playwright and citizen, the deed is not denied its primal colorations. Quilty is Humbert’s “brother,” after all, his secret sharer. Don’t they have the same taste in wordplay and women? Don’t they have the same voice? “Drop that pistol,” he tells Humbert. “*Soyons raisonnables*. You will only wound me hideously and then rot in jail while I recuperate in a tropical setting.” Quilty is a heartless japer and voyeur, one of the pornographers of real life. His death is not tragic. Nor is Humbert’s fate. Nor is *Lolita*. But Lolita is, in her compacted span. If tragedy explores thwarted energy and possibility, then Lolita is tragic—is flatly tragic. And the mystery remains. How did Nabokov accommodate her tragedy to this three-hundred-page blue streak—to something so embarrassingly funny, so unstopably inspired, so impossibly racy?

LITERATURE, as has been pointed out, is not life; it is certainly not public life; there is no “character issue.” It may be a nice bonus to know that Nabokov was a kind man. The biographical paraphernalia tells us as much. Actually, everything he wrote tells us as much. *Lolita* tells us as much. But this is not a straightforward matter. *Lolita* is a cruel book about cruelty. It is kind in the sense that your enemy’s enemy is your friend, no matter how daunting his aspect. As a critic, Nabokov was more than averagely sensitive to literary cruelty. Those of us who toil through Cervantes, I suspect, after an initial jolt, chortlingly habituate ourselves to the “infinite drubbings” meted out and sustained by the gaunt hidalgo. In his *Lectures on Don Quixote*, however, Nabokov can barely bring himself to contemplate the automatic “thumbscrew” enormities of this “cruel and crude old book”:

The author seems to plan it thus: Come with me, ungentle reader, who enjoys seeing a live dog inflated and kicked around like a soccer football; reader, who likes, of a Sunday morning, on his way to or from church, to poke his stick or direct his spittle at a poor rogue in the stocks; come . . . I hope you will be amused at what I have to offer.

Nevertheless, Nabokov is the laureate of cruelty. It hardly exists elsewhere; all the Lovelaces and Osmonds turn out, on not very close inspection, to be mere hooligans and tyrants when compared with Humbert Humbert, with Hermann Karlovich (his significant precursor) in *Despair*, with Rex and Margot in *Laughter in the Dark*, with Martha in *King, Queen, Knave*. Nabokov understood cruelty; he was wise to it; he knew its special intonations—as in this expert cadence from *Laughter in the Dark*, where, after the nicely poised “skillfully,” the rest of the sentence collapses into the cruel everyday:

“You may kiss me,” she sobbed, “but not that way, please.” The youth shrugged his shoulders. . . . She returned home on foot. Otto, who had seen her go off, thumped his fist down on her neck and then kicked her skillfully, so that she fell and bruised herself against the sewing machine.

Now, Humbert is of course very cruel to Lolita, not just in the ruthless *sine qua non* of her subjugation, nor yet in his

sighing intention of “somehow” getting rid of her when her brief optimum has elapsed, nor yet in his fastidious observation of signs of wear in his “frigid” and “ageing mistress.” Humbert is surpassingly cruel in using Lolita for the play of his wit and the play of his prose—his prose, which sometimes resembles the “sweat-drenched finery” that “a brute of forty” may casually and legally shed (in both hemispheres, as a scandalized Humbert notes) before thrusting “himself up to the hilt into his youthful bride.” Morally the novel is all ricochet or rebound. However cruel Humbert is to Lolita, Nabokov is crueler to Humbert—finessingly cruel. We all share the narrator’s smirk when he begins the sexual-bribes chapter with the following sentence: “I am now faced with the distasteful task of recording a definite drop in Lolita’s morals.” But when the smirk congeals, we are left staring at the moral heap that Humbert has become, underneath his arched eyebrow. Irresistible and unforgivable. It is complicated, and unreassuring. Even so, this is how it works.

Lolita herself is such an anthology piece by now that even nonreaders of the novel can close their eyes and see her on the tennis court or in the swimming pool or curled up in the car seat or the motel twin bed with her “ridiculous” comics. We tend to forget that this blinding creation remains just that: a creation, and a creation of Humbert Humbert’s. We have only Humbert’s word for her. And whatever it is that is wrong with Humbert, not even his short-lived mother—“(picnic, lightning)” —would claim that her son was playing with a full deck. A reliable narrator in the strict sense, Humbert is not otherwise reliable; and let us remember that Nabokov was capable of writing entire fictions—*Despair*, *The Eye*, *Pale Fire*—in which the narrators have no idea what is going on *at all*. *Lolita*, I believe, has been partly isolated and distorted by its celebrity. “The greatest novel of rapture in modern fiction,” states the cover of the first Penguin edition, which also informs us, on the back, that Humbert is English.

Haven’t we been conditioned to feel that *Lolita* is *sui generis*, a black sheep, a bit of tasteful, indeed “beautiful,” erotica, and that Nabokov himself, with this particular novel, somehow got “carried away”? Great writers, however, never get carried away. Even pretty av-

erage writers never get carried away. People who write one novel and then go back to journalism or accountancy—they get carried away. *Lolita* is more austere than rapturous, as all writing is; and I have come to see it, with increasing awe, as exactly the kind of novel that its predecessors are pointing toward. It constructs a mind in the way that a prose Browning might have gone about it, through rigorous dramatic monologue. Perhaps *Lolita* herself, at least to begin with, is a sadder, triter, and more ordinary being than Humbert is willing or able to fix (resembling the “decidedly homely kid” that her mocked mother sees). It may be that *Lolita*, so identified with “the geography of the United States” which her story puts “into motion,” is to some degree an exile’s delirious invention. She is more than a figment (she is more than Don Quixote’s Dulcinea), but she is also an externalization of Humbert’s glittering quiddity.

Humbert is a narcissist. One hesitates to explore the psychological connections, if any, between narcissism and classical pedophilia, yet both conditions are clearly regressive or anorexic, showing a reluctance to abandon the sentimentally scaled-down perfection of youth. “Rope-skipping, hopscotch. . . . Ah, leave me alone,” Humbert moans, “in my pubescent park, in my mossy garden. Let them play around me forever. Never grow up.” Even earlier in the novel, when recalling his child love Annabel, Humbert describes a lost snapshot of their group: Annabel “did not come out well” (she was bending over her *chocolat glacé*). “But I,” Humbert enthuses,

sitting somewhat apart from the rest, came out with a kind of dramatic conspicuousness: a moody, beetle-browed boy in a dark sport shirt and well-tailored white shorts, his legs crossed, sitting in profile, looking away.

Dramatic, moody, well-tailored, looking away: now, that is the grist of romance. The path of self-love is always a rocky one. But the love shared by Humbert and Humbert, for all its rough and smooth, is unquestionably the real thing.

No narrator in literature, I think, goes on about his physical splendor as passionately and comically as the narrator of *Lolita*. With his “striking if somewhat brutal good looks,” the

To you, this is just another charity ad. To her it's a matter of life or death.



As you sit reading this, it's hard to believe that the fate of a child is in your hands. But it is. You can prevent one child from dying of hunger and disease for only \$21 a month. • We'll send you a free information video, along with a snapshot, name and case history of a child you could sponsor. What you'll see will touch your heart. But most of all, you'll see how much good you can really do. • Please call or write us today. Time is quickly running out for someone you could save.

Money Magazine rates us “one of the ten best-managed large charities in America.”

Call or write for **FREE Information Video**

1-800-228-2111

☐ **Yes!** I'm interested in learning more about how I can sponsor a child. Please send me the free video and sponsorship information. HATL90

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

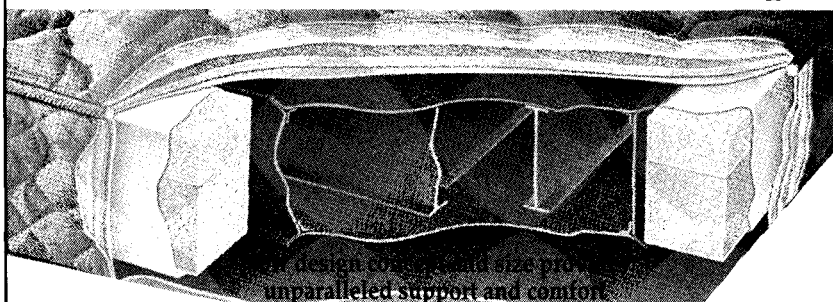
Zip _____



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND

2821 Emerywood Parkway
Box 85066
Richmond, VA 23286-8912

Variable Firmness = Great Sleep



Adjust Firmness to Your Exact Needs

Select Comfort's unique air support system lets you control the feel and firmness of your bed — simply by pushing a button. Your mattress can be firmer than the firmest innerspring or softer than the softest featherbed... helping you sleep more comfortably, reducing back pain and muscle aches, and providing true support.

Dual Chambers Let You Both Sleep Great.

Both you and your sleeping partner can now enjoy relaxing, invigorating sleep because Select Comfort's dual chambers adjust independently. Choose your preferred comfort without affecting your partner's side of the bed. You'll both enjoy total body support and true cradling comfort.

The Back Support You Need — The Comfort You Want.

Your Select Comfort conforms to your body's natural shape so your back muscles don't strain to hold your spine straight. Because air support is the closest thing to floating, you'll wake up rested and ready for the day.

"Thrilled with the comfort"

"We are thrilled with the comfort of this bed. It's wonderful to have one side firm and one soft. Not only is it a great product but it's nice to know you stand behind it the way you do. I'm certainly recommending it to all my friends." Cindi & Bob Denton, West Bloomfield, MI

Call or Write for a
FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
1-800-831-1211

☐ **YES!** Please send me a **FREE** Information Packet and Videotape.
☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Evening Phone (____) _____

Select Comfort
CORPORATION

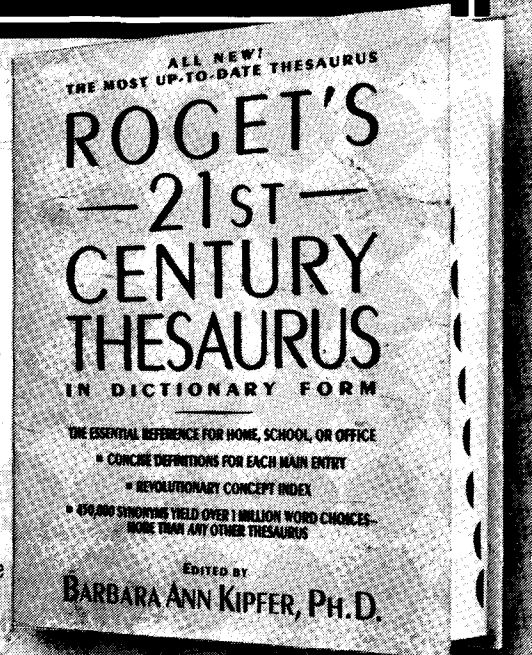
9301 75th Avenue North • Brooklyn Park, MN 55428
1-800-831-1211

© 1992 Back Technologies Inc. Dept. 604

The new standard.

Compare—and see why ROGET'S 21ST CENTURY THESAURUS leaves the competition at a loss for words.

- It's user-friendly—the ABC arrangement makes it as easy to use as a dictionary.
- It offers more than 1 million word choices—more than any other thesaurus available.
- The unique Concept Index helps you find the right word, right away.
- It's the most up-to-date thesaurus, the only one with all the newest words (yuppie, couch potato, etc.).
- And it's yours in a handsome thumb-indexed format for an unbeatable price—\$18.00 suggested retail (\$23.00 in Canada).



IN A CLASS BY ITSELF



The ancient Greeks respected the dolphins for their kindness and intelligence. In fact, it was a crime punishable by death to harm or kill a dolphin. Today, though, over 100,000 dolphins are being needlessly killed every year, caught by tuna fishermen and driftnets. Together we saved over 50,000 dolphins last year. But hundreds of thousands are still endangered. You can make the difference. Please join us. Write us for further information and for a list of dolphin-safe tuna brands.



Dolphin Project 300 Broadway, San Francisco, CA 94133

“Diviner
than
the
dolphin
is
nothing
yet
created”

—OPPIAN, *Halieutica*

younger, Paris-based Humbert knows all too well that he could obtain, at the snap of his fingers, his choice of “the many crazed beauties” who lash his “grim rock”:

Let me repeat with quiet force: I was, and still am, despite *mes malheurs*, an exceptionally handsome male; slow-moving, tall, with soft dark hair and a gloomy but all the more seductive cast of demeanour. Exceptional virility often . . . [et cetera, et cetera]

When he first encounters Lolita, Humbert cruises past her in what he feels to be his “adult disguise (a great big handsome hunk of movieland manhood).” A few pages later he wonders if he might quickly avail himself of a movieland clinch: “A modern child, an avid reader of movie magazines, an expert in dream-slow close-ups, might not think it too strange, I guessed, if a handsome, intensely virile grown-up friend—too late.” Very soon Humbert is trying on a new pair of bathing trunks before the mirror, and duly becomes (he has married the mother by now) “a bronzed glamour boy” at Hourglass Lake.

A third of the way through the novel, with Humbert’s corny gorgeousness now thoroughly established, Nabokov has Humbert say, with inimitable tentativeness,

I do not know if in these tragic notes I have sufficiently stressed the peculiar “sending” effect that the writer’s good looks—pseudo-Celtic, attractively simian, boyishly manly—had on women of every age and environment. Of course, such announcements made in the first person may sound ridiculous. But every once in a while I have to remind the reader of my appearance much as a professional novelist, who has given a character of his some mannerism or a dog, has to go on producing that dog or that mannerism every time the character crops up. . . . There may be more to it in the present case. My gloomy good looks should be kept in the mind’s eye if my story is to be properly understood. Pubescent Lo swooned to Humbert’s charm as she did to hiccuppy music. . . .

“Hiccuppy” more than adequately summons the tonsil-swallowing vocalists of the period, those “throb-and-sob” idols of a teen’s “dream male” pantheon, where, as Humbert later reminds Lolita, he was once privileged to

stroll. In his afterword, when Nabokov speaks of the exhilarations of "philistine vulgarity," he doesn't mean just *Lolita*, or motels, or America. "There is no intrinsic difference between Pale-arctic manners and Nearctic manners [that is, between Old and New worlds]. Any proletarian from Chicago can be as bourgeois (in the Flaubertian sense) as a duke." Humbert, with his "pleasantly arched thick black ad-eyebrows," has picked his prey well, for Lo "it was to whom ads were dedicated: the ideal consumer, the subject and object of every foul poster." "First time I've seen a man wearing a smoking jacket, sir," says a "queerly observant" schoolmate of Lo's—"except in movies, of course." No doubt the Lo-Hum story would have worked out wonderfully in Hollywood, in dreamworld or ad land. But this is only America, car-tool and lawn-sprinkler America, and Hum is Lo's stepfather, and three times her age, and for two years he rapes her at least twice a day.

INDEED, Humbert's situation is fantastically contorted and extreme. It is the central miracle of the novel that the tiny madman in his tiny cell becomes, artistically, by a series of radical shifts in context, a lord of infinite space. In bald structure *Lolita* is a tale of chronic molestation—not the most liberating of narrative schemes. One can see why certain publishers wanted Nabokov to refit the novel to a setting of appropriate grimness and deracination. From the author's afterword:

... one reader suggested that his firm might consider publication if I turned my *Lolita* into a twelve-year-old lad and had him seduced by Humbert, a farmer, in a barn, amidst gaunt and arid surroundings, all this set forth in short, strong "realistic" sentences ("He acts crazy. We all act crazy, I guess. I guess God acts crazy." Etc.).

As it happens, Nabokov finds an uncovenanted freedom in Humbert's dark confinement, and writes with the freshness of discovery about parenthood, marriage, jealousy, America, art, and love. The angle is a tortured squint, but the vistas are large.

Parents and guardians of twelve-year-old girls will have noticed that their wards have a tendency to be difficult. They may take Humbert's word for it that things are much more diffi-

cult—are, in fact, entirely impossible—when your twelve-year-old girl is also your twelve-year-old girlfriend. The next time you go out with your daughter, imagine you are *going out* with your daughter. We know that "limits and rules" apply in the matter of parental caresses, that "girlish games are fluid, or at least too childishly subtle for the senior partner to grasp"; but the ambitious molester had better learn the ropes, and quick, if his charge is not "to start back in revulsion and terror." All but the childless will nod in quiet sympathy when Humbert talks of Lo's "fits of disorganized boredom, intense and vehement griping, her sprawling, droopy, dopey-eyed style, and what is called goofing off—a kind of diffused clowning." And, because of Nabokov's nerve and truthfulness (and because the artistic opposite of cruelty is not kindness but vulnerability), *Lolita*'s innocence is never more piercingly evoked than during the fateful night at *The Enchanted Hunters*: when (the lightly drugged) Lo sits up in bed "staring at me, and thickly calling me 'Barbara'; when she "freed herself from the shadow of my embrace—doing this not consciously, not violently, not with any personal distaste, but with the neutral plaintive murmur of a child demanding its natural rest"; or when, having been given water, "with an infantile gesture that carried more charm than any carnal caress, little *Lolita* wiped her lips against my shoulder."

Similarly, every father feels a pang when his daughter begins to take a "healthy" interest in the opposite sex. But how much more incandescent the pain (this is Freud made real) when the daughter's suitors are the father's rivals. Again there is great comic veracity in the horror and fastidiousness with which Humbert views the repulsive *galère* of *Lolita*'s admirers: "goons in luxurious cars, maroon morons near blued pools," "golden-haired high school uglies, all muscles and gonorrhea," "odious visions of stinking high school boys in sweatshirts and an ember-red cheek pressing against hers"—indeed, every variety of gangling, reeking adolescent, "from the perspiring nincompoop whom 'holding hands' thrills, to the self-sufficient rapist with pustules and a souped-up car." (Acne is everywhere: even a truck sports its "backside carbuncles.") And when the rival is Quilty, an adult, a "brother"

**Preston's
Lighthouse
Sweatshirt**
NEW



Preston's new Lighthouse Sweatshirt Pictures 33 historic lighthouses of the USA; St. Simons Island-GA, Cape Kennedy-FL, Point Loma-CA, Cape Hatteras-NC, Brant Point-MA, West Quoddy Head-ME, Old Mackinaw-MI, Old Boston-MA, Assateague-VA, Sandy Hook-NJ and 23 others. This unique sweatshirt is 50/50 poly-cotton and is printed front and back. In navy on ash in sizes L, XL, and XXL (please specify). \$32.95 + 3.00 postage. Send Check or MO or call (516) 477-1990. MC, VISA, AMX accepted.

PRESTON'S
174-F Main St. Wharf, Greenport, NY 11944
NYS residents please add Sales Tax

New Version
**Use your PC to Master
Japanese and Chinese**

Enjoy learning Asian languages with *Smart Characters for Students™* word processor and vocabulary tutor for PCs. Handy on-line references, dictionaries, vocabulary drills, and *furigana* speed reading and writing. Learn and use *kanji* and *hanzi* rapidly and effectively while creating your own compositions and vocabulary lessons. Just \$99.95. Call or write for a free brochure.

知
字

Apropos Customer Service, 8 Belknap Street, Arlington, Massachusetts 02174. 800 676-4021

GO POGO! Pass the word!

Pogo books, artwork, t-shirts and great gift ideas.
Free Pogo newsletter.
Call 1-800-GET-POGO

The Entertainment Art Company
47 Euclid Ave. Dept 40 Stamford, CT 06902



ORDER QUALITY WIGWAM SOCKS FROM HOME

Cameron Woollens features Wigwam Socks at competitive prices. Numerous styles available. Choose from cotton, woolen, and wicking socks. Call toll free 24 hours a day for your brochure.

1-800-628-5821

CAMERON WOOLLENS 624 Columbus Avenue P.O. Box 472 Sheboygan WI 53082-0472

Wigwam
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

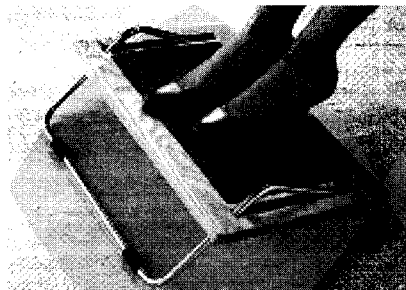
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS
Call for the current rate
1-800-US-BONDS

Actively Seeking...

Fine rare books, sets. Fine bindings, autographs.

IMPERIAL FINE BOOKS, INC.
790 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10021
(212) 861-6620
TOP PRICES PAID! ♦ CATALOGS ISSUED

Lift Your Legs, and Spirits



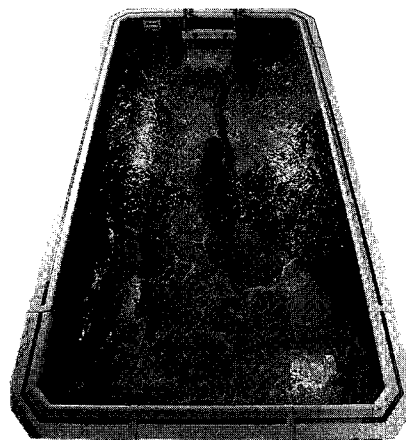
When I received our first footrest it kept disappearing from under my desk. Everybody was fighting for it. Once you try it, you'll see how it makes your legs feel weightless. It instantly takes pressure off the undersides of your legs and lower back. It rocks, too, helping your circulation even more. It's amazing how much this small device can improve your outlook. Made of solid ash, inlaid with fine rubber tile.

\$39.95 + \$5.95 shipping via UPS ground
(Call for pricing on six or more)
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER

TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS

975 S. Congress Ave., Code AFP1, Delray, FL 33445



Swim without limits.

Call to learn more about our line of counter-current swimming machines for your home or existing pool.



1-800-732-8660

200 E. Dutton's Mill Rd.
Aston, PA 19014

**UPTON
TEA IMPORTS**

Over 70 Varieties of Fine Loose Tea
Write for a complimentary issue of the
UPTON TEA QUARTERLY

ONE MILFORD ST. • UPTON, MA 01568

(who physically resembles a relative of Humbert's), and when the admiration is requited by the "vile and beloved slut," then the prose congests with a lyrical disgust; the disgust is authentic, because it is ultimately self-directed. At the swimming pool:

There he stood, in the camouflage of sun and shade, disfigured by them and masked by his own nakedness, his damp black hair or what was left of it, glued to his round head, his little moustache a humid smear, the wool on his chest spread like a symmetrical trophy, his navel pulsating, his hirsute thighs dripping with bright droplets, his tight wet black bathing trunks bloated and bursting with vigour where his great fat bulgy-bag was pulled up and back like a padded shield over his reversed beasthood.

A husband, too, can on occasion find his wife a little wearing, particularly if she is a self-constructed simulacrum of the perfect American homemaker (all poise and how-to), and even more particularly if he is planning to drug and rape her twelve-year-old child. Humbert married his first wife, Valeria (the "animated merkin," the "brainless *baba*"), as "a piteous compromise": what attracted him was "the imitation she gave of a little girl." He marries Charlotte out of the coldest expediency; and what follows, in these implacably talented early pages, is a vicious parody of marital cheer: Charlotte beautifies the love nest and pores over *Your Home Is You*, while Humbert handsomely glowers and gloats, with "a cesspoolful of rotting monsters behind his slow boyish smile." With his feelings quite unengaged ("My solemn exasperation was to her the silence of love"), Humbert is free to celebrate "the coarse pink skin of her neck," or the way the wings of her nose shine, "having shed or burned up their ration of powder," or the "tasteless reveries" in which she predicts that the soul of the child she lost (another dead child) will return "in the form of the child she would bear in her present wedlock." With Valeria, Humbert managed to perform sexually by having her dress up in a girl's plain nightshirt ("I derived some fun from that nuptial night and had the idiot in hysterics by sunrise"). With Charlotte he relies on good liquor, "two or three kinds of vitamins," and "the richest foods avail-

able," and also contrives to engage her in Lolita's bedroom, where he experiences "some initial trouble, for which, however, he amply compensate[s] her by a fantastic display of old-world endearments." Thereafter, in the fifty days of their cohabitation, it is genetic consonance that alone sustains him:

So I tom-peeped across the hedges of years, into wan little windows. And when, by means of pitifully ardent, naively lascivious caresses, she of the noble nipple and massive thigh prepared me for the performance of my nightly duty, it was still a nymphet's scent that in despair I tried to pick up, as I bayed through the undergrowth of dark decaying forests.

Even by locally prevailing standards Charlotte is egregiously traduced in *Lolita*. Poor Charlotte: rigid, religious, snobbish, and formidable, an exponent of the fake candor that eternally precludes the real thing (not that Humbert has much use for candor). The novel kills her off, of course, yet she survives as a character; and her resilience is the resilience of young America. Nabokov has scoffed at the notion, but the descent of Humbert Humbert, a boho among bohunks, with his intricate ironies and lusts, on the *fruit vert* of America is in some sense a pedophilic visitation. Like *Lolita*, America is above all *young*, "with a quality of wide-eyed, unsung, innocent surrender that my lacquered toy-bright Swiss villages and exhaustively lauded Alps no longer possess." With unsurpassed sharpness of eye and ear Nabokov captures the rhythms of the American road. But for Humbert the circumambient "wilds" represent a humiliation and, again, a travesty; their openness and freedom are a continual reproach to his own furtiveness and ignoble constraint. Admire this supreme modulation, in which the swiftness of disdain gradually slows in the heavier water of anxiety:

Nous connûmes the various types of motor court operators, the reformed criminal, the retired teacher and the business flop, among the males; and the motherly, pseudo-ladylike and madamic variants among the females. And sometimes trains would cry in the monstrously hot and humid night with heartrending and ominous plangency, mingling power and hysteria in one desperate scream.

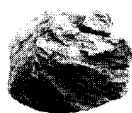
Or here, where Humbert allows himself the dejected clarity of hindsight:

And so we rolled East. . . . We had been everywhere. We had really seen nothing. And I catch myself thinking today that our long journey had only defiled with a sinuous trail of slime the lovely, trustful, dreamy, enormous country that by then, in retrospect, was no more to us than a collection of dog-eared maps, ruined tour books, old tyres, and her sobs in the night—every night, every night—the moment I feigned sleep.

IT HAS OFTEN been suggested that the "morality" of *Lolita* is not inherent but something tacked on at the end, like the last scene of Hitchcock's *Psycho*, in which a swarthy psychiatrist is produced to explain in neat jargon the very different depravities in a very different motel. As if, after a 260-page debauch (Nabokov having been "carried away"), the author sobered up, gave his phallus a brisk downward chop with the side of his hand, and started tricking out his denouement with a few face-saving spiritual slogans. Humbert on the hillside begging forgiveness of Lolita and the American landscape, Humbert paying his last call on the plain and pregnant Mrs. Richard F. Schiller, Humbert's last memories of Lolita as the entirely ordinary little girl she kept on being, throughout everything: these scenes are justly famous (they can still make the present reader shed tears as hot as Humbert's), and even the dissenting critic will allot them a certain emotional power. But we are not moved by artful editorials. We are moved by the ending of *Lolita*, by its finality and justice, because—perhaps only subliminally—we have seen it coming. Even today, after two of Lolita's lifespans, people are still wandering up to Dmitri Nabokov and asking him what it was like having a dirty old man for a father. Even sophisticated readers still think that Nabokov had something to feel guilty about. Great novels are shocking; and then, after the shock dies down, you get aftershocks.

The presiding image of *Lolita*, so often missed by the first-time reader (I know I missed it, years ago), is adumbrated in its foreword: Lolita in child-bed, dead, with her dead daughter. Let us see what forms and colorations Nabokov gives to this stark silhouette. In

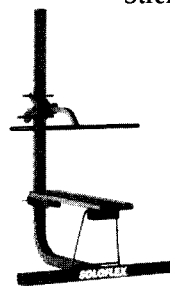
The Evolution of Strength Training



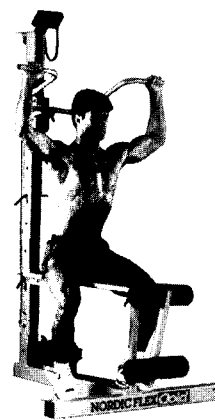
Stone Weights
5,000 B.C.



Dumbbells
1894



Soloflex®
1978



NordicFlex Gold™
1992

Advanced Technology
has made NordicFlex Gold™
5 ways better than Soloflex®.

1. NordicFlex Gold uses linear motion that better simulates free weights.
2. NordicFlex Gold features isokinetic resistance that better matches your natural strength curve.
3. NordicFlex Gold is faster to use than Soloflex®.
4. NordicFlex Gold has exclusive electronics to monitor your performance.
5. And best of all, NordicFlex Gold costs hundreds of dollars less than Soloflex®.

Call today for a
30 day in-home trial.

NORDIC FLEX Gold
by NordicTrack

FREE VIDEO and brochure **1-800-445-2360** Ext. 4K212
Or Write: NordicTrack, Dept. 4K212, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

© 1992 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company All rights reserved.

Soloflex is a registered trademark of Soloflex, Inc.

A half-dozen prizewinning filets mignons just \$29.95 – save \$30.

Direct-to-you overnight.



Dine on America's finest filets – each has earned our prestigious blue ribbon award for superb quality and tenderness. Magnificently marbled, perfectly aged for that buttery, melt-in-your-mouth flavor. Order by noon (CST) today and enjoy these luscious, restaurant-quality filets tomorrow.* A half-dozen are yours for just \$29.95... a \$30 savings!



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

For credit card orders or a free brochure call:

1-800-US-FILET
(1-800-873-4538)

**A half-dozen
Blue Ribbon filets mignons**

six ounces, 1-1/4" thick each;

flash frozen for prizewinning flavor, then shipped direct-to-you. Item 1666: \$29.95 (\$59.95 value – save \$30!) Plus, \$6.95 shipping and handling. Limit three per customer. Offer expires December 31, 1992.



*For orders placed Monday-Thursday.

No extra charge for overnight delivery.

Or send check to:

America's Blue Ribbon Beef • Dept. #BAM9002
485 Crossroads Parkway • Bolingbrook, IL 60440

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Phone _____

Zip _____



BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

YOUR BOOK PRINTED. Superior workmanship at low cost. Free information and samples. Pine Hill Press, P.O. Box 340, Freeman, SD 57029. (800) 676-4228.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (714) 492-2976.

GOVERNMENT HOMES from \$1.00, you repair. Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Your area. (805) 962-8000, Extension GH-20061 for current repossession list.

GET PAID FOR READING BOOKS! \$100 per book. Send name, address to: Calco Publishing, (Department C-326), 500 South Broad, Meriden, CT 06450.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, all types. Company with 70-year tradition. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Publishing." (800) 695-9599.

GOOD USED BOOKS: Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too. History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send two dollars for listing of 25,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk A, Boiceville, NY 12412.

LOOKING FOR A PUBLISHER? Your book can be published and promoted by the leading subsidy book publisher. Send for free booklet HP-16, Vantage Press, 516 West 34th Street, New York, NY 10001.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK at affordable prices. From \$529. Hard/soft cover. Free price list: (800) 277-8960.

WRITINGS ON SOCCER. Short prose, fiction, essays, poetry, line drawings for possible inclusion in literary book on soccer. SASE. Soccer Prose, Inc., P.O. Box 971, Birmingham, MI 48012.

BOOKLOVER'S SMORGASBORD. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, 85-A Hancock Road, Williamstown, MA 01267.

PRESTIGIOUS MAGAZINE SEEKS FICTION of enduring quality. Sample and guidelines: \$2.00. Stories, Box 1467, East Arlington, MA 02174-0022.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

1,000 STAMPS: \$2.95. Guaranteed worth over \$30 at international catalog prices! All different. 55 countries. Money back. Other stamps to buy or return. Kenmore, OM-708, Milford, NH 03055.

CROSSWORDS: EXPERTS ONLY. Samples: The Round Table Crossword Club, P.O. Box 1891, State University, AR 72467.

AUTOGRAPHS, banners, political pins, leathers, baseball cards, sports memorabilia wanted. Highest prices paid. Stan Block, 128 Cynthia Road, Newton, MA 02159.

EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

SPEAK SPANISH, FRENCH or any of 59 languages as Diplomats do using same U.S. State Department easy, self-study cassettes/textbook. Up to 50% savings! Call for free catalog. Audio Language Institute: (800) 722-6394.

PARALEGAL GRADED CURRICULUM. Approved home study. Most affordable and comprehensive. 100 years of legal training. Free catalog. (800) 826-9228. Blackstone School of Law, P.O. Box 871 449, Department A, Dallas, TX 75287.

GENERAL INTEREST

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from \$100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyer's guide. (805) 962-8000, Extension S-20061.

HOME TYPISTS, PC users needed. \$35,000 potential. Details. Call: (805) 962-8000, Extension B-20061.

LET THE GOVERNMENT FINANCE your small business. Grants/loans to \$500,000. Free recorded message: (707) 448-0270. (JD5)

Paris, when Humbert is confining himself to visiting prostitutes whose "mere youth warranted [his] risking some appalling disease," he contacts a specialist *qui pourrait arranger la chose*, and, the next day,

an asthmatic woman, coarsely painted, garrulous, garlicky, with an almost farcical Provençal accent and a black moustache above a purple lip, took me to what was apparently her own domicile, and there, after explosively kissing the bunched tips of her fat fingers to signify the delectable rosebud quality of her merchandise, she theatrically drew aside a curtain to reveal what I judged was that part of the room where a large and unfastidious family usually slept. It was now empty save for a monstrously plump, sallow, repulsively plain girl of at least fifteen with red-ribboned thick black braids who sat on a chair perfunctorily nursing a bald doll.

Those last five words may be swamped by the bounty of their predecessors; but they exactly answer to "the dreadful grimace of clenched-teeth tenderness" which, on the previous page, Humbert sees in an accusing mirror while dallying with another small whore in another "small Eden." Such are the travesties of familial feeling ("almost farcical," "theatrically") among "very young harlots disguised as children." Images of deformity, of half-aliveness, of cruel displacements in mortal time, give *Lolita* a glow no less numb and waxy than its heroine's corpse.

For the novel is shot through with these bald dolls and wizened mannequins—with the old made young and the young made old. On the eve of the seduction, the "lethal" delectation, Humbert writes: "I should have known (by the signs made to me by something in Lolita—the real child Lolita or some haggard angel behind her back) that nothing but pain and horror would result from the expected rapture." The next morning, as he prepares to leave the hotel,

I was forced to devote a dangerous amount of time . . . to arranging the bed in such a way as to suggest the abandoned nest of a restless father and his tomboy daughter, instead of an ex-convict's saturnalia with a couple of fat old whores. Then I finished dressing and had the hoary bellboy come up for the bags.

MERCHANDISE

OVER 100 RECYCLED PAPER PRODUCTS for home and office. Free catalogue: Atlantic Recycled Paper, Box 39179, Baltimore, MD 21212. (800) 323-2811.

CARPE DIEM; COGITO, ERGO SUM T-SHIRTS available now! Elegant black Roman lettering on white 50/50 blend; M/L/XL; \$10.95 each, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Humanitees, Box 10991, Scottsdale, AZ 85271.

PERFECT GIFT! I handpaint and personalize exquisite porcelain ornaments: Hearts with rainbow winged angels and poems. Cherished heirlooms for friends, family. Jacqueline Klein, 5319 University Drive, P.O. Box 151, Irvine, CA 92715. \$25 p.p.

WATCH REPLICAS/ORIGINALS: Lowest prices! 2-year warranty. Exact weight. Goldplated. (404) 963-3872. Originals: -60%, repairs/trades.

RETIREMENT LIVING

BEAUTIFUL, WELL APPOINTED APARTMENT homes overlooking 17 wooded acres, in the heart of scenic New England. Gracious community designed for comfort, convenience, safety, security. Exquisite dining. Maintenance, housekeeping, transportation. Fitness center, enriching activities, extensive amenities. Country club, extension college, fishing nearby. Assisted living also available. Affiliated with renowned medical center. Call or write: Mr. Robert Beaugregard, Hillcrest Terrace Retirement Community, 200 Alliance Way, Manchester, NH 03102. (603) 669-1322.

SERVICES

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT: \$30,000-\$75,000+. All occupations! Free report. Employment International, Box 5730-YW, Lighthouse Point, FL 33074.

JAPAN: SERVICES and information. Experienced, fluent Western personnel for representation, coordination, interpretation, information: In Japan. Fax: 011-81-75-561-2881.

TRAVEL

TRIBAL TRIPS: Overlanding, camping, deluxe cities. Offbeat Himalayas/Africa. Land \$4,950. Capers, Box 2789, Beverly Hills, 90213.

SAVE ON UNUSUAL CRUISES: Freighters, expeditions, yachts, etc. TravLips, Box 218A2, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584.

FREE VACATION ACCOMMODATIONS! Exchange house, condominium, ski chalet, villa, boat. Vacation Interchange Association, A1-Box 112, Falmouth, MA 02541. Telephone/Fax: (800) 572-5505.

CANCUN, MEXICO. Bed and breakfast. On the golf course. Brochure on request. U.S. representative: (503) 242-2477. Casa Colibri, P.O. Box 42343, Portland, OR 97242.

CRUISE DISCOUNTS. Call for savings to 50% or more on over 1,000 "Cruises Worldwide." (800) 6CRUISE.

VACATION RENTALS

MAINE: Martinsville and Port Clyde, family homes on water and wonderful. Six bedrooms; three bedrooms, year 'round. Cindy Lang, P.O. Box 282, Tenants Harbor, ME 04860. (207) 372-8906.

THE SMART PLACE TO BE

Send us your advertising order today. A quick call to us, (800) 237-9851, and we'll advise you on how to get started. We'll also be pleased to send you complete information.

The Atlantic

Classified Department,
P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 34617
National (800) 237-9851
Local (813) 443-7666

On the next page Lolita is both an "immortal daemon disguised as a female child" and "the small ghost of somebody I had just killed." In death Charlotte is a doll, a "doll-like wee career girl," diagrammatized (this *is* very American) by the man who ran her over. Shopping for Lo, on his way to camp to claim her, Humbert is surrounded by "lifesize plastic figures of snubbed-nose children with dun-coloured, greenish, brown-dotted, faunish faces." These figures reappear, mutilated, in a later storefront, just before Lolita finally takes off: "wigless and armless. . . . On the floor . . . there lay a cluster of three slender arms, and a blonde wig. Two of the arms happened to be twisted and seemed to suggest a clasping gesture of horror and supplication." All these pathetic fragments and progeriac transpositions will be hideously jumbled, under an alp-weight of pain, in the dreams Humbert has when Lo is gone:

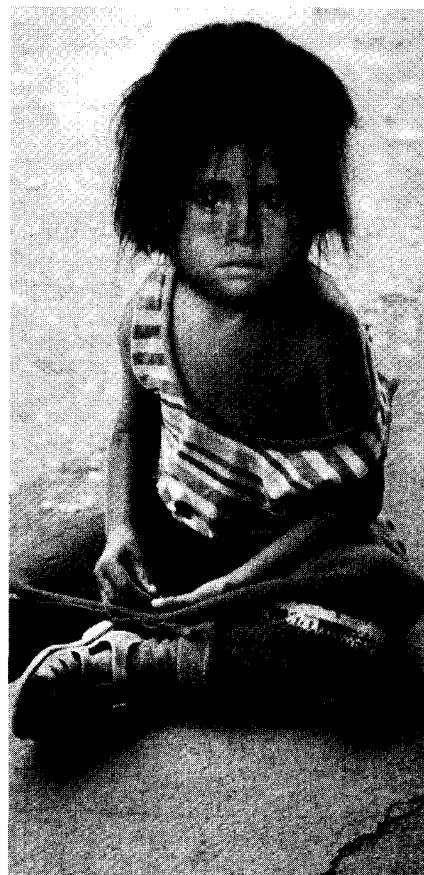
She did haunt my sleep but she appeared there in strange and ludicrous disguises as Valeria or Charlotte, or a cross between them. That complex ghost would come to me, shedding shift after shift, in an atmosphere of great melancholy and disgust, and would recline in dull invitation on some narrow board or hard settee, with flesh ajar like the rubber valve of a soccer ball's bladder. I would find myself, dentures fractured or hopelessly mislaid, in horrible *chambres garnies* where I would be entertained at tedious vivisection parties that generally ended with Charlotte or Valeria weeping in my bleeding arms and being tenderly kissed by my brotherly lips in a dream disorder of auctioneered Viennese bric-à-brac, pity, impotence and the brown wigs of tragic old women who had just been gassed.

In his afterword Nabokov explains that the first "shiver" of *Lolita* was inspired by a newspaper story about an ape "who, after months of coaxing by a scientist, produced the first drawing ever charcoaled by an animal: this sketch showed the bars of the poor creature's cage." Inspiration needn't be very apposite; but the appositeness of this "first little throb" has perhaps been misemphasized. It's not so much that Lolita has been encaged and enslaved, though she has been. Humbert's crime is to force her out of nature—to force a child through the hoops of

womanhood, insulting and degrading her childish essence. Nabokov says that the initial impulse had "no textual connection" with the fiction that followed, but in fact there are at least a couple of backward glances. Valeria, soon to die in childbirth, spends some of her last days imitating an animal, on a diet of bananas and dates, as part of a paid ethnological experiment. And on his travels Humbert visits a zoo "where a large troop of monkeys lived on [a] concrete replica of Christopher Columbus' flagship," and thus spend their lives mutely symbolizing America. Lolita is "trained" (that is, pampered and terrorized); she subsists on apples and sugar lumps given in exchange for her animal repertoire. Only once is she specifically imagined in this way; it is one of those moments of extraordinary expansion, where Nabokov's prose streaks off like a tracer bullet in a dark sky. The sexual act has taken place on a hilltop, and the strange lovers are now surprised by two beautiful children and their stout mother,

who automatically added a wild lily to her bouquet, while staring over her shoulder at us from behind her lovely carved bluestone children. . . . With the quiet murmured order one gives a sweat-stained distracted cringing trained animal even in the worst of plights (what mad hope or hate makes the young beast's flanks pulsate, what black stars pierce the heart of the tamer!), I made Lo get up, and we decorously walked, and then indecorously scuttled down to the car. . . . and with a scrunch and a skid we drove off, Lo still struggling with her clothes and swearing at me in language that I never dreamed little girls could know, let alone use.

Shockable Humbert, who finds bad language so "disgusting," I shudder to think how his ghost, attired in its ghostly smoking jacket, would round on me for calling him a vulgarian and a philistine. Actually, he is of a more dangerous and rarer breed (though one very fully represented in Nabokov's corpus): such people, because they cannot make art out of life, make their lives into art. Humbert is the artist *manqué*. To see the magic of nymphets "you have to be an artist and a madman," Humbert claims early on ("oh, how you have to cringe and hide!"). The weeping Humbert sheds above-average teardrops, "hot, opalescent, thick tears that poets and lovers shed."



KATYA HAS NEVER HAD A BIRTHDAY CAKE.

In a place where bread is hard to come by, a cake isn't even an option. Especially for a little girl in the streets.

You can change all this. For just \$21 a month through our sponsorship program, you can help provide Katya, or a child like her, with food, health care, clothing, education—and maybe even a birthday cake. Please help.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood
Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381
Dept. A9K2, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

- ☐ I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy, ☐ girl, in
☐ Asia, ☐ Latin America, ☐ Middle East,
☐ Africa, ☐ USA, ☐ Greatest Need.
- ☐ I will give \$21 a month (\$252 a year).
Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the
first month ☐. Please send me the child's
name, story, address and picture.
- ☐ I can't sponsor, but will help \$ _____
- ☐ Please send me further information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

☐ Check ☐ Am. Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

CARD NO. _____

EXP DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

1-800-538-5381

CHILDREN, INC.

Serving Needy Children Since 1964

U.S. gifts are fully tax deductible.
Annual financial statements are available on request.

- ▲ **WHY** do East Asian immigrants perform so well in America?
- ▲ **WHY** are two thirds of America's black population middle class — while one-third remains in the ghetto?
- ▲ **WHY** do Hispanic Americans acculturate more slowly than most other immigrant groups?

BEYOND POLITICALLY CORRECT

"In these politically correct times...Harrison makes a compelling case that certain cultural values contribute to the success of some nations over others...and help explain why some groups within our society perform better than others."

— Linda Chavez,
author of *Out of the Barrio*

"An important contribution to our understanding of how wealth and well-being are created in the modern world."

— Francis Fukuyama, author of
The End of History and the Last Man

"It is crucially important that this book be read, both at home and abroad."

— Richard Lamm,
former governor of Colorado

WHO PROSPERS

How Cultural Values
Shape Economic and
Political Success



Lawrence E. Harrison

 **BasicBooks**
A Division of HarperCollins Publishers

\$22 at bookstores or call toll-free 800-331-3761

Also available from HarperCollins Canada Ltd

He is "her Catullus," he is "poor Catullus": "The gentle and dreamy regions through which I crept were the patrimonies of poets—not crime's stamping ground." This is all blasphemous flannel, naturally. Who but Humbert could refer to the gauged postponement of his orgasm (on the sofa, with a still innocent Lo) as "a nicety of physiological equipose comparable to certain techniques in the arts"? "Emphatically, no killers are we," Humbert pleads: "Poets never kill." But this one does. Before he pulls the trigger, he has Quilty recite a prepared poem: a parody—under the circumstances, a travesty—of "Ash Wednesday." And Nabokov never had much time for Eliot.

Necessarily uncensorious himself (a neighbor is a "retired executioner or writer of religious tracts—who cared?"), Humbert Humbert, all his life, has longed for great disasters, explosions, earthquakes, situations where "nothing really mattered," where "nothing mattered any more, and everything was allowed" ("A shipwreck. An atoll. Alone with a drowned passenger's shivering child. Darling, this is only a game!"). In art, in a sense, nothing really matters; no one gets hurt; it is only a game. But an artistic reckoning must be completed, and in Nabokov art itself provides the reproach and the punishment. His *manqué* figures pay a steep price for their presumption, for their monkeying around with the order of things: Albinus in *Laughter in the Dark*, with his plan to cartoonify the Old Masters; Kinbote in *Pale Fire*, with his epic and vandalously solipsist misreading of John Shade's poem; Hermann Karlovich, another autistic, in *Despair*, with his doomed crime and his doomed novel. Inasmuch as *Lolita* is Humbert's creation, then, he is partly redeemed, leaving us this book, which has "bits of marrow sticking to it, and blood, and beautiful bright-green flies." Those flies: we think, rather, of their "horribly experienced" brethren, "zigzagging over the sticky sugar-pour" in some foul diner, in some dismal ex-prairie state. Not all the book comes from Humbert's pen. He isn't responsible for the foreword, where we learn of Lolita's death in childbed. Humbert's sin is biological, a sin against the ordinary. He has made ordinary biology impossible: marriage, childbirth, a daughter, ordinary happiness, ordinary health,

STUTTERING...

HELP PREVENT IT!

For information, write

STUTTERING FOUNDATION OF AMERICA

A Non-Profit Organization

Since 1947 — Helping Those Who Stutter

P.O. Box 11749, Memphis, TN 38111-0749

in "Gray Star, a settlement in the remotest Northwest" and "the capital town of the book," as Nabokov notes. It may or may not surprise Humbert to learn that the novel he has written is not a love story but a travesty.

WHAT MAKES human beings laugh? Not just gaiety or irony. That laughter banishes seriousness is a misconception often made by the humorless—and by that far greater multitude, the hard of laughing, the humor-impaired or -undergifted. Human beings laugh, if you notice, to express relief, exasperation, stoicism, hysteria, embarrassment, disgust, and cruelty. *Lolita* is perhaps the funniest novel in the language, because it allows laughter its full complexity and range. We hear its characteristic edge when Humbert uses his "pet" for the play of his wit and his prose: this is the laughter we hear (not too often, I hope) when we recognize the outright *perfection* of our moral sordor. "Sordid" is a word largely conspicuous by its absence in Humbert's tale. Its one self-directed appearance, I think, comes (in brackets) at The Enchanted Hunters, when he concedes that the sleeping-pill business is "a rather sordid affair, *entre nous soit dit*." The mock-genteel French tag is an important constituent of Humbert's corrosive mask. And there is a feeling of all laughter spent when, reluctantly admiring the shapely hands of Richard F. Schiller (Mr. Lo), Humbert writes,

I have hurt too much too many bodies with my twisted poor hands to be proud of them. French epithets, a Dorset yokel's knuckles, an Austrian tailor's flat fingertips—that's Humbert Humbert.

At one point, comparing himself with Joyce, Nabokov said, "my English is patball to [his] champion game." At another, he tabulated the rambling rumbles of *Don Quixote* as a tennis match ("Death cancels the match" after four hard sets). And we all remember Lolita on the court, her form "excellent to superb," according to her schoolmistress, but her grace "so sterile," according to Humbert, "that she could not even win from panting me and my old-fashioned lifting drive." Now, although of course Joyce and Nabokov never met in competition, it seems to me that Nabokov was the more "complete" player. Joyce

spin

"The *spin*-doctors have manipulated the media, and in turn, our very democracy."

Words change. Worlds change. So does *The American Heritage Dictionary*, now in its Third Edition. It's the heritage of our language, balanced with the meanings most meaningful to the modern age. In fact, it's the only book you need to use today's English more fully and effectively. Because what good is knowing how to spell it, say it, or define it if you can't *use* it?

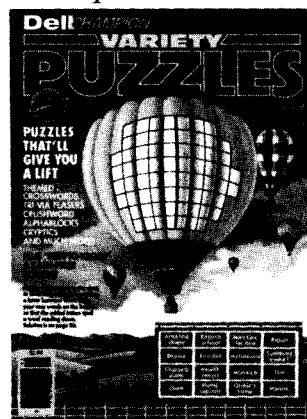
The American Heritage Dictionary. There is a difference.

dic-tion-ar-y

Copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company.

If you're crazy about cryptic crosswords, then you'll love Dell Champion Variety Puzzles

Every issue features four original, intriguing cryptics constructed by experts in this specialized puzzle field. We guarantee you'll find them clever and elegant because they're edited by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon themselves! You'll also find themed crosswords, number games, cryptograms, logic puzzles, anacrostics, and a variety of other fascinating puzzles to test your wits. Subscribe today! Just fill out and mail the coupon below.



One year (6 issues).....\$11.94
(\$14.94 outside the USA)

☐ Bill me
☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Dell Champion Variety Puzzles, Box 53517, Boulder, CO 80322-3517

5ATL



"What a delightful book! *Rubbish!* transforms this thing disdained by everyone into a fascinating subject filled with insights about how we live. Rathje and Murphy have brought some sense and, just as important, some well-documented facts to the overheated debate . . . Provides a refreshingly factual look at the U.S. garbage situation, exploding many of the myths and defusing much of the rhetoric."

—*Chicago Tribune Books*

"Rubbish! does us the favor of putting important garbage issues in perspective; it demolishes myths that hamper our ability to act sensibly; as a nice bonus, it entertains as it goes about its business."

—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"A lucid and provocative book that steers well clear of self-righteousness—and bad jokes—and takes aim at several sacred cows along the way."

—*The New York Times Book Review*

"A mother lode of valuable information."

—*The Wall Street Journal*

RUBBISH! **The Archaeology** **of Garbage**

by William Rathje
and
Cullen Murphy

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

 **HarperCollins Publishers**

seemed to be cruising about on all surfaces at once, and maddeningly indulged his trick shots on high-pressure points—his drop smash, his sidespun half-volley lob. Nabokov just went out there and did the business, all lithe-ness, power, and touch. Losing early in the French (say), Joyce would be off playing exhibitions in Casablanca with various arthritic legends, and working on his inside-out between-the-legs forehand dink; whereas Nabokov and his entourage would quit the rusty dust of Roland Garros for somewhere like Hull or Nailsea, to prepare for Wimbledon on our spurned and sodden grass. We still talk about Joyce in the pavilion, constantly: the footwork, the flow, the dream backhand, the maybes, the might-have-beens, the time he won the Italian with his left hand shackled to his right leg. Then we move on to the great Russian, and the eye strays to the honors board—and Nabokov's fat wedge of Grand Slams.

When they come across something wise or witty, or fond, or funny, or something obviously necessary to the whole, warmed readers make a little vertical mark on the page with their bookside pencils. Accordingly, then, the perfect novel would have perfect verticals running down the length of every margin. It never works out quite like that, because the novel is a tangled thing, and shifts its shape over the years. I have read *Lolita* eight or nine times, and not always in the same edition; but the margins of my staple hardback bear a Pompeiian litter of ticks, queries, exclamation marks, and lines straight and squiggly and doubled and tripled. My penciled comments, I realize, form a kind of surrealistic summary of the whole:

*but you can't . . . steady insult . . . ear✓
... disguise . . . playing with Dostoevsky
... love proceeds . . . v. v. good . . . trav-
elling eye . . . one pup and at least three
important dogs . . . vampire again . . .
oh, oh . . . Flaub. . . co-ed . . . the bike
... poor, poor Dolly . . . brimming . . .
quite mad . . . now alone . . . sobbing
over sneaker . . . all along! . . . all dead
... horribly experienced. . .*

Clearly, these are not a scholar's notes, and they move toward no edifice of understanding or completion. They are gasps of continually renewed surprise. I expect to read the novel many more times. And I am running out of clean white space. □

Brief Reviews



THE STORY OF CORN by *Betty Fussell*.

Knopf, \$30.00. Like some other histories of edible plants, Ms. Fussell's report on "America's quintessential crop" makes one wonder how the rest of the world survived before 1492. What native Americans tamed, developed, and worshipped as a major divinity has become an indispensable food wherever the climate permits—and corn has, among its other merits, exceptional adaptability. Ms. Fussell has assembled an enormous amount of information on the culture and uses of corn. One learns that the Aztec, who ate their corn, honored its god with human sacrifice, while the Inca, who brewed theirs, still honor the vegetable, if no longer its god, with a vast drunken party. The author actually observed such a celebration and disapproved of the comatose revelers strewn about the streets, but consoled herself with the reflection that the Aztec ceremony would have been even less attractive. Ms. Fussell has, in fact, followed wherever corn led: into agribusiness, land use, hybridization methods, the chemical industry, corn palaces (they exist—photographs prove it), and recipes from the enticing to the alarming. She takes corn seriously as part of her own family's past, which she interweaves deftly with general history and international commerce. The quantity and variety of facts about corn presented here make the book interesting, engaging, and even lyrical, because the author has a sharp eye for effective quotation and an undoubted love for her subject.

THE DUKE OF PUDDLE DOCK by *Nigel*

Barley. Holt, \$24.95. The improbable duke whom Mr. Barley has arbitrarily created is Stamford Raffles, the founder of Singapore and one of the brighter and less corrupt proconsuls of the often stupid and thoroughly corrupt British East India Company. In tracing Raf-

fles's accomplishments in Malaysia, the author has produced an enjoyable combination of informal history and contemporary observation of an area well supplied with amusingly opinionated inhabitants, most of whom know little of Raffles. They are occupied with de-testing the Dutch.

AFGHANISTAN: SOVIET VIETNAM by Vladislav Tamarov. *Mercury House*, \$18.95. Mr. Tamarov, whisked into the Soviet army and off to Afghanistan at age nineteen, took his camera with him and held on to it while dodging bullets and sweeping mines. He could use it, of course, only when he was not dodging or sweeping, and his photographs therefore record pre- or post-action images. The dead are already dead; the living creep warily and antlike on the rocky slopes of immense mountains. At rest, they are sad boys coated with dust. Mr. Tamarov's eloquent, angry text describes the conditions under which he served and explains what individual pictures represent, but its chief purpose is to report the persistent disorientation and malaise afflicting the Afghantsi, as veterans of that misguided war are called. Irrelevant memories intrude on a grocery-shopping trip. The author falls flat on a Russian street, to the surprise of pedestrians who have heard only a tire blow out. The Afghantsi feel as misunderstood by their fellow citizens and as neglected by their government as American veterans of Vietnam. Mr. Tamarov, now a professional photographer, belongs to a group that has met with Vietnam veterans to exchange sympathy and information, the latter including how to manufacture better prosthetic devices than Russia provides. Bad wars, it seems, are alike no matter where, or by whom, they are fought.

THE SMALL BANG by Jack Fenno. *Random House*, \$20.00. The pseudonymous author of this semi-mystery about a distinguished scientist's death has a serious case of Jamesitis. His characters are endlessly garrulous but can never bring themselves to clarify their meanings.

SOFONISBA ANGUISSOLA by Ilya Sandra Perlingieri. *Rizzoli*, \$50.00. "The First Great Woman Artist of the Renaissance" was born around 1530, the daughter of a northern Italian nobleman who permitted his daughters not

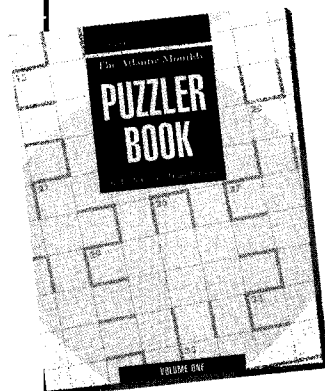
Answers to the August Puzzler

C	O	E	D	L	A	R	B	O	A	R	D
O	P	T	W	I	C	E	T	W	I	C	E
P	L	U	M	B	U	V	W	L	L	S	S
T	E	D	D	Y	R	E	D	E	E	M	R
S	S	E	I	A	S	A	A	T	R	A	E
E	S	P	A	N	O	L	F	D	O	L	V
D	R	U	G	S	R	E	T	I	N	A	E
R	E	D	N	E	S	S	M	S	C	M	R
O	L	E	O	S	I	C	A	T	E	U	P
T	A	M	S	A	M	O	M	E	N	T	A
A	Y	X	I	S	P	R	I	N	T	E	D
T	R	I	S	E	C	T	E	D	S	S	S

"LITERAL INTERPRETATION"

Across. 1. C(ORE)D 4. LAR(BOARD) 9. T-W-ICE 11. PLUM-B 12. V-O-WELLES'S 13. T-EDDY 15. REDEEM (double def.) 18. A-L(TERN)ATE 19. SPANISH (hidden) 22. D-RUGS 24. RETINAE (anag.) 26. REDNES-S (sender rev.) 30. OLE(O)S 32. ATE UP (plateau anag. - L.A.) 34. TA(M)S (sat rev.) 35. M(OMEN)TA 36. M-I-SPRINTED 37. T(RISE-CT)ED
Down. 1. COP(T)S 2. TO(PL-E)SS 3. (g)ET(n)UDE 4. LI(BY)ANS (snail rev.) 5. RE-VEAL 6. OWLET (anag.) 7. AI(LE)R-ON 8. RE(VERSE)D 10. CURSOR (homophone) 14. DIA(GNOS-DS (rev.) 16. D-AFT 17. M-ALA(MUTE)S 19. RO(TATE)D 20. MIXED UP (anag.) 21. DI(STEN)D 23. REL(A)Y 25. E(SCOR)T (roes rev.) 27. SI-MP (rev.) 28. MAM(DE 29. CENTS (homophone) 31. SASE (anag.) 33. P-ADS

There are more!



You love to accept the challenge offered each month by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon in the *Puzzler*. Why should you have to wait until the next issue for more cryptic creations?

The Atlantic is pleased to reissue *The Atlantic Monthly Puzzler Book*, Volume I, first published in 1986. For those who can't wait another month, or missed them the first time around, this collection of 100 cryptics includes 98 from the first decade of the *Puzzler* and two constructed especially for this volume.

Please send me ____ books @ \$12.95 ea. (MA residents add 5% sales tax.)
Add \$3.95/book shipping, \$4.95 outside U.S. All books shipped Priority Mail with 2-day delivery.
☐ Check ☐ Money order ☐ MC/Visa (Make checks payable to The Atlantic Monthly Co.)

MC/Visa#

Exp.

Signature

Name

Telephone

Address

City

State

Zip

The Atlantic, Dept. M9, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116

Fax your order! 617-536-5540

Get Relief From Back & Neck Pain

The Back Machine™
and Stretches Your Pain Away
Right in Your Own Home!

**A Conservative Therapy,
Comprehensively Applied**

The Back Machine combines the most effective ways to attain relief from back and neck pain into one easy to use, safe unit designed to help you return to a more normal, pain free life. And it feels good, even if you hurt.

How The Back Machine Works:

- **Massage** – Soft rollers massage muscles, increasing circulation, reducing muscle spasm, tension and stress.
- **Stretching** – Muscles are passively stretched, increasing flexibility and reducing pain.
- **Traction** – Mild traction restores spine length and pliability, relieving disc pressure.
- **Mobilization** – Restoration of movement occurs and promotes alignment of the spine.

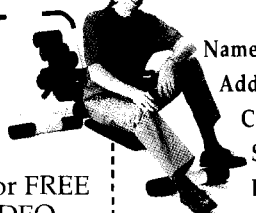
Five Years of Clinical Use

Tested for over five years by doctors, physical therapists, and chiropractors, *The Back Machine* has been proven safe, effective, and comfortable.

60-Day Home Trial

We're so confident you'll experience relief from back and neck pain that we offer *The Back Machine* with an unconditional 60-day money back guarantee.

Call or Write Today For FREE
BROCHURE AND VIDEO
1-800-433-5599



☐ **YES!** I want to relieve my back pain.

Please send me a FREE brochure and Video.

☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Evening Phone ()

Back Technologies

2525 West Casino Road • Everett, WA. 98204
1-800-433-5599

© 1992 Back Technologies, Inc.

Dept. 535

Send your solved "Hex" (page 123) to: The Atlantic, September Puzzler Contest, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116. The Atlantic will randomly draw three names from among all correct entries received by September 10. The winners' names will be published in the November issue. In addition, each of the winners may choose two cryptic crossword books from The Crossword Bookstore.

Rules: Only one entry per person allowed. No purchase necessary. No entries can be returned. All decisions are final. The Atlantic is not responsible for late or lost mail. Contest open to residents of the U.S. and Canada, 18 years or older, except employees of The Atlantic and their immediate families. Winners will be notified by mail. Contest void where prohibited and subject to all state, federal, and local laws and regulations.

★ Watch this spot for September's winners! ★

only to study painting but to practice it—if feasible, professionally. One talented sister entered a convent; another married, and little of her work survives. Sofonisba (the family had an addiction to names derived from Carthaginian sources) went off to Rome, where she was noticed and encouraged by Michelangelo, and later to Spain, where she became an official painter at the court of Philip II. She also became a friend and confidante of Philip's young French queen, Isabel de Valois. Anguissola was primarily a portrait painter with the ability to instill a quality of warmth and animation into the iconic formality demanded of representations of Spanish royalty. In picturing her own family, she prefigured what was to become domestic genre painting. She was well known in her own time, and successful, and in her old age made a lasting impression on the young Van Dyck, who would hardly have troubled to visit an aged semi-amateur of no reputation. Yet Anguissola gets little attention in art histories, and Ms. Perlingieri has plausibly identified as her work several museum pieces ascribed to "Anonymous." The biographer attributes this neglect to male dominance of the art world, and she is probably right. Ms. Perlingieri has done much research, some of it in improbable archives, to re-establish Anguissola's status. She makes a sound and well-illustrated case for her subject's importance. A woman whose admirers ranged from Michelangelo to Van Dyck requires respect.

THE GREAT DEEP by James Hamilton-Patterson. Random House, \$23.00. Fascinated by salt water and anything in or alongside it, the author has lived on a waterless island, dived alongside coral reefs, joined an ocean-mapping expedition, and sharked up information anywhere. His text moves from fishing to endangered species or from the dramatic character of shipwrecks to the probable condition of corpses aboard a lost submarine, always with a distinctive balance of practicality and imagination. Although he acknowledges at the start that the word *oceanography* "suggests a difficulty, the writing down of an ocean," that is what Mr. Hamilton-Patterson has tried, with a surprising degree of success, to do: write down the sea.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

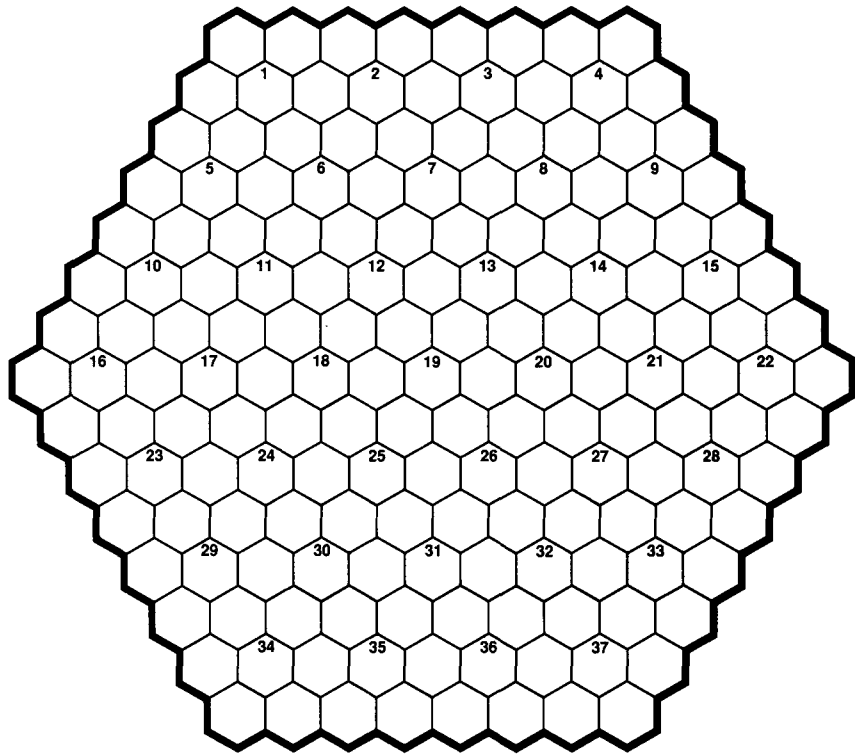
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

HEX

Clue answers, which are six or seven letters long, should be entered in sequence, clockwise or counterclockwise, around the appropriately numbered hexagons. Each central, numbered hexagon may be occupied by an appropriate letter from a seven-letter answer or may remain unoccupied. Neighboring answers should help to establish where letters go. The 42 hexagons forming the border will contain a riddle and its answer, starting in the top left hexagon. Answers include a Latin word and eight proper nouns.

See page 122 for Puzzler contest details. The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 121.



CLUES

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Most of "Hex" described by myriad turning circles | 12. Civil War soldier retreats, astride ailing charger | 24. Listen around TV without opening mail |
| 2. Returned payments are best straightened out | 13. Ask about Iowa flower | 25. Organized a trip—one to Caesar's homeland |
| 3. Snake straddling border, half in Eastern European land | 14. Offering an inducement to box in military prison | 26. Temperature taken by a Yankee in southwestern town |
| 4. Attending are those crossed by knight | 15. In plot, retrograde 2001 computer ultimately was overloaded | 27. Pharaoh circling a bog wrecked vessel |
| 5. Make new rule; bid out of order | 16. Covering error, put new coloring in cheap whiskey | 28. Stop terror around globe |
| 6. Obstruction from lawyer, no saint | 17. Confronted, about 500 belong to the Communist Party | 29. Tramp understanding place in New Jersey |
| 7. Barium dumped in clean Illinois river | 18. <i>Dirty Water</i> LP dude misplaced | 30. Promise a hand with soup containing outer parts of eggplant |
| 8. Weaving web on nurse and infant | 19. Arrest during Christmas, back in country | 31. At edge of sand, fish walk |
| 9. Join search in back of house | 20. Scary thing, but gas boom tails off | 32. Dresses behind street lights |
| 10. The author was shy and cried like a kitten | 21. Spilled beer, holding our dance | 33. Arrest experimental writer |
| 11. Hesitate upon entering at first, being modest | 22. Defended position concerning lack of trust | 34. Teen shot pellet at eastern Ugandan town |
| | 23. Forge bare, with single anvil, perhaps (<i>two words</i>) | 35. Kingly wrath taken back at length |
| | | 36. Accommodating poorly, be a pill |
| | | 37. Folks in gym lope freely |

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD HISTORIES

BY CRAIG M. CARVER



fink

When President Bush announced at a Rose Garden ceremony last May that the federal government would begin a nationwide campaign to immunize children against a variety of communicable diseases, public-health experts were skeptical. The chairman of the Federal Immunization Practices Advisory Committee, Dr. Samuel L. Katz, told reporters that a similar proposal

had been announced eleven months earlier, but that Administration officials had “finked out and did not follow through after they had a big Rose Garden show.” To *fink out* (to withdraw support from a project or scheme, to renege) comes, of course, from *fink* (an unpleasant, contemptible person; a strike-breaker; an informer, or to inform on). The origin of *fink* is unknown. It may be from the German *Fink* (finch) and the colloquial German *Schmierfink* (a low, dirty person; a hack—literally, a greasy or dirty bird). *Schmierfink* was shortened to *Fink*, and became university slang for a student who was not officially enrolled. Once in America, it came to mean a dissolute, untrustworthy person (“That guy is a rat.” . . . “So’s the *fink* with him”)—Ernest Booth, *Stealing Through Life*, 1929). Other sources say that *fink* dates from the Homestead Strike of 1892, which operatives of the Pinkerton detective agency, contemptuously referred to as *Pinks* and then *finks*, were employed to break. Finally, another derivation stresses the sense “informer,” claiming that *fink* is an abbreviation of *to finger*, meaning “to inform on or point out to the police.”

berserk

In an attempt to make sense of the Los Angeles riots of last spring, the syndicated columnist William Raspberry suggested that they were “analogous to a rampage by a *berserk* man whose rage is triggered by his having been reminded, once again, that he doesn’t matter.” The history of *berserk* (wild, frenzied) begins in ancient Scandinavia, where the Norse warrior was known as a *berserkr*, from *ber-* (the root of *björn*, “bear”) and *serkr* (shirt). (From *serkr* comes the English dialect *sark*, “shirt” or “skirt,” and the Scots *cutty sark*, “short skirt; hussy.”) The warriors were famed for working themselves into a frenzy. Then, supposedly invulnerable to steel and fire, they recklessly threw themselves into battle wearing only bearskin shirts. Around the early nineteenth century a renewed literary interest in Old Norse folklore and language led to the adoption into English of *berserker*, “a frenzied, savage person,” which also appeared as *berserkar* (“Mere brotherhood in arms. . . did not distinguish the civilized man from the *berserker*.”)—Charles H. Pearson, *Early and Middle Ages of Eng-*

land, 1861). Users of the word mistakenly interpreted it as having the agent-noun suffix *-er* and the meaning “one who goes *berserk*.” This led to the coining of the adjective *berserk* by back-formation—that is, by dropping the supposed suffix (“With her kindly, uncontrollable vivacity, in the brisk winter air she became more ‘*berserk*’ as she went on”—Henry Kingsley, *Silcote of Silcotes*, 1867).



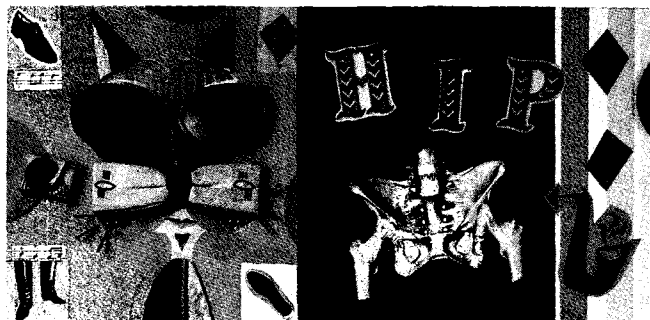
hip

A coalition of advocacy organizations for children’s television recently filed a petition asking the Federal Communications Commission to rule that a proposed Saturday-morning show titled *Yo! It’s the Chester Cheetah Show!* would be no more than a “program-length commercial.” Chester Cheetah is a cartoon character created to sell Cheetos, a cheese-flavored snack made by Frito-Lay. He calls himself “a cool dude in a loose mood” and a “hip kitty,” harking back to *hip cat* or, more commonly, *hep cat*—slang dating from the swing era and popularized in the forties and

fifties, meaning “one who is keenly aware of what is new or smart.” The origin of *hip* is disputed. One authority claims that it originated with the expression *on the hip* (smoking opium), since opium smokers, or *hip-layers*, practiced their

vice reclining on one side. Other sources suggest that *hip* is a variant of *hep*, which may have come from the drill sergeant’s cadence count “*hep*, two, three, four” (*hep* being easier to shout than “left”), first used during the Civil War

era (“[We] followed in three squads, of thirty or more each, our music the euphonious ‘*hep, hep, hep*,’ of our instructors”—George C. Strong, *Cadet Life at West Point*, 1862). The soldier who was always in step was *hep*. Another explanation has it that in the 1890s *hep* was the name of a Chicago bartender, Joe *Hep*, who was a person in the know. Finally, *hep* may be from the English dialect word *heppen*, meaning “handy, deft, clever at work” (“He’s a *heppen* chap, that: he can to’n [turn] his hand to owt that comes to it”—*English Dialect Dictionary*), itself probably a borrowing from Old Norse *heppinn* (lucky, dexterous).



1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.



**10 packs of Carlton
have less tar than 1 pack
of these brands.**



16 mg. tar 14 mg. tar 16 mg. tar 12 mg. tar 17 mg. tar
1.1 mg. nic. 1.0 mg. nic. 1.1 mg. nic. 0.9 mg. nic. 1.3 mg. nic.

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

***Carlton is lowest
in tar and nicotine.***

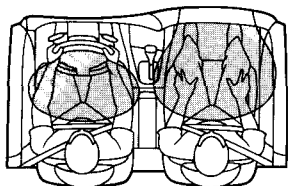
© The American Tobacco Co. 1992.

1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine.
Lowest of all brands: Ultra Carlton: less than 0.5 mg. "tar",
less than 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease,
Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

INTRODUCING THE NEW MAZDA 929. THE FIRST LUXURY SEDAN THAT
DOESN'T DEPEND ENTIRELY ON LUXURY TO MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD.

Why should the rewards of owning a fine automobile be restricted to the purely physical? It was this unconventional thinking that ultimately led to the new Mazda 929. A luxury sedan conceived not by corporate committee but by a fine artist. Resulting in aesthetics that may strike a somewhat



deeper chord in you than cars normally do. Of course, you can also savor the smooth acceleration of its DOHC 24-valve V6 engine, the security of

standard dual air bags and leather-trimmed upholstery.* After all, if the new Mazda 929 didn't offer the prerequisites of uncommon comfort and performance, it not only wouldn't be a luxury sedan. It wouldn't be a Mazda.

THE MAZDA 929

Dual air bags standard. ABS. 3.0L, 24-valve V6 engine. Multi-link suspension. Available leather-trimmed upholstery.* First car with available solar-powered ventilation system. Preferred Maintenance Plan covers all scheduled maintenance for 15 months or 15,000 miles. Plus a 36-month/50,000-mile limited warranty and Roadside Assistance Program. No-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" protection. See your dealer for details. For a free brochure on the new 929 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000.



mazda

*Seats upholstered in leather except for back side of front seats, bottom cushion side panels and other minor areas.